Pearson's Humorous Reciter and Reader

earson's Humorous Reciter and Reader

CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JEROME K. JEROME
W. W. JACOBS
J. M. BARRIE
W. S. GILBERT
F. C. BURNAND
MARK TWAIN
F. ANSTEY
BRET HARTE
ROBERT BARR
C. S. CALVERLEY
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
BARRY PAIN
AND OTHERS

LONDON
C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.
HENRIETTA STREET

First Edition	1902
Reprinted	1902
Reprinted	1910
Cheap Edition	1913
Reprinted	1913
Reprinted	1918
Reprinted	1920

Preface

THIS volume contains the cream of humour written in the English language, and is well adapted for recitations and readings. It includes not only the best specimens of the earlier writers, but also many carefully selected copyright pieces from the pens of the cleverest living authors.

So unrivalled a collection will appeal not only to those who can turn its pages to practical platform use, but also to all who are glad to have upon their shelves choice specimens from writers who revel in the play of cultured fancy, or in the genuine ring of hearty harmless fun.

Our best thanks are due to many Authors and Publishers, by whose sanction we have gathered within one cover so much that is attractive and of lasting value. At the same time we ask forgiveness if by mischance anything that is copyright has been introduced without permission, on the ground that no wilful liberty has been taken.

Humorous Recitation

Humorous recitation has a much higher aim than merely to raise a laugh, or to keep an audience amused, for, as George Eliot has said, "cultured and sympathetic men cannot laugh at a joke or a piece of fun if it jar on their moral taste." We do not, however, restrict ourselves here to any such ideal, though we exclude from these pages all that would offend against good taste. There is so much natural sadness and sorrow in the world, that any change to mirth and smiles is good, and welcome everywhere.

True humour, always genial and kindly, covers all the ground occupied by the bright wit and subtle play of fancy that enliven our days. Often blended with pathos, it ranges from delicate suggestions that touch responsive minds, to the more droll and sparkling pleasantries that catch the ear; and it can compel such merriment as rings out in Milton's animated metaphor: "laughter holding both his sides."

A modern expert has said: "Humour bears no analysis; you must not dwell on it. It is like a soufle, the more lightly you handle it the better it is." Another writer of repute, skilled in smart word-play, and hailing from America, which has been called the home of humour, while he tells us truly that it does not bear translation, seems to go too far in saying that all humour depends on exaggeration or understatement. No doubt everything in humour turns on expression, but its materials may be drawn from situations and characteristics that are actual and unvarnished.

No one is better qualified both by genius and experience

to advise upon these important points than that Prince of Reciters, Mr. Clifford Harrison, and he most kindly permits us to quote the following passages from his pen:—

"Reciting is perilously girt about with opportunities for sinning against the Genius of humour. And he is a god whom it is dangerous to sin against, for his revenges are cruel and punctual. He is a great god and a powerful, a merry god and a kind—in his way. But he is withal absolutely indifferent and ruthless, and he knows well that he can never assert himself more triumphantly than when he is forgotten. He leaps around the class-room, he pops up in church; he has appeared at funerals; he is in the prompter's box at all tragedies; and he sits in the front row of every recital. His laughter rings out in derision with alarming promptitude. He has no pity. I know no place where he is more ready for mischief than on the platform of a reciter. Possibly the commonplace but important fact that the speaker is clothed 'in his habit, as he lives,' is the basis at the outset of a ludicrous possibility of incongruity which may be seized on at any moment, or which only needs some unfortunate, imperceptible touch to be obvious at once to all. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that the Genius of humour places a peculiarly mischievous elf by the side of a reciter, who will seize on any, the slightest, vantage ground, and in a moment turn his work into defeat of a very inglorious kind. To keep this spirit dormant and powerless is one of the chief tasks of such an artist. I think it is almost as difficult to keep this spirit at bay when you don't want him, as it is to gain his co-operation when you do."

In this new volume of carefully selected prose and verse the reader or reciter will find an up-to-date treasury of choice pieces that are sure to please. They include and illustrate all shades of wholesome humour, while they are free from any taint that is vulgar or absurd.

Humorous Recitation

DEFINITIONS AND RULES

Elocution is a word derived from the Latin, and means literally "a speaking out."

An eloquent delivery is regulated and refined by the intelligent use of *articulation*, *inflection*, *emphasis*, *modulation*, *pitch*, *gesture*, *taste*, and all such subtle touches and suggestions as help to give light and shade, and life and expression to the rendering aloud of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Articulation, or distinct utterance, is of prime importance. Every word has its own well-defined shape and outline, upon which the public speaker must insist with much more precision than would be needed in ordinary conversation. In order that the audience may easily catch the sound and meaning of each sentence, close attention must be paid to the value of every letter and syllable. Much facility in this matter may be acquired by the practice of reading aloud in the home circle.

Inflection is the bending of the voice in order to produce varied shades of meaning, and to mark the particular case in which words or phrases are used, so that it denotes the feelings we intend to express and to evoke, by a graduated rising or falling of the voice.

Emphasis is the special stress laid upon a syllable or word to indicate its importance in the sentence, and to enforce the impression which it should convey. It will certainly mar the effect, and mislead the hearers, if used too freely, or misplaced.

Modulation may be described as the combined influence of inflection and emphasis upon the whole sentence. Its judicious use prevents monotony, and ensures the fitting relation of each part to its surroundings.

Pitch, which is the height or depth of sound in speak-

ing, must be regulated by conditions and circumstances, such as the power and compass of the speaker's voice, or the size and sounding properties of the room or hall. It is a very common fault to pitch the voice too high, and a golden rule in voice training is to practise the middle and lower notes thoroughly, reserving the high pitch for emotional passages.

Gesture. Be sparing of your gestures, for every gesture, to be effective, must have its corresponding motive and meaning, and should be the outcome of careful observation. It is by watching how people live, and move, and acquit themselves in our everyday experience, that correct suggestive action can be best acquired.

Weak and undecided gestures are worse than useless, and awkward or extravagant movements offend the eye as much as halting or ranting utterance grates upon the educated ear. The arms should move from the shoulder rather than from the elbow, and, as soon as the immediate purpose has been served, should drop of their own weight, and remain in repose as long as they have no further definite duty to perform.

Pauses. Breaks in delivery are of two kinds: they are either grammatical, and point the sense and connection of a sentence in accordance with the printed stops; or they are rhetorical, and add to the general effect by subtle or strenuous suggestion. Pauses, and all variations of pace, must be left to the discretion and intelligence of the reader or reciter, for while rapid utterance may mean a loss of distinct articulation, there are frequent occasions when it is called for by the play and spirit of the context, and when the tongue must move trippingly in accord with the sentiment and rhythm of the piece.

Taste and Expression. These high qualities can only be at their best when they spring from an artistic

appreciation of the subject, and when they are safeguarded by genuine unaffected feeling, and that delicate sense of fitness which enables us to select with judgment and discretion, and to adapt the tone of voice to the subject under treatment, so that we can range with harmony and aptness through any changes of vocal emotion, from soft to resonant, from tender to severe.

GENERAL ADVICE AND PERSONAL HINTS

In choosing subjects for reading or recitation always consider the nature of your audience, and take into account your own powers, as far as you can estimate them, so that you may keep well within their limits.

Study every line carefully beforehand, and make sure that you understand the force and application of every word, with the quiet determination to attract and hold the attention of your hearers.

Be careful never to overstep the bounds of good taste by bringing forward what is vulgar, in the hope that it may raise a laugh.

It is essential to have every detail of what you are describing clearly pictured in your mind, if you would appeal with assured success to the imagination of your hearers, and secure that evident and sustained emotion which tells that you touch their hearts.

It is desirable from time to time to test and strengthen your vocal organs by judicious exercise; this will render them firm and flexible, their tones will become more musical and mellow, and will remain under full control.

When you first face an audience stand easily and erect, as one who remembers the advice given by Fanny Kemble to an actor: "Know how to stand still."

Be deliberate and self-possessed, avoiding all awkward or affected mannerisms, or methods, or tricks of speech;

make full use of your breath, and lips, and teeth, and tongue, and be sure that the persons farthest off can hear you well.

Keep your lungs well supplied with air, by taking full and deep inspirations at natural pauses and convenient opportunities; but do not let the act of breathing be seen or heard

Bear in mind and always act upon the old saying: "Take care of the consonants and the vowels will take care of themselves."

Be accessible to friendly hints, and do not take offence at honest criticism.

Put questions naturally when they occur, and as a rule raise the voice after them if they can be answered by "yes" or "no."

Sound the "e" of "the" fully before a vowel or silent "h," but softly before a consonant unless particular emphasis is required.

When reading or reciting forget yourself as much as possible, and take up thoroughly each part you describe or represent.

Remember that constant self-culture, and a really high aim are of the utmost value, and that a true artist will shun all straining for effect, or striving for applause.

Do not clip your words, or sound any letters that are not there. Nothing jars more upon an educated ear than to hear the final "g" dropped in words that end in "ing," or an intruding "r" inserted in such a sentence as "the idea (r) of it."

Make such use of facial expression as will assist your interpretations, without distracting attention from them to yourself.

Always be bright, and bent upon giving as much healthy pleasure as you can; and take to heart the

often-quoted advice of Hamlet to the players, which is rich in weight and wisdom, and a counsel of perfection for all time:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand—thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.—Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

Contents

Contents

Contents

Pearson's Humorous Reciter and Reader

HUNTING THE HARE

(*From "Happy Thoughts"*)

So, this *is* the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have had it, if Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the Harriers, "hadn't come rather a nasty cropper" at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. It was off this horse that poor Parsons "came a nasty cropper." Miss Pellingle, on the doorstep, says, "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Happy Thought.—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester." Shakspeare, I think. What happy thoughts Shakspeare had. So applicable to a stupid old idiot. Keep this to myself.

Mounting.—I don't know any work on equestrianism which adequately deals with the difficulty of equalising the length of stirrups. You don't find out that one leg is longer than the other, until you get on horseback for the first time after several years. The right is longer than the left. Having removed that inconvenience, the left is longer than the right. One hole up will do it. "One down?" asks the groom. I mean one down.

Happy Thought—(*just in time*).—No; I mean up.

Groom stands in front of me, as if I was a picture. Placing no further reliance on my own judgment. I ask him

"if it's all right now." He says "Yes," decidedly. From subsequent experience, I believe he makes the answer merely to save himself trouble. Byng, on horseback, curvetting, cries "Come along!" If mine curvettes or caracoles where shall I be? Perhaps the brute caracoled or curvetted at Deepford Mill when poor Parsons "came" that "nasty cropper."

Happy Thought.—Sport in the olden time. Hawking. People generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not much exercise, perhaps, but safe. Why don't they revive hawking?

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive: if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

Happy Thought.—If I *do* come a nasty cropper like Parsons, I hope I shall do it alone, or before strangers only.

Happy Thought.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. The whole-uncle, who is watching the start—[old coward! he daren't even come off the doorstep, and has asked me once if I won't "take some jumping-powder." He'd be sorry for his fun if I was borne home on a stretcher after a "nasty cropper." I almost wish I was, just to give him a lesson.—I mean if I wasn't hurt.]—says, "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man, I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears and tries to make himself into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

Happy Thought.—Ask Milburd.

He answers "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. That would be the time for the nasty cropper. This expression will hang about my memory. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says, "she goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall, though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in Mustn't let the groom see this.

Happy Thought.—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like Byng? Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd? Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline? Walking gently. As we go along, Milburd points out nice little fences, which "Your beast would hop over."—Yes, by herself.

Happy Thought.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy! Passing by a village grocer's.

Happy Thought.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Antigropelos effective.

Happy Thought.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle, and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

Fridoline asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

Happy Thought.—The pummel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, Byng says we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

Happy Thought.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left antigropelo has come undone. The spring is weak. I can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it is a great pace; not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. His tail appears to be a little loose in the socket, and keeps whisking round and round, judging from the sound. I go up and down, and from side to side.

Happy Thought.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that

he's seen the loose antigropelo, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Wish I could change mine for a pair of strong ones in comfortable boots and breeches. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This antigropelo will bring me off, sooner or later, I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

Happy Thought. "Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter. We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the antigropelo goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; antigropelo flapping.

Happy Thought.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

Happy Thought. If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow Fridoline doesn't see me. What an uncomfortable thing a hard note-book is in a tail-coat pocket, when cantering and bumping.

Happy Thought.—End of canter. Thank Heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round, and laughs. She is in high spirits. In an attempt to wave my whip to her with my right hand, I nearly come that nasty cropper on the left side. Righted myself by the mane quietly. What would a horse be without a mane?

Happy Thought. The hard road. Walk. Fasten my antigropelo. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her, I settle my hat and tie; also manage my pocket handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red

nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to any one. We pass through a gate, into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!". If I do, we shall all be galloping about, and hunting.

Happy Thought.—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Every one begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of antigropelo out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green coat men disappear over the hedge. I suddenly think of poor Parsons and the nasty cropper.

Happy Thought.—Stop my horse: violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall. He didn't hurt himself

Happy Thought.—You *can* fall and not hurt yourself. I thought you always broke your neck, or leg.

Happy Thought.—Any gap.

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

Happy Thought.—Hares double: therefore (logically) the hare will come back.

Happy Thought.—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten antigropelo: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. I explain to old gentleman who knows the country, that "I don't like leaping hired horses, or I should have taken him at that hedge." Old gentleman thinks I'm quite right. So do I. They come back: the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry. I am told afterwards

that he's one of the old school of sportsmen, who, I suppose, don't cut at hares with a whip.

Happy Thought. - I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.

Happy Thought.—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to Fridoline.

Milburd laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush.

It is a great thing to possess quick perceptive faculties. I see at once that a hare has no brush, and treat the matter as my own joke.
F. C. BURNAND.

By kind permission of the Author.

A COSTER'S CONVERSION

So yer want me to tell yer about it? Well, yer don't seem a bad sort o' bloke·
Set down on the hedge o' my barrer—and mind yer don't tip up the moke!
Yer kin stand me a dram when I'm done, if yer *like*, as the public is 'andy by,
And this 'ere is a yarn as I never could spin 'ithout gettin' 'usky and dry!

I'm a rough kind o' cove, but it's bin my pride as I've led a regular life,
Bein' niver too tight of a Saturday night, but what I kin wallop the wife.
In liquor I'm allus light 'arted, and flings things about pretty free,
For a 'ardworkin' man at the end o' the week—well, he must 'ave a bit of a spree!

So we lived werry 'appy together fur nigh upon fifteen year;
And our 'ome was a bloomin' 'umble 'ome—but the 'umblest 'ome kin be dear!
And I got that sweet on the place, Sir, that—there, you may call it strange!
If yer'd orfered me Buckinim Pallis, I'm blest if I think I'd change!

A Coster's Conversion

Then, half on a suddin', my thoughts got turned the t'other way about;
Fur I come on one o' them Soshalist chaps, as stand at corners and spout.
"O Feller-workers and Friends!" sez he, "Serciety's rotten an' holler!
Think o' yer comfitless 'omes," he sez, "and yer lives as is spent in squoller!

"Then think o' the gorgeous gilded rooms that's howned by the bloated rich,
As crams 'em with hobjects of Culcher an' Hart—*you'll* never set eyes on sich;
Them Swells is a wasteful, extravagant lot as you'll jedge for yerselves when you hear,
That they spends on soap in a single week what 'ud keep you a fortnight in beer!"

Well, he jawed away, till I seed quite clear—what I'd never believed till then—
That the 'ome as I'd bin so proud on was honly a 'orrible den!
'Ow could i hever be anythink else but poverty stricken and sordid,
When there wasn't not one of them luxuries there of which I'd been defrorded?

For many a day, as I thought this hout, I take and cry like a child,
And the light seemed all blowed out o' my life, and its innercent pleasures spiled;
And the longer I went on livin' the lower my sperrits sunk,
Till the Missus's eyes warn't black fur a month—for I 'adn't no art to git drunk!

I reely believe, if I 'adn't be roused, I was well on the road to ruin,
But I felt as I *must* make a heffort some'ow—so I give a copper a doin',
As 'ad said my barrer was blockin' the way, and they took me afore a beak,
And he see what I wanted was change o' hair, so he sent me to quod fur a week.

Well, when I came out at the hend o' my time, I felt like a haltered cove,
And back, with a chastened art, I sped to my hattic in Lisson Grove;
And I clambered up by the crazy stair, and I softly hopened the door—
Then I started back. There was nothink there the same as I'd seen afore!

I couldn't think fur the turn I'd got, 'cept wonderin' what did it mean?
It made me shiver and shake for fright—fur the blessed floor was *clean!*
But I ventured in; though I rubbed my heyes, fur darned if it didn't seem
That either I couldn't be right in my 'ed, or was in some 'orrible dream!

Fur the room was painted a light pea-green (which the same is a culler I 'ates!)
And on 'ooks, where you couldn't get at 'em, was 'anging up blue and white plates!
The mantelpiece had a petticut on—and, hup on the winder-sill,
Was a mug o' nacissors, as smelt that loud it werry nigh turned me ill!

Then the door was a dollop o' Japanese fans, and the cupboard was gashly white,
And hover it some 'un 'ad sprinkled a job-lot o' spadgers in flight!
A thing as they calls a "dodo" on the walls was a runnin' round,
And my old gal was a séttin' asleep, in a ruebub-cullered gownd!

In my hown arm-cheer, as they'd given a coat of horiential red,
And a big humberella was upside down on the ceilink over her 'ed!
Well, I routed 'er up in a second, and I sez, "*You're* a nice cup o' tea!
"This 'ere is a pretty condition o' things fur your 'usband to come in and see!

A Coster's Conversion

"With yer wickerwork cheers, and yer potted plants, and
these 'ere little three-legged stools!
D'yer think *I'm* a-goin' to set in a place as is only fit for
tom-fools?"
"Why, Bill," she says, "I should never ha' thought as you'd
fly in a tearin' passion,
Cause a kind old lady's took in her 'ed fur to do us up in the
fashion!

"She thought it was just what yer wanted so, and she never
meant to insult yer,
For this 'ere's luxoorious comfort, Bill—it's what them
'asetics' calls Cultyer!
See, these little hoccasional tables is fur afternoon tea and
chat,
Or fur, when a gen'lman's calling, to put down his chimley-
pot 'at.

"Then plates is considered 'so decora-tive,' likewise is the
pots and pans,
But I can't recolleck the partickler use of the humberella
and fans."
"I daresay it's wery genteel," sez I, "but my notion o'
comfort it ain't,
To live in a litter o' stuff like this 'ud aggerawate a saint!

"I fancy I sees myself fallin' about when I've taken an
extry drop,
And a breakin' my shins, like a bloomin' bull in a blessed
chiney-shop!
I'll not 'ave none of it, Betsy," I sez—and I chucked the lot
of it out,
And I didn't recover my self-respeck till I see it go up the
spout!
For we all on us has our feelings, Sir, and my pride it was
cruel 'urt,
To think as a swell could ha' gone so far as to rob a poor
man of his dirt!

But I never 'anker for Culcher now, nor henvy no
'harristocrats,
For I'm cured for life o' the longing I 'ad fur a roomful of
brick a bats.

Of spadgers and pea-green paint you'll find in the attic
'ardly a trace,
And, when me and my old woman 'as words—there's allus
plenty o' space!
F. ANSTEY

By kind permission of the Author, and Messrs. Bradbury, Evans & Co

THE FIRST WORD

UPON my honour, some married people don't deserve to have a baby at all. Take my parents. To hear them you would think that Nature had overlooked me altogether. For instance, it cannot be denied that she was a trifle behindhand with my first teeth—the four little front ones. Well, what then? It merely amounted to a question of a few days. *I* didn't want the teeth. My whole life stretched out before me, and a fortnight more or less without them made no practical difference. I knew—nobody better—that they were on the way all right. But my parents had read somewhere at what time the teeth were due; or else my doctor, like a fool, had been worried into giving a definite date; and when the day arrived and the teeth didn't, my mother cried and my father poked about in my mouth with his forefinger until I felt I would have given something for a tooth or two, just to remonstrate with. I couldn't say what I thought about it, but my nurse could, thank God, and did. And then my mother said she had produced a horrid, toothless freak of Nature, and my father went away to town with a face from which all joy in life had departed.

At ten months, or a shade over, I had amassed a vocabulary of three words—not that three words were of the slightest use in dealing with a woman like my mamma; but I did my best with them. The second and third were more or less trivial expressions of good feeling depending for their result on my inflection of voice; the first, of which I want more particularly to speak, created some sensation in its way and, indeed, produced a sort of result so startling that I have never to this moment entirely fathomed the significance of it. The matter fell out thus. After my ninth month had passed and nothing but my own language of laughter and tears had broken the silence, my father had a gloomy inspiration that

I must be a dumb idiot, and that he and my mamma were jointly responsible for a being unlikely to add to the fame or repute of either. To calm their poor, foolish fears as soon as possible was obviously my duty under these circumstances, and I set about it. A brief, jocund monosyllable commended itself to me in this connection. I had heard my father use it under somewhat humorous circumstances, after falling over a chair on a night when he crept into my room to see me asleep. I was not asleep and we both laughed heartily at the time. He doubtless went away and forgot the incident; I, on the contrary, thought over it, practised the word, and tried it as a simple exclamation on my mother, doubting nothing that she would glory in it and perhaps reward me. Judge then of my surprise when she regarded me with horror and fear, almost dropped me back into my cradle, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Oh, baby! how could you?" she asked, between her sobs. "I've been praying for you to talk for months and months, and now—oh, it can't be true—it can't!"

Suspecting that my pronunciation was at fault, I uttered the word again with the greatest distinctness, whereupon my mamma became hysterical and fled from the nursery. She brought my father up when he came home, and I observed she was still in tears.

"Such—such a dreadful thing," she said; "he's spoken, James."

"Good business!" exclaimed my father. "The little beggar isn't dumb then, thank the Lord. What did he say? I'll bet he tried to lisp your name."

"He didn't lisp at all—he spoke only too clearly. I don't know how to tell you. He—he swore!"

And my mamma broke down entirely, while my papa gazed upon me with frank amazement.

"He swore?" repeated my papa blankly. "What at? Why should he swear? I'm sure no kid ever had a better time."

"To think that the very first word which has passed his lips—!" cried my mamma.

"But what did he swear at?"

"At me, his own loving mother. I just woke him up and danced him and cuddled him and asked him when he was going to bring joy into my life and prattle sweet baby words into my ear. Then, without any warning, he said—he

said, 'Damn!' And when I dropped him into his cradle and began to cry, he said it again!"

"Such a thing was never heard of in the whole history of infancy," declared my father. "I see how it is; he's picked it up from nurse. Nurse must go!"

"He might have heard you," said my mother reproachfully. "You *do* say it oftener than you think. But what will the career of a baby be who begins swearing before he can even walk straight? It's horrible—it's ruined my life!"

"I should be the last to swear before a child," said my papa.

And then they went wrangling off. Not a jump to the ceiling did I get, not a smile, not a word of affection. Perhaps ingratitude in a parent is as painful a spectacle as a family furnishes. I kept my mouth shut for two months after that fiasco, but it made them mad to hear of the good things I said to nurse when they were not present. I will affirm of nurse that she is a capital listener, and lets me use what language I like, and never questions either my statements or conclusions. But there, when all is said, a really capable nurse is a luxury, whereas parents appear to be a grim necessity, as far as I have yet been able to understand.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Methuen & Co.

A FISH OUT OF WATER

(*From "David Harum"*)

THE two men sat for a while smoking in silence, John taking an occasional sip of his grog. Mr Harum had swallowed his own liquor "raw," as was the custom in Homeville and vicinity, following the potation with a mouthful of water. Presently he settled a little farther down in his chair, and his face took on a look of amused recollection.

"Wa'al," he said, "some years ago I had somethin' of a deal on with a New York man by the name of Price. He had a place in Newport where his fam'ly spent the summer, an' where he went as much as he could git away. I was down to New York to see him, an' we hadn't got things

quite straightened out, an' he says to me, 'I'm goin' over to Newport, where my wife an' fam'ly is, fer Sunday, an' why can't you come with me,' he says, 'an' stay over till Monday? an' we c'n have the day to ourselves over this matter?' 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I'm only down here on this bus'nis, an' as I left a hen on, up home, I'm willin' to save the time 'stid of waitin' here fer you to git back, if you don't think,' I says, 'that it'll put Mis' Price out any to bring home a stranger without no notice.'

"'What's on?' says Price to the feller that let us in.

"'Sir and Lady somebody's dinin' here to-night, sir,' says the man.

"'Damn!' says Price, 'I fergot all about the cussed thing. Have Mr. Harum showed to a room,' he says, 'an' serve dinner in my office in a quarter of an hour, an' have somebody show Mr. Harum there when it's ready.'

"Wa'al," pursued David, "I was showed up to a room. The' was lace coverin's on the bed pillers, an' a silk an' lace spread, an' more dum trinkits an' bottles an' lookin'-glasses 'n you c'd shake a stick at, an' a bathroom, an' Lord knows what; an' I washed up, an' putty soon one o' them fellers come an' showed me down to where Price was waitin'. Wa'al, we had all manner o' things fer supper, an' champagne, an' so on, an' after we got done, Price says, 'I've got to ask you to excuse me, Harum,' he says. 'I've got to go an' dress an' show up in the drawin'-room,' he says. 'You smoke your cigar in here, an' when you want to go to your room jes' ring the bell.'

"'All right,' I says. 'I'm 'bout ready to turn in anyway.' Wa'al, next mornin' I got up an' shaved an' dressed, an' set 'round waitin' fer the breakfast bell to ring till nigh on to half-past nine o'clock. Bom-by the' came a knock at the door, an' I says, 'Come in,' an' in come one o' them fellers. 'Beg pah'din, sir,' he says. 'Did you ring, sir?'

"'No,' I says, 'I didn't ring. I was waitin' to hear the bell.'

"'Thank you, sir,' he says. 'An' will you have your breakfust now, sir?'

"'Where?' I says.

"'Oh,' he says, kind o' grinnin', 'I'll bring it up here, sir, d'rec'ly,' he says, an' went off. Putty soon came another knock, an' in come the feller with a silver tray covered with a big napkin, an' on it was a couple of rolls wrapped up in a

napkin, a b'iled egg done up in another napkin, a cup an' saucer, a little chiney coffee-pot, a little pitcher of cream, some loaf sugar in a silver dish, a little pancake of butter, a silver knife, two little spoons like what the childern play with, a silver pepper duster an' salt dish, an' an orange. Oh, yes, the' was another contraption—a sort of a chiney wine-glass. The feller set down the tray an' says, 'Anythin' else you'd like to have, sir?'

"'No,' I says, lookin' it over, 'I guess there's enough to last me a day or two,' an' with that he kind o' turned his face away fer a second or two. 'Thank you, sir,' he says. 'The second breakfast is at half-past twelve, sir,' an' out he put. Wa'al," David continued, "the bread an' butter was all right enough, exceptin' they'd fergot the salt in the butter, an' the coffee was all right; but when it come to the egg, that dum'd egg was about 's near raw as it was when i' was laid, an' the' was a crack in the shell, an' fust thing I knowed it kind o' c'lapsed, an' I give it a grab, an' it squirtid all over my pants, an' the floor, an' on my coat an' vest, an' up my sleeve, an' all over the tray. You never see such a mess," he added, with an expression of rueful recollection. "I believe that dum'd egg held more 'n a pint. I cleaned myself up with a towel well 's I could, an' thought I'd step out an' take the air before the feller 'd come back to git that tray, an' as I was pokin' 'round the grounds I come to a sort of arbor, an' there was Price, smokin' a cigar.

"'Mornin', Harum; how you feelin'?' he says, gettin' up an' shakin' hands; an' as we passed the time o' day, I noticed him noticin' my coat. You see as they dried out, the egg spots got to showin' agin.

"'Got somethin' on your coat there,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, tryin' to scratch it out with my finger nail.

"'Have a cigar?' he says, handin' one out.

"'Never smoke on an empty stomech,' I says.

"'What?' he says.

"'Bad fer the ap'tite, I says, 'an' I'm savin' mine fer that second breakfust o' your'n.'

Price an' I set 'round talkin' bus'nis an' things till about twelve or a little after, mebbe, an' then he turned to me an' kind o' looked me over an' says, 'You an' me is about of a build, an' if you say so I'll send one of my coats an' vests up to your room an' have the man take yours an' clean 'em."

"'I guess the' is ruther more egg showin' than the law allows,' I says, 'an' mebbe that 'd be a good idee; but the pants caught it the wust,' I says.

"'Mine'll fit ye,' he says.

"Wa'al, when we went into the eatin' room the table was full, mostly young folks, chatterin' an' laughin'. Price int'duced me to his wife, an' I set down by him at the other end of the table. After breakfust, as they called it, Price an' I went out onto the verandy an' had some coffee, an' smoked an' talked fer an hour or so, an' then he got up an' excused himself to write a letter. 'You may like to look at the papers awhile,' he says. 'I've ordered the hosses at five, an' if you like I'll show you 'round a little.'

"On the way back Price says, 'The' are goin' to be three four people to dinner to-night in a quiet way, an' the' ain't no reason why you shouldn't stay dressed jest as you are, but if you would feel like puttin' on evenin' clo'es (that's what he called 'em), why I've got an extry suit that'll fit ye to a "tee,"' he says.

"'No,' I says, 'I guess I better not. I reckon I'd better git my grip an' go to the hotel. I sh'd be ruther bashful to wear your swallertail, an' all them folks'll be strangers,' I says. But he insisted on't that I sh'd come to dinner anyway, an' fin'ly I gin in, an' thinkin' I might 's well go the hull hog, I allowed I'd wear his clo'es. The same feller brought em' up to me that fetched the stuff in the mornin'; an' the rig was complete—coat, vest, pants, shirt, white necktie, an', by gum! shoes an' silk socks, an', sir, scat my ——! the hull outfit fitted me as if it was made fer me. He come up after I'd got into my togs an' pulled me here, an' pulled me there, an' fixed my necktie, an' hitched me in gen'ral so'st I wa'n't neither too tight nor too free, an' when he got through, 'You'll do now, sir,' he says.

"'Think I will?' says I.

"'Couldn't nobody look more fit, sir,' he says, and I'm dum'd," said David, with an assertive nod, "when I looked at myself in the lookin'-glass I scurcely knowed myself, an' (with a confidential lowering of the voice) when I got back to New York the very fust hard work I done was to go an' buy the hull rig-out—an'," he added with a grin, "strange as it may appear, it ain't wore out *yit*."

"People don't dress for dinner in Homeville, as a rule, then," John said, smiling.

"No," said Mr Harum, "when they dress fer breakfust that does 'em fer all three meals I've wore them things two three times when I've ben down to the city, but I never had 'em on but once up here."

"No?" said John

"No," said David, "I put 'em on *once* to show to Polly how city folks dressed—he, he, he, he!—an' when I come into the room she set forwud on her chair an' stared at me over her specs 'What on airth!' she says.

"'I bought these clothes,' I says, 'to wear when bein' ent'tained by the fust fam'lies How do I look?' I says.

"'Turn 'round,' she says 'You look f'm behind,' she says, 'like a red-headed snappin' bug, an' in front,' she says, as I turned agin 'like a reg'lar shunkum I'll bet,' she says, 'that you hain't throwed away less 'n twenty dollars on that foolishness' Polly's a very conserv'tive person,' remarked her brother, "and don't never imagine a vain thing, not when she *knows* it, an' I thought it wa'n't wuth while to argue the point with her"

"How about the dinner?" John asked after a little interlude "Was it pleasant?"

"Just rate," declared David "The young folks was out somewhere else, all but one o' Price's girls The' was twelve at the table all told I was int'duced to all of 'em in the parlor, an' putty soon in come one of the fellers an' said somethin' to Mis' Price that meant dinner was ready, an' the girl come up to me an' took holt of my arm 'You're goin' to take me out,' she says, an' we formed a procession an' marched out to the dinin' room 'You're to sit by me inmner,' she says, showin' me, an there was my name on a card, sure enough. Wa'al, sir, that table was a show! I couldn't begin to describe it to ye The' was a hull flower garden in the middle, an' a worked tablecloth, four five glasses of all colors and sizes at ev'ry plate, an' a nosegay, an' five six diff'rent forks an a lot o' knives, though fer that matter," remarked the speaker, "the' wa'n't but one knife in the lot that amounted to anythin, the rest on 'em wouldn't hold nothin'; an' the' was three four sort of chiney slates with what they call the —you n me——"

"Menu,' suggested John

"I guess that's it," said David, "but that wa'n't the way it was spelt. Wa'al, I set down and tucked my napkin into my neck, an' though I noticed none o' the rest on 'em

seemed to care, I allowed that 't wa'n't *my* shirt, an' mebbe Price might want to wear it agin 'fore 't was washed."

John put his handkerchief over his face and coughed violently. David looked at him sharply. "Subject to them spells?" he asked.

"Sometimes," said John when he recovered his voice, and then, with as clear an expression of innocence as he could command, but somewhat irrelevantly, asked, "How did you get on with Mrs. Price?"

"Oh," said David, "nicer 'n a cotton hat. Oh, yes, Mis' Price made me feel quite to home, but I didn't talk much the fust part of dinner, an' I s'pose she was more or less took up with havin' so many folks at table; but fin'ly she says to me, 'Mr. Price was so annoyed about your breakfust, Mr. Harum.'

"'Was he?' I says. 'I was afraid you'd be the one that 'd be vexed at me.'

"'Vexed with you? I don't understand,' she says.

"''Bout the napkin I sp'iled,' I says. 'Mebbe not actially sp'iled,' I says, 'but it'll have to go into the wash 'fore it c'n be used agin.' She kind o' smiled, an' says, 'Really, Mr. Harum, I don't know what you are talkin' about.'

"I thought that dinner 'd go on till kingdom come. An' wine! Wa'al! I begun to feel somethin' like the old feller did that swallered a full tumbler of white whisky, thinkin' it was water. The old feller was temp'rence, an' the boys put up a job on him one hot day at gen'ral trainin'. Somebody ast him afterwuds how it made him feel, an' he said he felt as if he was sittin' straddle the meetin' house, an' ev'ry shingle was a Jew's harp. So I kep' mum fer a while. But jes' before we fin'ly got through, an' I hadn't said nothin' fer a spell, Mis' Price turned to me an' says, 'Did you have a pleasant drive this afternoon?'

"'Yes'm,' I says, 'I seen the hull show, putty much. I guess poor folks must be 't a premium 'round here.' Mis' Price laughed, an' looked over at her husband. 'Yes,' says Price, 'I told Mr. Harum about some of the people we saw this afternoon, an' I must say he didn't appear to be as much impressed as I thought he would. How's that, Harum?' he says to me.

"'Wa'al,' says I, 'I was thinkin' 't I'd like to bet you two dollars to a last year's bird's nest,' I says, 'that if all

them fellers we seen this afternoon, that air over fifty, c'd be got together, an' some one was suddinly to holler "Low BRIDGE!" that nineteen out o' twenty 'd *duck their heads.*'"

"And then?" queried John.

"Wa'al," said David, "all on 'em laughed some, but Price—he jes' lay back an' roared, and I found out afterwuds," added David, "that ev'ry man at the table, except the Englis'man, know'd what 'low bridge' meant from actial experience. Wa'al, scat my ——!" he exclaimed, as he looked at his watch, "it ain't hardly wuth while undressin'," and started for the door. As he was halfway through it, he turned and said, "Say, I s'pose *you'd* 'a' known what to do with that egg," but he did not wait for a reply.

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT.

By the kind permission of the American and English Publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, and Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ld., of London.

ETIQUETTE

THE *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain and his crew;
Down with the owners, greedy men, whom hope of gain allured,
Oh, dry the starting tear—for they were heavily insured!

Beside the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned, excepting only two—
Young Peter Grey, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co.,
And Somers, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.
They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used,
But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Grey, and Somers too, though certainly in trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they made;
And somehow, thus they settled it, without a word of mouth,
That Grey should take the northern half, while Somers took the south.

Etiquette

On Peter's portion oysters grew, a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.
On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him
sick.

Grey gnashed his teeth with envy, as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle, unmolested, on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle, and his mother, were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow, as he settled in the south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his
mouth.
He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed and stuff,
For he'd often eaten oysters, but he'd never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had
had,
When on board the *Ballyshannon!* and it almost drove them
mad
To think how very friendly with each other they might get
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette.

One day when out a-hunting for the *mus-ridiculous,*
Grey overheard his fellow-man soliloquising thus:
"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on—
McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be,
Old chummies at the Charter House were Robinson and he.
He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely
red,
Hesitated, hemmed and hawed, then cleared his throat, and
said:—

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold—.
But you have breathed a name I knew, familiarly, of old.
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by—
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me—so
do I."

It was enough – they felt they could more pleasantly get on,
For (oh! the magic of the fact) they each knew Robinson;
And Mr Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster bed all right.

They soon became like brothers, from community of wrongs,
They wrote each other little odes, and sang each other songs;
They told each other anecdotes – disparaging their wives—
On several occasions, too, they saved each other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night,
And got up in the morning as soon as it was light.
Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon,
And all because it happened they each knew Robinson.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learnèd to love each other more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred—"Suppose we cross the main?
So good an opportunity may not occur again."
And Somers thought a moment, then ejaculated, "Done!
I wonder how my business in the city's getting on?"

"But stay!" said Mr. Peter. "When in England, as you know,
I earned a living tasting teas for Baker, Croop & Co.,
I may have been suspended - my employers think me dead,"
"Then come with me," said Somers, "and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment, when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward bound.
When a boat came out to fetch them, though they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly and respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke
They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke;
'Twas *Robinson*, a convict, in an unbecoming frock,
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock.

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been
very rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash;
And Peter thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon.
In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged
a word;
The *word* grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head,
But when they meet each other *now*, they cut each other—
dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,
And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the
south.
And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick,
And Somers has the turtle, and it *always makes him sick*.

W. S. GILBERT.

THE SKIPPER'S BOY

IT was a fine day, and Henry, the skipper's boy, who disliked extremely the task of assisting to work out the cargo, obtained permission to go ashore to purchase a few small things for the cook and look round.

He strolled along blithely, casting a glance over his shoulders at the dusky cloud which hung over the *Seamew* as he went. It was virgin soil to him, and he thirsted for adventure. A short walk brought him to the white hurdles of the desolate market-place. Here the town as a town ended and gave place to a few large houses standing in their own grounds.

"Well, give me London," said Henry to himself as he paused at a high brick wall and looked at the fruit trees beyond. "Why, the place seems dead!"

He scrambled up on to the wall, and, perched on top, whistled softly. The grown-up flavour of half-pints had not entirely eradicated a youthful partiality for apples. He was hidden from the house by the trees, and almost involuntarily he dropped down on the other side of the wall and began to fill his pockets with the fruit.

Things were so quiet that he became venturesome, and, imitating the stealthy movements of the Red Indian, whom he loved, so far as six or seven pounds of apples would allow him, made his way to a large summer-house and peeped in. It was empty, except for a table and a couple of rough benches, and after another careful look round, he entered, and seating himself on the bench tried an apple.

He was roused to a sense of the danger of his position by footsteps on the path outside, which, coming nearer and nearer, were evidently aimed at the summer-house. With a silence and celerity of which any brave would have been proud, he got under the table.

"There you are, you naughty little girl," said a woman's voice. "You will not come out until you know your rivers perfectly."

Somebody was pushed into the summer-house, the door slammed behind, and a key turned in the lock. The footsteps retreated again, and the embarrassed brave realised that he was in a cruelly false position, his very life, so to speak, depending on the strength of a small girl's scream.

"I don't care!" said a dogged voice "Bother your rivers! bother your rivers! bother your rivers!"

The owner of the voice sat on the table and hummed fiercely. In the stress of mental anguish caused by his position, Henry made a miscalculation, and in turning bumped the table heavily with his head.

"Ough!" said the small girl breathlessly.

"Don't be frightened," said Henry, popping up humbly; "I won't hurt you."

"Hoo!" said the small girl in a flutter; "a boy!"

Henry rose and seated himself respectfully, coughing confusedly, as he saw the small girl's gaze riveted on his pockets.

"What have you got in your pockets?" she asked.

"Apples," said Henry softly. "I bought 'em in the town.'

The small girl extended her hand, and accepting a couple, inspected them carefully.

"You're a bad, wicked boy!" she said seriously as she bit into one. "You'll get it when Miss Dimchurch comes!"

"Who's Miss Dimchurch?" inquired Henry with pardonable curiosity.

"Schoolmistress," said the small girl.

"Is this a school?" said Henry.

The small girl, her mouth full of apple, nodded.

"Any men here?" inquired Henry with an assumed carelessness.

The small girl shook her head.

"You're the only boy I've ever seen here," she said gleefully. "You'll get it when Miss Dimchurch comes!"

His mind relieved of a great fear, Henry leaned back and smiled confidently.

"I'm not afraid of the old girl," he said quietly, as he pulled out his pipe and filled it.

The small girl's eyes glistened with admiration.

"I wish I was a boy," she said plaintively, "then I shouldn't mind her. Are you a sailor-boy?"

"Sailor," corrected Henry; "yes."

"I like sailors," said the small girl amicably. "You may have a bite of my apple if you like."

"Never mind, thanks," said Henry hastily; "I've got a clean one here."

The small girl drew herself up and eyed him haughtily, but finding that he was not looking at her resumed her apple.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"'Enery Hatkins," replied the youth, as he remembered sundry cautions about the letter *h* he had received at school. "What's yours?".

"Gertrude Ursula Florence Harcourt," said the small girl, sitting up straighter to say it. "I don't like the name of Atkins."

"Don't you?" said Henry, trying not to show resentment. "I don't like Gertrude, or Ursula, or Florence, and Harcourt's the worst of all."

Miss Harcourt drew off three or four inches and drummed with the tips of her fingers on the table. "I don't care what you like," she said, humming.

"I like Gerty," said Henry, with the air of a connoisseur, as he looked at the small flushed face. "I think Gerty's very pretty."

"That's what they always call me," said Miss Harcourt carelessly. "Does your ship go right out to sea?"

"Yes," said the boy. They had been blown out to sea once, and he salved his conscience with that.

"And how many times," said Gertrude Ursula Florence Harcourt, getting nearer to him again, "have you had fights with pirates?"

She left absolutely no loophole. If she had asked him whether he had ever fought pirates he would have said "No," though that would have been hard with her little excitable face turned towards his and the dark blue eyes dancing with interest.

"I forget whether it was six or seven," said Henry Atkins. "I think it was only six."

"Tell us all about them," said Miss Harcourt, shifting with excitement.

Henry took a bite of his apple and started, thankful that a taste for reading of a thrilling description had furnished him with material. He fought ships in a way which even admirals had never thought of, and certainly not the pirates, who were invariably discomfited by the ingenious means by which he enabled virtue to triumph over sin. Miss Harcourt held her breath with pleasurable terror, and tightened or relaxed the grip of her small and not too clean fingers on his arm as the narrative proceeded.

"But you never killed a man yourself," said she, when he had finished. There was an inflection, just a slight inflection, of voice, which Henry thought undeserved after the trouble he had taken.

"I can't exactly say," he replied shortly. "You see in the *heat*"--he got it right that time—"in the *heat* of an engagement you can't be sure."

"Of course you can't," said Miss Harcourt, repenting of her unreasonableness. "You *are* brave!"

Henry blushed.

"Are you an officer?" inquired Miss Harcourt.

"Not quite," said Henry, wishing somehow that he was.

"If you make haste and become an officer I'll marry you when I grow up," said Miss Harcourt, smiling on him kindly. "That is if you like, of course."

"I should like it very much," said Henry wistfully. "I didn't mean it when I said I didn't like your name just now."

"You shouldn't have told stories, then," said Miss Harcourt severely, but not unkindly; "I can't bear story-tellers."

The conscience-stricken Henry groaned inwardly, but, reflecting there was plenty of time to confess before the marriage, brightened up again. The "Rivers of Europe" had fallen beneath the table, and were entirely forgotten until the sounds of many feet and many voices in the garden recalled them to a sense of their position.

"Play-time," said the small girl, picking up her book and skipping to the farthest seat possible from Henry. "Thames, Seine, Danube, Rhine."

A strong, firm step stopped outside the door, and a key turned in the lock. The door was thrown open, and Miss Dimchurch peeping in, drew back with a cry of surprise. Behind her some thirty small girls, who saw her surprise, but not the reason for it, waited eagerly for light.

"Miss Harcourt!" said the principal in an awful voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Miss Harcourt, looking up, with her finger in the book to keep the place.

"How dare you stay in here with this person?" demanded the principal.

"It wasn't my fault," said Miss Harcourt, working up a whimper. "You locked me in. He was here when I came."

"Why didn't you call after me?" demanded Miss Dimchurch.

"I didn't know he was here; he was under the table," said Miss Harcourt.

Miss Dimchurch turned and bestowed a terrible glance upon Henry, who, with his forgotten pipe in his hand, looked uneasily up to see whether he could push past her. Miss Harcourt, holding her breath, gazed at the destroyer of pirates, and waited confidently for something extraordinary to happen.

"He's been stealing my apples!" said Miss Dimchurch tragically. "Where's the gymnasium mistress?"

The gymnasium mistress, a tall pretty girl, was just behind her.

"Remove that horrid boy, Miss O'Brien," said the principal.

"Don't worry," said Henry, trying to speak calmly;

"I'll go. Stand away there. I don't want to be hard on wimmin."

"Take him out," commanded the mistress.

Miss O'Brien, pleased at this opportunity of displaying her powers, entered, and squaring her shoulders, stood over the intruder.

"Look here, now," he said, turning pale; "you drop it. I don't want to hurt you."

He placed his pipe in his pocket, and rose to his feet as the gymnasium mistress caught him in her strong slender arms and raised him from the ground. Her grip was like steel, and a babel of admiring young voices broke upon his horrified ears as his captor marched easily with him down the garden, their progress marked by apples, which rolled out of his pockets and bounded along the ground.

"I shall kick you," whispered Henry fiercely—ignoring the fact that both legs were jammed together—as he caught sight of the pale, bewildered little face of Gertrude U. F. Harcourt.

"Kick away," said Miss O'Brien sweetly, and using him as a dumb-bell, threw in a gratuitous gymnastic display for the edification of her pupils.

"If you come here again, you naughty little boy," said Miss Dimchurch, who was heading the procession behind, "I shall give you to a policeman. Open the gate, girls!"

The gate was open, and Henry, half dead with shame, was thrust into the road in full view of the cook, who had been sent out in search of him.

"Wot, 'Enery?" said the cook in unbelieving accents as he staggered back, aghast at the spectacle—"wotever 'ave you been a-doin' of?"

"He's been stealing my apples!" said Miss Dimchurch sternly. "If I catch him here again I shall cane him!"

"Quite right, ma'am! I hope he hasn't hurt anybody," said the cook, unable to realise fully the discomfiture of the youth.

Miss Dimchurch slammed the gate and left the couple standing in the road. The cook turned and led the way down to the town again, accompanied by the crestfallen Henry.

W. W. JACOBS.

By kind permission of the Author.

BANGKOLIDYE

"GIMME my scarlet tie,"
Says I.
"Gimme my brownest boots and hat,
Gimme a vest with a pattern fancy,
Gimme a gel with some style, like Nancy,
And then—well, it's gimes as I'll be at,
Seein' as its bangkolidye,"
Says I.

"May miss it, but we'll try,"
Says I.
Nancy ran like a frightened 'en
Hup the steps of the bloomin' styeshun.
Bookin'-orfus at last! Salvyeshun!
An' the two returns was five and ten.
"An' travellin' mikes your money fly,"
Says I.

"This atmosphere is 'igh,"
Says I.
Twelve in a carriage is pretty thick,
When 'ite of the twelve is a sittin', smokin';
Nancy started 'er lawkin, and jokin',
Syin' she 'oped as we shouldn't be sick;
"Don't go on, or you'll mike me die!"
Says I.

"Three styeshuns we've porst by,"
Says I.
"So hout we get at the next, my gel."
When we got hout, she wer pale and saint-like
White in the gills, and sorter faint-like,
An' said my cigaw 'ad a powerful smell,
"Well, it's the sime as I always buy,"
Says I.

"'Ites them clouds in the sky,"
Says I.
"Don't like 'em at all," I says, "that's flat—
Black as your boots and sorter thick'nin'."
"If it's wet," says she, "it *will* be sick'nin'.
I wish as I'd brought my other 'at."
"You thinks too much of your finery,"
Says I.

"Keep them sanwidjus dry,"
Says I,
When the rine came down in a reggiler sheet.
But what can yo do with one umbrella,
And a damp gel strung on the arm of a fella?
"Well, rined-on 'am ain't pleasant to eat,
If yer don't believe it, just go an try,"
Says I.

"There is some gels whort cry,"
Says I.
"And there is some don't shed a tear,
But just get tempers, and when they has'em
Reaches a pint in their sarcasem,
As"on'y a dorg could bear to 'ear."
This unto Nancy by-and-by,
Says I.

All's hover now. And why,
Says I.
But why did I wear them boots, that vest?
The bloom is off 'em; they're sad to see
And hev'rythin's off twixt Nancy and me;
And my trousers is off and gone to be pressed—
And ain't this a blimed bangkolidye?
Says I.

BARRY PAIN.

By kind permission of the Author.

FATHER PHIL

FATHER PHIL the parish priest of Ballysloughgutthery was a man of strange manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had a free-and-easy way of performing even the most solemn duties, and of mixing up personal remarks to his congregation in the midst of the service, which might well startle a stranger. But this very want of formality made him beloved by his people.

One Sunday Father Phil delivered an address from the altar-steps, urging the people to bestir themselves in the matter of funds for repairing the chapel, which was certainly in a very dilapidated condition. The roof at one end let in the rain through a hole in the thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this subscription among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be favourable to Father Phil's purpose—that is to say, it was pouring in torrents. The rain came streaming through the roof, dropping its arguments in a most convincing manner on to the people below.

Presently he produced a subscription list, and read out the names of those who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it—here it is in black and white. But if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honour who have contributed to the uphowlding of Ballysloughgutthery Chapel. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave the chapel in such a condition? And doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if Providence wished to remind you of your duty? Aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Don't you come here coughin' and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you? And so you'll go on coughin' and sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place. It's the evidence of Heaven that appears against you every Sunday, condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too; for don't I see, this minute, a strame o' wather that might turn a mill, running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?

"And is it laughin' you are, you haythens? Laughin'! Laughin' at your insensibility—laughin', because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet? And now, I ask you, how are my words of comfort to enter your hearts, when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure, I have no chance of turning your hearts, while you are undher wather that might turn a mill. But once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of; and then the rain might melt you, if *I* couldn't. But no. Them naked rafthers grin in your face to no purpose, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults partly). And I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. But I see I must call you to a sense of your situation. There's the bottomless pit under you, and no roof over you. Oh, dear, dear, dear! I'm ashamed of you! Throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers.

"SUBSCRIPTION LIST

"FOR THE REPAIR AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGH-GUTTHERY CHAPEL

"'Mick Hickey, 7s. 6d.' He might as well have made it ten shillings. But half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plaze, your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings."

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, Micky, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you.

"'Billy Riley, 3s. 4d.' Of course he means to subscribe again!

"'John Dwyer, 15s.' That's something like. I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brushful o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead of being as white as a dove.

"'Peter Hefferman, 1s. 8d.

"'James Murphy, 2s. 6d.

"'Mat Donovan, 1s. 3d.

"'Luke Dannely, 3s.

"'Pat Finegan, 2s.

"'Edward O'Connor, Esq., £2.' There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—two pounds!

"Long life to him!

"'Nicholas Fagan, 2s. 6d.

"'Young Nicholas Fagan, 5s.' Young Nick is better than owld Nick any way.

"'Tim Doyle, 7s. 6d.

"'Owny Doyle, £1.' Well done, Owny na Coppal! You deserve to prosper, for you make the best use of your savings.

"'Simon Leary, 2s. 6d.

"'Bridget Murphy, 10s.' You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon! A lone widow woman gives more than you."

"Plaze, yer Reverence, I have a large family, sir; and Bridget has no childher."

"That's not her fault, and maybe she'll mend o' that yet."

"'Judy Moylan, 5s.' Very good, Judy. The ladies are behaving like gentlemen.

"'Pat Finnerty, 8s. 4d.' I'm not sure if it is 8d. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted; but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three-and-fourpince I gave, your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight-and-fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word; so bring me the remaining five shillings next week.

"Rafferty! Rafferty! There now, be active, Rafferty, and take round the plate. I'm sending Rafferty among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbours, give what little you can towards the repairs; and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you.

"'James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1.' And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown. Roundtown will be Renowned town in future ages for the support of the Church. I will read the

Roundtown list separate, to avoid getting the names in any way mixed.

"'James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1.

"'Darby Daly, of Roundtown, £1.

"'Sam Finnegan, of Roundtown, £1.

"'James Casy of Roundpound, one town.

"'Kit Dwyer, of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane.

"'Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—pat Pounden, a pound of Poundtown also.' There's an example for you!

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours. You are not a good gleaner. Go up into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets. I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain; for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday, if they don't.

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? Thry back. Ha! see that. She had her money ready, if you only asked her for it. Don't go by that other woman there. Oh, ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing.

"'Matthew Lavery, 2s. 6d.

"'Mark Hennessy, 2s. 6d.

"'Luke Clancy, 2s. 6d.

"'John Doolin, 2s. 6d.' One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are not worthy their names! We'll call them the poor apostles from this out. Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?"

"I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?"

"Hennesy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"I will." "I will, your Reverence." "And so will I."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake. We'll call you now the faithful apostles, and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece in your pockets.

"'Dennis Fannin, 7s. 6d. Very good indeed for a working mason.

"'Jemmy Riley, + 5s. 0d.' Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze, your Reverence! And by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy. I put a little cross before it to remind me of it. But I was in a hurry to make a sick-call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther. And, indeed, myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a thin, pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, exclaimed, "Oh, God bless your Reverence, sure that was the very five shillings you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever! God bless your Reverence!" And the poor woman burst into tears as she spoke.

A thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of Father Phil's beneficence burst upon them. Then, as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence, Father Phil blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity; and, even at the foot of that altar where he stood, he felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by Him to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whist, whist!" and waved, with outstretched hands, his flock into silence.

LOVER.

OUR COW

It was agreed, as we lived in the country, that a cow was necessary. What is home without a bovine, especially if no milkman's morning bell resounds in the neighbourhood? It was also agreed that our cow should be a genuine country cow, one that had not the deceitful ways of the City animal, who generally gives skim milk; so our cow was bought sixty miles away, and appropriately enough, she took a steer-age passage in a steamer to get to our home in Canada, which is on the banks of the Detroit River. The wharf is about a quarter of a mile from the house, and I stood there with two or three of my neighbours, who had kindly offered to help me home with the cow. As the steamer rounded to, I noticed that the cow had the whole lower deck to herself,

and that there were guy ropes from every tie-able portion of her to stationary articles on board.

The passengers on the upper deck had a pleased, expectant look on their faces, as if there was something enjoyable ahead. When the gangway plank was run out, the deck-hands seemed reluctant to interfere with the cow. The captain came down the for'ard stairs and shouted:

"Let go her head-line; slack up aft."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the sailors, and the command was obeyed.

"Get a line out in front."

One of the sailors took the original farm rope that was around her horns and got out on the wharf.

All the other lines were now removed, and as the cow began to look steadily at the fellow out on the wharf, pulling on the rope, he began to tremble.

"Port her a little, and send her for'ard," said the captain.

"Port it is, sir," answered one of the hands, as he approached the animal with a club to induce her to port.

Our cow had been standing like a statue all the while, gazing at the man on the wharf. Now she made one wild wave of her horns in the direction of the club person. He rapidly tumbled over two barrels, and sprang on a box, while the cow stood triumphant over the club.

A murmur of approbation came from the passengers, who were peering down the stairways, while the boldest were perched up on inaccessible articles of luggage.

"Can I be of any service?" I mildly asked the captain.

"Well, yes," said he. "If you could go out and get a good serviceable coroner you would do us a favour; I think we shall need one."

Meanwhile the passengers were showing how the cow could easily be got out, but none of them came down to put their theories into practice.

"Make fast your head-line," cried the captain, to the man on the wharf. He gave the rope a couple of rapid turns around a projecting timber.

"Now, all hands aft," was the next command, and the boys gathered around in the rear of the cow.

"All together, now!" was the cry, and a dozen men gently shoved the reluctant cow shorewards, while the wharf man shortened the rope around the timber.

Our cow resolutely planted her four hoofs down and hung

back, but the combined force of the crew was too much for her, and she slid along down the plank amid the cheers of the passengers. Suddenly she changed her mind and made a spring to the end of the rope. The wild grappling of the pushers as they went down with the most astonishing unanimity brought forth the heartfelt applause of the discriminating audience.

By this time the captain was on the upper deck ringing the boat ahead, and I could see the passengers around him coaxing him to stay and let them watch the cow sacrifice those of us that were left on the wharf.

One of my near neighbours, a big, powerful young man, said that he would take home the cow for me, that steamboat men did not understand how to treat cattle anyway, and he proceeded to unwind the rope from the timber The wharf, however, seemed to suit the cow exactly, and she refused to budge. We tried to shove her along as the steamboat men had done, but it was too big a contract. At last one of the men brought a fork, and while the rope was got ready for a tornado, he touched up the cow. It was a brilliant success. Man and cow disappeared up the road in a whirlwind of dust. Everybody along the route thought it was a runaway; the women shrieked, and the men climbed fences. We never expected to see either cow or man again. He, however, understood his business. He let the infuriated animal drag him along until he reached the open gate, and then with one wild bound he sprang ahead and gave the rope a turn around the starboard gate-post. The way that cow came round was amazing. She described a semicircle very much quicker than Euclid could have done it. She lay there in a heap, panting, and evidently wondering how it all came about.

"There's your cow," said my friend, covered with dust and triumph, as he closed the gate and flung the rope over her prostrate form; "she may be somewhat out of repair, but she's there."

The neighbours leaned over the fence and told me what they would do if they had a cow like that. The cow suddenly sprang to her feet again, and we all scattered a little. Then she ran up and down like a roaring lion, seeking a part of the fence to get over, and in less than five minutes tried to jump the fence a dozen times, while the rope trailed behind her like a comet's tail.

We didn't milk her that evening. Next morning I suggested that we might get one of the neighbours to come and milk the cow, but the farmer laughed at me and said that the cow would be quiet enough by this time, and that any cow was all right if you only knew how to treat her.

I said I was willing to stand treat in any way, but I preferred to have somebody else milk the cow.

Again I was laughed down, and was just simpleton enough to take a pail and sally forth. Our cow stood at the very remotest corner of the field. I cried "Co'boss, co'boss, co'boss," but she wouldn't "co'." She didn't seem to understand the phrase which I had been taught to believe all cows comprehended. Finding that I was making myself ridiculous without bringing the cow any nearer, I started towards her. I will do her the justice to say that she attempted to meet me half-way, but luckily I got over the fence in the meantime. I tried to explain to her that it was utterly senseless to act in this manner. The process of milking had to be gone through, however disagreeable it might be to both of us. It seemed as if I had convinced the animal, but the moment I went to get on her side of the fence her convictions appeared to set the other way. I oozed along my side of the fence as quietly as I could, conversing all the while in a conciliating tone with the cow, but she steadily faced me until we were nearly opposite the house, and I began to realise that I was about to be cut off from home and family if I couldn't get rid of this cow. A brilliant idea struck me. I would get hold of the long rope that trailed behind. I climbed the fence with as little ostentation as I could, and made a dash for the rope and got it. I then appreciated the conundrum, "If you had hold of a tiger's tail, would you hold on or let go?" After the waltz had lasted a few minutes I concluded to let go, and make a break for the house, the cow making a very good second. If the kitchen door had not been open I suppose I should be looking after my life-insurance money instead of telling this. As it was I went clean through the kitchen into the dining-room, and fell over three chairs and part of a table. My wife was excessively annoyed. She said she had been trying to get the baby asleep for the last half-hour, and that if I thought that way of acting was in any way funny, I might take the furniture outdoors and play circus out there.

"My dear," said I pathetically, "if you knew that I have

just escaped from the jaws—or rather the horns—of death, you would not talk in that unfeeling manner."

Then she told me to put the pail of milk in the cellar, and she would attend to it in a few minutes. This was the unkindest cut of all.

"It would take," said I severely, "a man in complete triple-plated steel armour to milk that cow."

"And have you been out all this time and never milked the cow?"

"It is not a question of time, Mrs. Sharp; it is a question of whether garments are strong enough to resist those horns."

And then she made the same remark that had previously been offered, to the effect that anybody could manage a cow; and I invited her out to give a practical illustration of the truth thereof. The cow was quietly standing a few rods away, and while I provided myself with an axe-handle, my wife calmly approached the statuesque cow, saying soothingly, "So Bossy; poor Bossy; so-o-o-o Bossy."

The cow gazed in astonishment at the new element in the problem, and it struck me that the brute would just be deceitful enough to act kind of civilised life. But my fears were unfounded.

"See, how docile she is."

"Don't 'holler' before you are out of the wood," said I.

"What's that?"

I said it might perhaps be preferable to postpone all congratulatory remarks until we had emerged from the forest primeval.

"Oh, I understand."

Just then the docile animal gave one short bellow, and made one short jump forward.

When we entered the house, my wife breathlessly remarked that it was perhaps better to get a neighbour, and I rather self-complacently replied that I said all along that the sacrifice of a neighbour would be necessary. So I went and told a neighbour that it was some time since I had milked a cow, and that I was rather out of practice, and if he would kindly come over, &c. &c. And he kindly came. I went into the house and congratulated myself on getting that cow milked. In a few minutes, my wife said a man wanted to speak to me outside. I went out and found it was our neighbour—he was on the other side of the fence.

"The pail," said he, "is at the upper end of the field. The cow is taking care of it. You can never milk that cow until the rope is taken off her horns. It hurts her now and makes her wild." And, then, after reflecting for a few moments, he added slowly: "I suppose you would get some one to take off the rope for fifteen or twenty dollars?"

I shall always be proud of the fact that I took off that rope myself. I consider the feat a triumph of modern engineering. This is how it was done.

There is an ancient pear-tree on the place that originally came from France, or, at least, the seed did, and it has stood the storms of a century, and cares no more for a modern cow than it does for the idle wind that it regards not. As the cow was grazing in the grateful shade of the tree, I stole up discreetly, keeping the trunk of the tree between myself and the quadruped. I secured the rope, and unobtrusively tied it around the trunk of the tree. I then made myself visible, and the cow at once took after me. She wound the rope round and round the tree, and each time her circle of travel narrowed until the side of her face was close up against the rough bark of the tree. She pressed eagerly forward, but the more she pressed the tighter fix she found herself in. With a sharp knife I cut the rope above her forehead, and then ran for all I was worth. I escaped, although her nigh horn took off part of the door-jamb. The rope was the secret of the trouble, however, and since then you could not wish for a milder animal than our cow.

ROBERT BARR.

By kind permission of the Author.

AMPHION

My father left a park to me,
  But it is wild and barren,
A garden too with scarce a tree
  And waster than a warren:
Yet say the neighbours when they call,
  It is not bad but good land,
And in it is the germ of all
  That grows within the woodland.

Amphion

O had I lived when song was great
In days of old Amphion,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
Nor cared for seed or scion!
And had I lived when song was great,
And legs of trees were limber,
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,
And fiddled in the timber!

'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation;
Wherever in a lonely grove
He set up his forlorn pipes,
The gouty oak began to move,
And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,
And, as tradition teaches,
Young ashes pirouetted down
Coquetting with young beeches;
And briony-vine and ivy-wreath
Ran forward to his rhyming,
And from the valleys underneath
Came little copses climbing.

The linden broke her ranks and rent
The woodbine wreathes that bind her,
And down the middle buzz! she went
With all her bees behind her.
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,
Came yews, a dismal coterie;
Each pluck'd his one foot from the grave,
Poussetting with a sloe-tree;

Old elms came breaking from the vine,
The vine stream'd out to follow,
And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine
From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,
When, ere his song was ended,
Like some great landslip, tree by tree,
The country-side descended;
And shepherds from the mountain eaves
Look'd down, half-pleased, half frighten'd,
As dash'd about the drunken leaves
The random sunshine lighten'd!

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,
And wanton without measure;
So youthful and so flexile then,
You moved her at your pleasure.
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!
And make her dance attendance;
Blow, flute, and stirr the stiff-set sprigs,
And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age
I could not move a thistle;
The very sparrows in the hedge
Scarce answer to my whistle;
Or at the most, when three parts-sick
With strumming and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick,
The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound
Like sleepy counsel pleading;
O Lord!—'tis in my neighbour's ground,
The modern Muses reading.
They read Botanic Treatises,
And Works on Gardening thro' there,
And Methods of transplanting trees.
To look as if they grew there.

A Wooden Leg

'The wither'd Misses! how they prose
O'er books of travell'd seamen,
And show you slips of all that grows
From England to Van Diemen.
They read in arbours clipt and cut,
And alleys, faded places,
By squares of tropic summer shut
And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,
Are neither green nor sappy;
Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,
The spindlings look unhappy.
Better to me the meanest weed
That blows upon its mountain,
The vilest herb that runs to seed
Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

TENNYSON.

A WOODEN LEG

"MR. BROWN, you don't want to buy a first-rate wooden leg, do you? I've got one that I've been wearing for two or three years, and I want to sell it. I'm hard up for money; and although I'm attached to that leg, I'm willing to part with it, so's I kin get the necessaries of life. Legs are all well enough; they are handy to have around the house, and all that; but a man must attend to his stomach if he has to walk about on the small of his back. Now, I'm going to make you an offer. That leg is Fairchild's patent; steel springs, India-rubber joints, elastic toes and everything, and it's in better

order now than it was when I bought it. It'd be a comfort to any man. It's the most luxurious leg I ever came across. If bliss ever kin be reached by a man this side of the tomb, it belongs to the person that gets that leg on, and feels the consciousness creeping over his soul that it is his. Consequently, I say that when I offer it to you I'm doing a personal favour; and I think I see you jump at the chance, and want to clinch the bargain before I mention it—you'll hardly believe it, I know—that I'll actually knock that leg down to you at four hundred dollars. Four hundred did I say? I meant six hundred; but let it stand. I never back out when I make an offer; but it's just throwing that leg away—it is indeed."

"But I don't want an artificial leg," said Brown.

"The beautiful thing about the limb," said the stranger, pulling up his trousers and displaying the article, "is that it is reliable. You kin depend on it. It's always there. Some legs that I have seen were treacherous—most always some of the springs bursting out, or the joints working backward, or the toes turning down and ketching in things. Regular frauds. But it's almost pathetic the way this leg goes on year in and year out, like an old faithful friend, never knowing an ache or a pain, no rheumatism, nor any such foolishness as that, but always good-natured and ready to go out of its way to oblige you. A man feels like a man when he gets such a thing under him. Talk about your kings and emperors and millionaires, and all that sort of nonsense! Which of 'em's got a leg like that? Which of 'em kin unscrew his kneepan, and look at the gum thingamajigs in his calf? Which of 'em kin leave his leg downstairs in the entry on the hat-rack, and go to bed with only one cold foot? Why it's enough to make one of them monarchs sick to think of such a convenience. But they can't help it. There's only one man kin buy that leg and that's you. I want you to have it so bad that I'll deed it to you for fifty dollars down. Awful, isn't it? Just throwing it away; but take it, take it, if it does make my heart bleed to see it go out of the family."

"Really, I have no use for such a thing," said Mr. Brown.

"You can't think," urged the stranger, "what a benediction a leg like that is in a family. When you don't want to walk with it, it comes into play for the children to ride horsey on; or you kin take it off and stir the fire with it in a way that would depress the spirits of a man with a real leg. It

makes the most efficient potato-smasher ever you saw. Work it from the second joint and let the knee swing loose; you kin tack carpets perfectly splendid with the heel; and when a cat sees it coming at him from the winder, he just adjourns *sine die*, and goes down off the fence screaming Now, you're probably afeard of dogs. When you see one approaching, you always change your base. I don't blame you; I used to be that way before I lost my home-made leg. But you fix yourself with this artificial extremity, and then what do you care for dogs? If a million of em come at you, what's the odds? You merely stand still and smile, and throw out your spare leg, and let 'em chaw, let 'em fool with that as much as they've a mind to, and howl and carry on, for you don't care. An' that's the reason why I say that when I reflect on how imposing you'd be as the owner of such a leg, I feel like saying, that if you insist on offering only a dollar and a half for it, why, take it; it's yours. I'm not the kinder man to stand on trifles. I'll take it off and wrap it up in paper for you; shall I?"

"I'm sorry," said Brown, "but the fact is I have no use for it. I've got two good legs already. If I ever lose one, why, may be then I'll——"

"I don't think you exactly catch my idea on the subject," said the stranger. "Now, any man can have a meat-and-muscle leg; they're as common as dirt. It's disgusting how monotonous people are about such things. But I, take you for a man who wants to be original. You have style about you. You go it alone, as it were. Now, if I had your peculiarities, do you know what I'd do? I'd get a leg snatched off some way, so's I could walk around on this one. Or, if you hate to go to the expense of amputation, why not get your pantaloons altered, and mount this beautiful work of art just as you stand? A centipede, a mere ridicklous insect, has half a bushel of legs, and why can't a man, the grandest creature on earth, own three? You go around this community on three legs, and your fortune's made. People will go wild over you as the three-legged grocer; the nation will glory in you; Europe will hear of you; you will be heard of from pole to pole. It'll build up your business. People'll flock from every wheres to see you, and you'll make your sugar and cheese and things fairly hum. Look at it as an advertisement! Look at it anyway you please, and there's money in it—there's glory, there's immortality. I think I see you now moving

around over this floor with your old legs working as usual, and this one going clickety-click along with 'em, making music for you all the time, and attracting attention in a way to fill a man's heart with rapture. Now, look at it that way; and if it strikes you, I tell you what I'll do: I'll actually swap that imperishable leg off to you for two pounds of water-crackers, and a tin cupful of Jamaica rum. Is it a go?"

Then Brown weighed out the crackers, gave him an awful drink of rum, and told him if he would take them as a present and quit he would confer a favour. And he did. After emptying the crackers in his pockets, and smacking his lips over the rum, he went to the door, and as he opened it said,

"Good-bye. But if you ever really do want a leg, Old Reliable is ready for you; it's yours. I consider that you've got a mortgage on it, and you kin foreclose at any time. I dedicate this leg to you. My will shall mention it; and if you don't need it when I die, I'm going to have it put in the savings bank to draw interest until you check it out. I'll wish you good evening."

MAX ADELER.

[*Abridged.*]

COPPERFIELD AND THE WAITER

THE coach was in the yard, shining very much all over, but without any horses to it as yet; and it looked in that state as if nothing was more unlikely than its ever going to London. I was thinking this, and wondering what would ultimately become of my box, which Mr. Barkis had put down on the yard-pavement by the pole (he having driven up the yard to turn his cart), and also what would ultimately become of me, when a lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said—

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

"What name?" inquired the lady.

"Copperfield, ma'am," I said.

"That won't do," returned the lady. 'Nobody's dinner is paid for here, in that name."

"Is it Murdstone, ma'am?" I said.

Copperfield and the Waiter

"If you're Master Murdstone," said the lady, "why do you go and give another name first?"

I explained to the lady how it was, who then rang a bell, and called out, "William, show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of castors on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying very affably, "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board: but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said—

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile, for it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?"

"No," I said, "I don't think——"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, grey coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure——"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I*'ll drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back, and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Lor' bless my soul," he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer? Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop and another potato; and after that another chop and another potato. When we had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, "is my favourite

pudding. Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'um, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his tablespoon to my teaspoon, his despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggotty. He not only brought it to me immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said, "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was—let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words—"With whopping."

The blowing of the coach horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we are taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink. *I* lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cow-pock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint and a lovely sister,"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing. If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking it. But I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this, from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard, "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!"

DICKENS.

A MELTING STORY

ONE winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his feet.

A Melting Story

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down. I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain. He had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go.

This hesitation was settled by the owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out; and right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit; "without it you'd freeze going out such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair; and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I've got a story to tell you."

And Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh, it's so hot here," said the thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a hurry."

"But I've got the cows to fodder and the wood to split—I must be going."

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself easy. You appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected.

"Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted—

eh? I tell you it's the greatest in creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste it with.' Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up, as though he had been born dumb.

Streak after streak of butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow.

Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter and his knees touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No! I must go! Let me out! I ain't well! Let me go?"

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good-night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter—"if you will go!" and adding, as he started out of the door: "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

MARK TWAIN.

By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

THE BABY'S DÉBUT

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

The Baby's Début

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is—
He thinks mine came to more than his,
  So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out my doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
  And melts off half her nose

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
  And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
  And breaks a window-pane

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
  A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
  To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried "O naughty Nancy Lake,
  Thus to distress your aunt
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
  Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
  And trotted down the street
I saw them go one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
  Their shoes were on their feet

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
  Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
  And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick—
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
Umbob the prompter-man
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said: "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan."

"You've only got to courtsey, whisp-
Er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night—
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's Papa?
And where my aunt? and where Mamma?
Where's Jack! Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise
To join them in the pit.

Mr. Caudle's Family Umbrella

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join Mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I courtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

MR. CAUDLE'S FAMILY UMBRELLA

THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that? Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every

mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you sha'n't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no

thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we sha'n't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they sha'n't stop at home—they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

"*At length,*" writes Caudle, "*I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!*"

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

HOW JIMMY TENDED THE BABY

I NEVER could see the use of babies. We have one at our house that belongs to mother, and she thinks everything of it. I can't see anything wonderful about it. All it can do is to cry, and pull hair, and kick. It hasn't half the

sense of my dog, and can't even chase a cat. Mother and Sue wouldn't have a dog in the house, but they are always going on about the baby, and saying, "Ain't it perfectly sweet?"

The worst thing about a baby is, that you're expected to take care of him, and then you get scolded afterward. Folks say, "Here, Jimmy, just hold the baby a minute, there's a good boy;" and then, as soon as you have got it, they say, "Don't do that! Just look at him! That boy will kill the child! Hold it up straight, you good for-nothing little wretch!" It's pretty hard to do your best, and then be scolded for it; but that is the way boys are treated. Perhaps after I'm dead, folks will wish they had done differently.

Last Saturday, mother and Sue went out to make calls, and told me to stay at home and take care of the baby. There was a cricket match, but what did they care for that? They didn't want to go to it, and so it made no difference whether I went to it or not. They said they would be gone only a little while, and if the baby waked up, I was to play with it, and keep it from crying, and "be sure and not let it swallow any pins." Of course, I had to do it. The baby was sound asleep when they went out; so I left it just a few minutes, while I went to see if there was any pie in the pantry. If I was a woman, I wouldn't be so dreadfully suspicious as to keep everything locked up. When I got back upstairs again, the baby was awake, and was howling like he was full of pins. So I gave him the first thing that came handy, to keep him quiet. It happened to be a bottle of French polish, with a sponge on the end of a wire, that Sue uses to black her boots, because girls are too lazy to use the regular brush. The baby stopped crying as soon as I gave him the bottle, and I sat down to read a paper. The next time I looked at him, he'd got out the sponge, and about half of his face was jet black. This was a nice fix, for I knew nothing could get the black off his face, and when mother came she would say the baby was spoiled, and I had done it. Now I think an all black baby is ever so much more stylish than an all white baby, and when I saw that the baby was part black, I made up my mind that if I blacked it all over it would be worth more than it ever had been, and perhaps mother would be ever so much pleased. So I hurried up, and gave it a good coat of black.

Maguire's Account of Coronation

You should have seen how that baby shined! The polish dried as soon as it was put on, and I had just time to get baby dressed again, when mother and Sue came in. I wouldn't lower myself to repeat their unkind language. When you've been called a murdering little villain, and an unnatural son, it will rankle in your heart for ages. After what they had said to me, I didn't even seem to mind father, but went upstairs with him almost as if I was going to church or something that didn't hurt much The baby is beautiful and shiny, though the doctors say it will wear off in a few years. Nobody shows any gratitude for all the trouble I took, and I can tell you it isn't easy to black a baby without getting it into his eyes and hair. I sometimes think it is hardly worth while to live in this cold and unfeeling world.

Anon.

BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
  For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
  And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen
  Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
  All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
  Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy down-dillies,
  And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
  With General Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
  With his sword drawn, prancing made them kape the line.

Then the Gun's alarums, and the King of Arums,
  All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes.
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
  The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews;

'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
A'l jool's from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame:
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garments and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Oh! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Maguire's Account of Coronation

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!"
Then his Riverence retrating, discoorsed the mating;
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee:
And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
And wine and nagus, and Imperial Pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears—
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"—
—Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!

And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,
Y dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

R. H. BARHAM.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY

AT twelve o'clock that very night I pocketed two crowbars, a bunch of skeleton keys, a centrebit, a dark lantern, a box of silent matches, some putty, a life preserver and a knife, and I set off for Thurloe Square. I remember that it snowed heavily. There was at least a foot of snow on the ground, and there was more to come. Poor Stoneleigh's particulars were exact in every detail. I got into the third room on the ground-floor without the least difficulty, and made my way into the dining-room. There was the presentation plate, sure enough— about 800 ounces, as I reckoned. I collected this and tied it up, so that I could carry it without attracting attention. Just as I finished, I heard a slight cough behind me. I turned and saw a dear old silver-haired gentleman in a dressing-gown standing in the doorway. The venerable gentleman covered me with a revolver. My first impulse was to rush at and brain him with my life preserver. "Don't move," said he, "or you're a dead man." A rather silly remark, to the effect that if I *did* move it would rather prove that I was a live man, occurred to me, but I dismissed it at once as unsuited to the business character of the interview. "You're a burglar?" said he. "I have that honour," said I, making for my pistol-pocket. "Don't move," said he; "I have often wished to have the pleasure of encountering a burglar, in order to be able to test a favourite theory of mine as to how persons of that class should be dealt with. But you mustn't move." I replied that I should be happy to assist him, if I could do so consistently with a due regard to my own safety. "Promise me," said I, "that you'll allow me to leave the house unmolested when your experiment is at an end?" "If you will obey me promptly, you shall be at perfect liberty to leave the house." "You will neither give me into custody, nor take any steps to pursue me?" "On my honour as a Designer of Dados," said he. "Good," said I. "Go on." "Stand up," said he, "and stretch out your

arms at right angles to your body." "Suppose I don't?" said I. "I send a bullet through your left ear," said he. "But permit me to observe——" said I. Bang! A ball cut off the lobe of my left ear. The ear smarted, and I should have liked to attend to it, but under the circumstances I thought it better to comply with the whimsical old gentleman's wishes. "Very good!" said he. "Now do as I tell you, promptly and without a moment's hesitation, or I cut off the lobe of your right ear. Throw me that life preserver." "But——" "Ah, would you?" said he, cocking the revolver. The "click" decided me. Besides, the old gentleman's eccentricity amused me, and I was curious to see how far it would carry him. So I tossed my life preserver to him. He caught it neatly. "Now take off your coat and throw it to me." I took off my coat and threw it to him diagonally across the room. "Now the waistcoat." I threw the waistcoat to him. "Boots," said he. "They are shoes," said I, in some trepidation lest he should take offence when no offence was really intended. "Shoes, then," said he. I threw my shoes to him. "Trousers," said he. "Come, come, I say!" exclaimed I. Bang! the lobe of the other ear came off. With all his eccentricity the old gentleman was a man of his word. He had the trousers, and with them my revolver, which happened to be in the right-hand pocket. "Now the rest of your drapery." I threw him the rest of my drapery. He tied up my clothes in the tablecloth, and, telling me that he wouldn't detain me any longer, made for the door, with the bundle under his arm. "Stop," said I. "What is to become of me?" "Really, I hardly know," said he. "You promised me my liberty," said I. "Certainly," said he. "Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the window, you will find no difficulty in clearing the area railings." "But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?" "No," said he, "nothing at all; good night." The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led upstairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody in the morning. For some time I looked in vain for something to cover myself with. The hats and greatcoats were no doubt in the inner hall, at all

ments they were not accessible under the circumstances. There was a carpet on the floor but it was fitted to the recces es of the room, and, moreover, a heavy sideboard stood on it. However, there were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a good way towards covering me, and that was something. I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. They certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 a.m. dressed in nothing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me? I grew very cold. I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him. "Policeman," said I, from the window, "one word." "Anything wrong, sir?" said he. "I have been committing a burglary in this house, and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody." "Nonsense, sir," said he; "you'd better go to bed." "There is nothing I should like better, but I live in Lincoln's Inn, and I have nothing on but antimacassars; I am almost frozen. Pray take me into custody." "The street door's open," said he. "Yes," said I. "Come in." He came in. I explained the circumstances to him, and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest. The good fellow put his own greatcoat over me, and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton Street Police Station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude. I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton Cemetery.

For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have been relating, and for a long time I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lovely evening last May I found, to my intense delight, that I had absolutely forgotten all about it.

W. S. GILBERT.

By kind permission of the Author.

BOB SAWYER'S PARTY

There is a repose about Lant Street, in the Borough, which sheds a gentle melancholy upon the soul. There are always a good many houses to let in the street: it is a bye-street too, and its dulness is soothing. If a man wished to abstract himself from the world—to remove himself from within the reach of temptation—to place himself beyond the possibility of any inducement to look out of the window—he should by all means go to Lant Street.

Mr. Bob Sawyer embellished one side of the fire, in his first-floor front, early on the evening for which he had invited Mr. Pickwick; and Mr. Ben Allen the other. The preparations for the reception of visitors appeared to be completed. The umbrellas in the passage had been heaped into the little corner outside the back-parlour door; the bonnet and shawl of the landlady's servant had been removed from the banisters; and a kitchen candle, with a very long snuff, burnt cheerfully on the ledge of the staircase window.

Notwithstanding the highly satisfactory nature of all these arrangements, there was a cloud on the countenance of Mr. Bob Sawyer, as he sat by the fireside. There was a sympathising expression, too, in the features of Mr. Ben Allen, as he gazed intently on the coals; and a tone of melancholy in his voice, as he said, after a long silence—

"Well, it *is* unlucky she should have taken it in her head to turn sour, just on this occasion. She might at least have waited till to morrow."

"That's her malevolence, that's her malevolence," returned Mr. Bob Sawyer, vehemently. "She says that if I can afford to give a party I ought to be able to pay her confounded 'little bill.'"

"How long has it been running?" inquired Mr. Ben Allen.

"Only a quarter, and a month or so," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

Ben Allen coughed hopelessly, and directed a searching look between the two top bars of the stove.

"It'll be a most unpleasant thing if she takes it into her head to let out, when those fellows are here, won't it?" said Mr. Ben Allen at length.

"Horrible," replied Bob Sawyer, "horrible."

A low tap was heard at the room door.

"Please, Mister Sawyer, Missis Raddle wants to speak to yo"

Before Mr. Bob Sawyer could return any answer. the girl suddenly disappeared, and a little fierce woman bounced into the room, all in a tremble with passion, and pale with rage.

"Now, Mr. Sawyer," said the little fierce woman, trying to appear very calm, "if you'll have the kindness to settle that little bill of mine I'll thank you, because I've got my rent to pay this afternoon, and my landlord's a-waiting below now." Here the little woman rubbed her hands, and looked steadily over Mr. Bob Sawyer's head, at the wall behind him.

"I am very sorry to put you to any inconvenience, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer deferentially, "but——"

"Oh, it isn't any inconvenience," replied the little woman with a shrill titter. "I didn't want it particular before to-day; leastways, as it has to go to my landlord directly, it was as well for you to keep it as me. You promised me this afternoon, Mr. Sawyer, and every gentleman as has ever lived here has kept his word, sir, as of course anybody as calls himself a gentleman does."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer, with all imaginable humility, "but the fact is, that I have been disappointed in the City to-day."—Extraordinary place that City. An astonishing number of men always *are* getting disappointed there.

"Well, Mr. Sawyer," said Mrs. Raddle, planting herself firmly on a purple cauliflower in the Kidderminster carpet, "and what's that to me, sir?"

"I—I— have no doubt, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob Sawyer, blinking this last question, "that before the middle of next week we shall be able to set ourselves quite square, and go on, on a better system, afterwards."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Sawyer," said Mrs. Raddle, elevating her voice for the information of the neighbours, "do you suppose that I'm a-going day after day to let a fellar occupy my lodgings as never thinks of paying his rent, nor even the very money laid out for the fresh butter and lump sugar that's bought for his breakfast, and the very milk that's took in, at the street door? Do you suppose a hard-working and industrious woman as has lived in this street for twenty year (ten year over the way, and nine year and three-quarter

in this very house) has nothing else to do but to work herself to death after a parcel of lazy idle fellars, that are always smoking and drinking, and lounging, when they ought to be glad to turn their hands to anything that would help 'em to pay their bills? Do you——"

"My good soul," interposed Mr. Benjamin Allen soothingly.

"Have the goodness to keep your observashuns to yourself, sir, I beg," said Mrs. Raddle, suddenly arresting the rapid torrent of her speech. "I don't think I let these apartments to you, sir."

"No, you certainly did not," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Very good, sir," responded Mrs. Raddle, with lofty politeness. "Then p'raps, sir, you'll confine yourself to breaking the arms and legs of the poor people in the hospitals, and keep yourself *to* yourself, sir, or there may be some persons here as will make you, sir."

"But you are such an unreasonable woman," remonstrated Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"I beg your parding, young man," demanded Mrs. Raddle, in a louder and more imperative tone. "But who do you call a woman? Did you make that remark to me, sir?"

"Why, bless my heart!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Did you apply that name to me, I ask of you, sir?" interrupted Mrs. Raddle, with intense fierceness, throwing the door wide open.

"Why, of course I did," replied Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Yes, of course you did," said Mrs. Raddle, backing gradually to the door, and raising her voice to its loudest pitch, for the special behoof of Mr. Raddle in the kitchen. "Yes, of course you did! And everybody knows that they may safely insult me in my own 'ouse while my husband sits sleeping downstairs, and taking no more notice than if I was a dog in the streets. He ought to be ashamed of himself" (here Mrs. Raddle sobbed) "to allow his wife to be treated in this way by a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies, that disgraces the lodgings" (another sob), "and leaving her exposed to all manner of abuse; a base, faint-hearted, timorous wretch, that's afraid to come upstairs, and face the ruffianly creatures— that's afraid—that's afraid to come!" Mrs. Raddle paused to listen whether the repetition of the taunt had roused her better half; and, finding that it had not been successful, proceeded to descend

the stairs with sobs innumerable—when there came a loud double knock at the street door: whereupon she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping, threw down all the umbrellas, and disappeared into the back parlour, closing the door after her with an awful crash

"Does Mr Sawyer live here?" said Mr Pickwick, when the door was opened.

"Yes," said the girl, "first floor. It's the door straight afore you, when you gets to the top of the stairs"

Mr Snodgrass, who entered last, secured the street door, and the friends stumbled upstairs, where they were received by Mr. Bob Sawyer, who had been afraid to go down, lest he should be waylaid by Mrs Raddle

"How are you?" said the discomfited student "Glad to see you—I'm rather confined for room here, but you must put up with all that, when you come to see a young bachelor Walk in" Mr Pickwick shook hands with Mr. Benjamin Allen, and his friends followed his example. Then there was another double knock and a heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself, in a black velvet waistcoat, with thunder-and-lightning buttons; and a blue striped shirt, with a white false collar.

"You're late, Jack?" said Mr Benjamin Allen.

"Been detained at Bartholomew's," replied Hopkins.

"Anything new?"

"No, nothing particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward"

"What was that, sir?" inquired Mr Pickwick.

"Only a man fallen out of a four pair of stairs window; —but it's a very fair case— very fair case indeed."

"Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?" inquired Mr. Pickwick

"No," replied Mr Hopkins, carelessly. "No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation though, to-morrow—magnificent sight if Slasher does it."

"You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Best alive," replied Hopkins. "Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake—exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of, and he'd tell his mother if they didn't begin."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

"Pooh! That's nothing, that ain't," said Jack Hopkins. "Is it, Bob?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

["By-the-bye, Bob," said Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in, who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once, you know, that would be too much—*you* couldn't swallow that, if the child did--eh, Mr. Pickwick, ha! ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued. "No, the way was this. Child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace; common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

"Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time he had got through the necklace —five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out, at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but, I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days afterwards, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and potatoes under it—the child, who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a noise, like a small hailstorm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a-doin' nothing,' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again, worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed, in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, hang it, it's *in* the child!' said the father, 'he's got the croup in the wrong place!' 'No, I haven't, father,' said the child, beginning to cry, 'it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the

beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting: and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellar, to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now," said Jack Hopkins, "and he makes such a noise when he walks about, that they're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients."

"That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of," said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Jack Hopkins, "is it, Bob?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.]

"Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you, sir," said Hopkins.

"So I should be disposed to imagine," replied Mr. Pickwick.

Another knock at the door announced a large-headed young man in a black wig, who brought with him a scorbutic youth in a long stock. The next comer was a gentleman in a shirt emblazoned with pink anchors, who was closely followed by a pale youth with a plated watchguard. The arrival of a prim personage in clean linen and cloth boots rendered the party complete. The little table with the green baize cover was wheeled out; the first instalment of punch was brought in, in a white jug; and the succeeding three hours were devoted to cards, only once interrupted by a slight dispute between the scorbutic youth and the gentleman with the emblems of hope, after which Mr. Bob Sawyer rang for supper, and the visitors squeezed themselves into corners while it was getting ready.

[It was not so easily got ready as some people may imagine. First of all, it was necessary to awaken the girl, who had fallen asleep with her face on the kitchen table; this took a little time, and, even when she did answer the bell, another quarter of an hour was consumed in fruitless endeavours to impart to her a faint and distant glimmering of reason. The man to whom the order for the oysters had been sent had not been told to open them; it is a very difficult thing to open an oyster with a limp knife and a two-pronged fork; and very little was done in this way. Very little of the beef was done either; and the ham was in a similar predicament. However, there was plenty of porter in a tin can; and the cheese went a great way, for it was very strong.]

Bob Sawyer's Party

After supper, another jug of punch was put upon the table, together with a paper of cigars and a couple of bottles of spirits. Then, there was an awful pause; and this awful pause was occasioned by a very common occurrence.

The fact is, the girl was washing the glasses. There never was a lodging-house yet that was not short of glasses.

The sight of the tumblers restored Bob Sawyer to a degree of equanimity which he had not possessed since his interview with his landlady. His face brightened up, and he began to feel quite convivial.

"Now, Betsy," said Mr. Bob Sawyer, with great suavity, "now, Betsy, the warm water; be brisk, there's a good girl."

"You can't have no warm water," replied Betsy. "Missis Raddle said you warn't to have none."

The surprise depicted on the countenances of his guests imparted new courage to the host.

"Bring up the warm water instantly—instantly!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer, with desperate sternness.

"No. I can't," replied the girl; "Missis Raddle raked out the kitchen fire afore she went to bed, and locked up the kittle."

"Oh, never mind; never mind. Pray don't disturb yourself about such a trifle," said Mr. Pickwick, observing the conflict of Bob Sawyer's passions, as depicted in his countenance, "cold water will do very well."

"Oh, admirably," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"My landlady is subject to some slight attacks of mental derangement," remarked Bob Sawyer with a ghastly smile; "and I fear I must give her warning."

"No, don't," said Ben Allen.

"I fear I must," said Bob, with heroic firmness. "I'll pay her what I owe her, and give her warning to-morrow morning." Poor fellow! how devoutly he wished he could!

Mr. Bob Sawyer's heart-sickening attempts to rally under this last blow communicated a dispiriting influence to the company, the greater part of whom, with the view of raising their spirits, attached themselves with extra cordiality to the cold brandy and water, the first perceptible effects of which were displayed in a renewal of hostilities between the scorbutic youth and the gentleman in the shirt.

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said the scorbutic youth, in a loud voice; "to create any unpleasantness at

any friend's table, and much less at yours, Sawyer—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

And *I* should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the necessity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken out o' window."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favour me with your card, sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter.

At this point the remainder of the guests interposed, and remonstrated with both parties on the impropriety of their conduct; on which Mr. Noddy begged to state that his father was quite as respectable as Mr. Gunter's father; to which Mr. Gunter replied that his father was to the full as respectable as Mr. Noddy's father, and that his father's son was as good a man as Mr. Noddy, any day in the week. As this announcement seemed the prelude to the recommencement of the dispute, there was another interference on the part of the company; and a vast quantity of talking and clamouring ensued, in the course of which Mr. Noddy gradually allowed his feelings to overpower him, and professed that he had ever entertained a devoted personal attachment towards Mr. Gunter. To this Mr. Gunter replied that, upon the whole, he rather preferred Mr. Noddy to his own brother; on hearing which admission, Mr. Noddy magnanimously rose from his seat, and proffered his hand to Mr. Gunter. Mr. Gunter grasped it with affecting fervour;

and everybody said that the whole dispute had been conducted in a manner which was highly honourable to both parties concerned.

"Now," said Jack Hopkins, "just to set us going again, Bob, I don't mind singing a song." And Hopkins, incited thereto by tumultuous applause, plunged himself at once into "The Queen, God bless her," which he sang as loud as he could, to a novel air, compounded of the "Bay of Biscay," and "A Frog he would." The chorus was the essence of the song; and, as each gentleman sang it to the tune he knew best, the effect was very striking.

It was at the end of the chorus to the first verse that Mr. Pickwick held up his hand in a listening attitude, and said, as soon as silence was restored:

"Hush! I beg your pardon. I thought I heard somebody calling from upstairs."

A profound silence immediately ensued; and Mr. Bob Sawyer was observed to turn pale.

"I think I hear it now," said Mr. Pickwick. "Have the goodness to open the door."

The door was no sooner opened than all doubt on the subject was removed.

"Mr. Sawyer! Mr. Sawyer!" screamed a voice from the two-pair landing.

"It's my landlady," said Bob Sawyer, looking round him with great dismay. "Yes, Mrs. Raddle."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Sawyer?" replied the voice, with great shrillness and rapidity of utterance. "Ain't it enough to be swindled out of one's rent, and abused and insulted by your friends that dares to call themselves men: without having the house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here, at two o'clock in the morning? Turn them wretches away!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the voice of Mr. Raddle, which appeared to proceed from beneath some distant bed-clothes.

"Ashamed of themselves!" said Mrs. Raddle. "Why don't you go down and knock 'em every one downstairs? You would if you was a man."

"*Do* you mean to turn them wretches out, or not, Mr. Sawyer?"

"They're going, Mrs. Raddle, they're going," said the miserable Bob. "I am afraid you'd better go," said Mr. Bob

Sawyer to his friends. "I *thought* you were making too much noise."

"It's a very unfortunate thing," said the prim man. "Just as we were getting so comfortable too!"

"Hardly to be borne, is it?"

"Not to be endured," replied Jack Hopkins; "let's have the other verse, Bob. Come, here goes!"

"No, no, Jack, don't," interposed Bob Sawyer; "it's a capital song, but I am afraid we had better not have the other verse. They are very violent people, the people of the house."

"Shall I step upstairs, and pitch into the landlord?" inquired Hopkins, "or keep on ringing the bell, or go and groan on the staircase? You may command me, Bob."

"I am very much indebted to you for your friendship and good-nature, Hopkins," said the wretched Mr. Bob Sawyer, "but I think the best plan to avoid any further dispute is for us to break up at once."

"Now, Mr. Sawyer!" screamed the shrill voice of Mrs. Raddle, "*are* them brutes going?"

"They're only looking for their hats, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob; "they are going directly."

"Going!" said Mrs. Raddle, thrusting her nightcap over the banisters just as Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Tupman, emerged from the sitting-room. "Going! what did they ever come for?"

"My dear ma'am," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, looking up.

"Get along with you, you old wretch!" replied Mrs. Raddle, hastily withdrawing the nightcap. "Old enough to be his grandfather, you willin! You're worse than any of 'em."

Mr. Pickwick found it in vain to protest his innocence, so hurried downstairs into the street, whither he was closely followed by his friends.

The visitors having all departed, in compliance with the rather pressing request of Mrs. Raddle, the luckless Mr. Bob Sawyer was left alone, to meditate on the probable events of to-morrow, and the pleasures of the evening.

DICKENS.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS

I'D been away from her three years—about that—
  And I returned to find my Mary true,
And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that
  It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting,
  "Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,
  "I *don't* think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done, then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
  Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
  Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new,
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,
  I met him at my uncle's Christmas tide,
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips met lips,
  He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed;
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmote, only twenty-one,
  Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!
  And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count *that* as unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
  We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,
  When we were lost in Cliefden Woods together.
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness to you.

I've yet another ring from him. D'you see
 The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary! Can it be
 That you"—Quoth she, "that I am Mrs. Vere.
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?"
"*No*," *I replied*, "*for I am married, too.*"

F. C. BURNAND.

By kind permission of the Author.

"PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH"

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up, and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I

could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed, and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight, frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfil an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. ——, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. —— talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. —— said—

"Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: "Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said—

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—may-be it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is——"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. —— laid his hand on my shoulder, and shouted—

"Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it! Look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have travelled; you

have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured –

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. —— stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said—

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning, and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said –

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely! I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. —— said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time, and the next time, he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an-hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward Then my freed tongue blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said—

"Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. —— turned a lack lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness—

"Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr. —— for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence,

and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face, and said—

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a night-mare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars, and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their "clack, clack—clack-clack-clack! clack, clack—clack-clack-clack!" and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there, and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day! My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack clack, for a six cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch*, in the presence of the passenjare! Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjare.' And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the ante room in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said—

"'Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I didn't see him before he died!'

"'Yes!' I said, 'he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone—oh, *will* this suffering never cease!'

"'*You* loved him, then! Oh, you, too, loved him!'

"'Loved him! Loved *who*?'

"'Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!'

"'Oh—*him!* Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!'

"'Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffered in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?'

"'Yes! I—*whose* last moments?'

"'*His*. The dear departed's.'

"'Yes! Oh, yes—yes—*yes!* I suppose so, I think so, *I* don't know. Oh, certainly—I was there—*I* was there!'

"'Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words—oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?'

"'He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three cent fare—endurance *can* no fur-ther go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare!'"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said, impressively—

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag for ever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a——"

Thus murmuring fainter and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

MARK TWAIN.

Vat You Please

VAT YOU PLEASE

Some years ago, when civil faction
Raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul,
And children, in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they could squall;
When common sense in common folks was dead,
And murder showed a love of nationality,
And France, determined not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class,
To put folks more on an equality,
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty, in *bonnet-rouge*, might pass
For Mother Red cap up at Camden Town;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing
Bidding *soupe-maigre* an abrupt farewell,
   And hither came, *pell-mell*,
Sans cash, *sans* clothes, and almost *sans* everything!

Two Messieurs who about this time came over,
Half-starved, but *toujours-gai*
(No weasels e'er were thinner),
Trudged up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted in the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner
From morn till noon, from noon to dewy eve,
Our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition,
Great was their need, and sorely did they grieve,
Stomach and pocket in the same condition!
At length by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand started.

This happened on a day most dear
To epicures, when general use
Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose.
Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
Stopped, and beheld the glorious cheer,
While greedily he snuffed the luscious gale in,
That from the kitchen window was exhaling
He instant set to work his busy brain,
And snuffed and longed, and longed and snuffed again.

Necessity's the mother of invention
(A proverb I've heard many mention),
So now one moment saw his plan completed,
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated
The ready waiter at his elbow stands –
"Sir, will you favour me with your commands?
We've roast and boil'd, sir; choose you those or these?"
"Sare! you are very good, sare! *Vat you please.*"

Quick at the word,
Upon the table smokes the wished for bird.
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounced pell-mell upon it,
Drum-stick and merry-thought he picked in haste,
Exulting in the merry thought that won it
Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese
"Stilton or Cheshire, sir?" —"Ah! *vat you please.*"

And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when—"Sir, your little bill"
"Ah, vat you're *Bill*! Vell, Mr Bill, good day!
Bon jour, good Villiam"—"No, sir, stay,
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay"
"Pay, pay, *ma foi*!
I call for noting, sare, *pardonnez moi*!
You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese,
You ask-a me to eat, I tell you, *Vat you please*!"
Down came the master, each explained the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace,
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it),
And finding nothing could be done (you know,
That when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny),
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledged much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe,
Laughed heartily, and let him go

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;

Vat You Please

When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanced to meet!
To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told him how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in!
Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his conjé, and seeks the shop of shops.
Entering, he seats himself. just at his ease,
"What will you take, sir?"—"*Vat you please.*"

The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster,
And, upstairs running, thus addressed his master:
"These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs;
Sir, there's another '*vat you please!*' downstairs."
This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty.
Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,
But when a *second* time they tried the treason,
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason.

You would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.
There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'Twill strike you presently—a stout horsewhip.
This instrument our *Maitre l'Hôte*
Most carefully concealed beneath his coat;
And seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Addressed him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determined whilst the iron's hot to strike it,
Pat with his lesson, answers—"Vat you please!"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!
"Sare, sare! ah, *misericorde parbleu!*
Oh dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so?
Vat you call dis?" "Oh, don't you know?
That's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it?"

Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning,
Deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning;
But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are *goose* enough, and only wanted *basting*"

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

ASTRONOMY MADE EASY

I SAW and heard him as I was going home the other evening. A big telescope was pointing heavenward from the public square, and he stood beside it and thoughtfully inquired—

"Is it possible, gentlemen, that you do not care to view the beautiful works of nature above the earth? Can it be true that men of your intellectual appearance will sordidly cling to sixpence rather than take a look through this telescope and bring the beauties of heaven within one and a half miles of your eyes?"

The appeal was too much for one young man to resist. He was a tall young man, with a long face, high cheek bones, and anxious look. He looked at the sixpence and then at the telescope, hesitated for a single instant, and took his seat on the stool.

"Here is a young man who prefers to feast his soul with scientific knowledge rather than become a sordid, grasping avaricious capitalist," remarked the astronomer, as he arranged the instrument. "Fall back, you people who prefer the paltry sum of sixpence to a view of the starry heavens, and give this noble young man plenty of room!"

The noble young man removed his hat, placed his eye to the instrument, a cloth was thrown over his head, and the astronomer continued:—

"Behold the bright star of Venus! A sight of this star is worth a thousand pounds to any man who prefers education to money." There was an instant of deep silence, and then the young man exclaimed –

"I say!"

I stood behind him, and knew that the telescope pointed at the fifth storey of a building across the square, where a dance was in progress.

"All of them indulge in exclamations of admiration as they view the beauties and mysteries of nature," remarked

the astronomer. "Young man, tell the crowd what you see."

"I see a fellow hugging a girl!" was the prompt reply. "And if there isn't a dozen of them!"

"And yet," continued the astronomer, "there are sordid wretches in this crowd who hang to sixpence in preference to observing such sights as these in ethereal space. Venus is millions of miles away, and yet by means of this telescope and by paying sixpence this intellectual young man is enabled to observe the inhabitants of that far-off world hugging each other just as natural as they do in this!"

The instrument was wheeled around to bear on the tower of the fire station, a hundred yards away, and the astronomer continued:—

"Behold the beauties and the wonders of Saturn! This star, to the naked eye, appears no larger than a two-shilling piece, and yet for the paltry sum of sixpence this noble young man is placed within one mile of it!"

"Well, this beats all," murmured the young man, as he slapped his leg.

"Tell me what you see, my friend."

"I see two fellows in a small room, smoking cigars and playing chess!" was the prompt reply.

"Saturn is 86,000,000 of miles from this town," continued the astronomer, "and yet the insignificant sum of sixpence has enabled this progressive young man to learn for himself that the celestial beings enjoy themselves pretty much as we do in this world. I venture to say that there is not a man in this crowd who ever knew before that the inhabitants of Saturn knew anything about chess or had cigar factories."

Once more he wheeled the instrument around. This time it got the range of the upper storey of a lodging-house on the hill. The young man had scarcely taken a glance through the tube, when he yelled out—

"Great Scott! What planet is this?"

"You are now looking at Uranus," replied the professor. "Uranus is 97,502,304 miles distant from the earth, and yet I warrant that it doesn't appear over eighty rods away to you. Will you be kind enough, my friend, to tell this crowd what you see?"

"Give it him! Whack him back! Go it, old woman!" shouted the young man, slapping one leg and then the other.

"Speak up my friend. What do you see?"

"That's it! Got him by the hair now! Why, she'll beat him now!"

"Won't you be kind enough, my friend, to allay the curiosity of your friends?"

"Whoop! that's it; now she's got him. Toughest fight I ever saw!" cried the young man as he moved back and clapped his hands.

The professor covered up the instrument slowly and carefully, picked up and unlocked a satchel which had been lying near his feet, and then softly said:—

"Gentlemen, we will pause here a moment. When a man tells you after this that the planet of Uranus is not inhabited, tell him that you know better, that it is not only inhabited but that the married couples up there have their family fights the same as on this mundane sphere. In about ten minutes I will be ready again to explain the wonders and beauties of the sparkling heavens to such of you as prefer a thousand pounds' worth of scientific knowledge to sixpence in vile dross. Meanwhile permit me to call your attention to my celebrated toothache drops, the only perfect remedy yet invented for aching teeth."

ANON.

THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY

(*From "Ingoldsby Legends"*)

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar boy—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar boy—he deemed I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big a little sets it off;
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

The Little Vulgar Boy

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold—
Oh! fie!
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony—he cried like anything!
I stooped—and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—
"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!!—

"My father he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone,
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart;
No '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar boy);
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said;
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head
If you should jump from off this pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogy'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man—come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up:—
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home, you little vulgar boy—I lodge at number two."

I took him home to number two—with charitable joy—
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—he was a vulgar boy,—
And then I said to Mrs. Jones—the kindest of her sex—
"Pray, be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise;
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,
Said, "I might go to ——Jericho, and fetch the beer myself."

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a "bob");
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,
And I said, "A pint of double X—and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back, I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peeped beneath the table-cloth - beneath the sofa too,—
I said, "You little vulgar boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons: I looked, but couldn't see
The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;—
—I couldn't see my sugar tongs—my silver watch—oh dear!
I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I couldn't see my Mackintosh!—it was not to be seen!
Nor yet my best white-beaver hat,—broad-brimmed, and lined with green;
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand,—that holds my sauce and soy—
My roast potatoes! all are gone!— and so's that vulgar boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below;
—"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what do you think? ain't this a pretty go?
—That horrid little vulgar boy, whom I brought here to-night,
He's stolen my things and run away."—Says she, "And *sarve* you right!"

The Little Vulgar Boy

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the crier cried "*O yes!*" the people cried "*O no!*"

I went down to the "landing-place,"—the glory of the town'
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down:
I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well;
And called me "Poor old buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son—of something—'twas a name I never heard before—
A little "gallows-looking chap," dear me, what could he mean?
With a "carpet-*swab*," and "mucking togs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "*precious eyes*," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"
—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the '*mill*,'
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*,' ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he'd *done me wery brown*, and nicely *stowed* the *swag*."
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat,—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He asked me if I did not wish that I might get it back?
I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I came about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try to find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for the Inspector then, and I described the "*swag,*"—
My Mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their power employ—
But never to this hour have I beheld that little vulgar boy!

REMEMBER, then, what (when a boy) I've heard my grandma tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folk who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "*wish they may be blowed!*"

Don't take too much of double X! and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well.

R. H. BARHAM.

THE BILLS

HEAR the postman with the bills—
Little bills!
What a secret misery the sight of them instils!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter
In their envelopes of blue,

The Bills

While you open them and mutter,
In a whisper or a stutter,
"What the deuce am I to do?"
Thinking where, where, where
Is the money that shall square
Every paltry, petty item, that monotonously fills
Little bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills?
Ah! those saddening little, maddening little bills!

II

Read the lengthy household bills—
Awful bills!
Glancing at their totals grim, the brain with horror thrills
From the East and from the West
How they echo one request:
"A remittance must be sent
Without delay."
Food and coals and clothes and rent—
It is hideous to reflect on what is meant
By Quarter Day.
And, enthroned amidst your cares,
Impecuniosity impertinently stares.
How it chills!
How it kills
All the future, how it fills
With the haunting fear of ills,
Does that pressing and distressing
File of bills, bills, bills—
Those offensive, comprehensive household bills!

III

There's another sort of bills—
Brazen bills!
Each its diabolic task effectively fulfils,
How all hunger to be paid
In that paper cannonade!
Will the trouble never end?
Still they send and send and send,
Day and night,

In a clamorous appealing to the debtor's scanty purse,
In a wild and greedy grabbing for the starved and shrunken
    purse;
  And you curse, curse, curse,
  Sinking sure from bad to worse,
    Till a resolute endeavour
    Cries, "Now—now flit, or never,
  And renounce the unequal fight!"
      Oh, the bills, bills, bills
      They are bitter, bitter pills
              To digest
  Smiling ghosts of pleasures flown,
  Lo! we greet ye with a groan,
Ye will never more return, sweet hours of rest.
  We shall have no more repose
        From the stunning
        And the dunning,
  For the monster grows and grows,
      Till it shatters iron wills,
        Under crushing
        And unblushing
      Importunity It fills
With a frantic, maniac anger in the clutches of the bills,
        Of the bills,
        Of the bills, bills, bills,
Of the screeching and beseeching cloud of bills.

IV

Comes the threatening of bills!
              Cruel bills!
Pictures of a ruined home inspire the writers' quills
  'Tis the last, the sorest strait,
  And we shrink before the fate
    That is bellowed in the menace of their tone.
  Cringing now amongst our friends,
  See, the humble prayer ascends
              For a loan
  And relations—rich relations—
  Will they heed our supplications?
              They are stone.

The Bills

They've no carking, biting, wearing,
Tearing trouble of their own;
No great horror of despairing
Poverty they've ever known.
Are they fathers? Are they mothers?
Have they children, sisters, brothers?—
Have they hearts?
Back the message comes from each.
God! They preach, preach, preach,
Preach
A sermon on our bills,
Purse-proud opulency thrills,
With a shudder at the bills,
At the bills,
Saying, "Go, go, go,
Pay the money that you owe.
You are blotted from our wills,
From our wills, wills, wills,
We shall never meet your bills—
Oh dear no, no, no.
Ask the hills, hills, hills
If they'll help you in your woe—
Beg the sea to pay your bills,
Pay your bills, bills, bills."

Now the heart-beat slows and stills,
Lost in wilderness of ills;
Drowned in bills, bills, bills.
Oh! the railing of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills;
Oh! the wailing of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills;
See them patter on his coffin,
As they fill a wretch's grave
Full of bills, bills, bills –
Cursèd bills!

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

By kind permission of the Author, and Messrs. Methuen & Co.

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT

A beautiful maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never were seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernels in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet;
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
In China, you know, are reckoned trumps.
It seems a trifle to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it,
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it!
As you may suppose
She had plenty of beaux
Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet and eyes and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young;
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-Be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirked, and bowed,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;

Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt

Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-Be-Hung she mocked the same,
By echoing back his ugly name!

But the hardest heart is doomed to melt;
Love is a passion that will be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she?
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station —
A sort of imperial poor relation,
Who ranked as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear
Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!
And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws—
And, though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree:
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea;
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea, and a poodle dog,

And a painted heart that was all aflame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.
Ah ! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please ?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.
I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May ;
Nor stop to tell of the honeymoon,
And how it vanished all too soon ;
Alas ! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
 And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
 For *he* had been trying to "take her off."

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven,"
He wished to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set ;
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed ;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.
First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poisoned tea,
But the lady, smelling a mortal foe,
 Cried, "Ho-Ho !
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most consummate plan
Invented since the world began ;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog ;
Kept him a day without any prog,

Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipped the bolt and locked him in;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange-tree."

. . . .

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reached the Emperor's ear,
And his Highness said: "It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!"
And he doomed Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that killed his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bambooed in the mildest way
For a calendar month three times a day.
And that's the way that justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

JOHN G. SAXE.

DAVID HARUM BUYS A BONNET

"WA'AL," he said, "we was married, an' our wheels tracked putty well fer quite a consid'able spell. I got to thinkin' more of her all the time, an' she me, seemin'ly; an' I allowed to myself that if she wanted a new bunnit, money shouldn't stand in the way, an' I set out to give her a supprise.

"As I went home that night I stopped into a mil'nery store, an' after I'd stood 'round a minute, a girl come up an' ast me if she c'd show me anythin'.

"'I want to buy a bunnet,' I says, an' she kind o' laughed. 'No,' I says, 'it ain't fer me, it's fer a lady,' I says; an' then we both laughed.

"'What sort of a bunnet do you want?' she says.

"'Wa'al, I dunno,' I says, 'this is the fust time I ever done anythin' in the bunnit line.' So she went over to a glass case an' took one out an' held it up, turnin' it 'round on her hand.

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'I guess it's putty enough fur 's it goes, but the' don't seem to be much of anythin' *to* it. Hain't you go· somethin' a little bit bigger an'——'

"'Showier?' she says. 'How is this?' she says, doin' the same trick with another.

"'Wa'al,' I says, 'that looks more like it, but I had an idee that the A 1, trible-extry fine article had more traps on't, an' most any one might have on either one o' them you've showed me an' not attrac' no attention at all. You needn't mind expense,' I says.

"'Oh, very well,' she says, 'I guess I know what you want,' an' goes over to another case an' fetches out another bunnit twice as big as either the others, an' with more notions on't than you c'd shake a stick at flowers, an' gard'n stuff, an' fruit, an' glass beads, an' feathers, an' all that, till you couldn't see what they was fixed on to She took holt on't with both hands, the girl did, an' put it onto her head, an' kind o' smiled an' turned 'round slow so 't I c'd git a gen'ral view on't.

"'Style all right?' I says.

"'The very best of its kind,' she says.

"'How 'bout the *kind*?' I says

"'The very best of its style,' she says."

John laughed outright David looked at him for a moment with a doubtful grin

"She *was* a slick one, wa'n't she?" he said. "What a hoss trader she would 'a' made. I didn't ketch on at the time, but I rec'lected afterward. Wa'al," he resumed, after this brief digression, "'how much is it?' I says.

"'Fifteen dollars,' she says.

"'What?' I says. 'Scat my ——! I c'd buy head rigging enough to last me ten years fer that'

"'We couldn't sell it for less,' she says.

"'S'posin' the lady 't I'm buyin' it fer don't jest like it,' I says, 'can you alter it or swap somethin' else for it?'

"'Cert'nly, within a reasonable time,' she says.

"'Wa'al, all right,' I says, 'do her up.' An' so she wrapped the thing 'round with soft paper an' put it in a box, an' I paid for't an' moseyed along up home, feelin' that ev'ry man, woman, an' child had their eyes on my parcel, but thinkin' how tickled my wife would be It was a little after tea time when I got to the house, an' I thought prob'ly I'd find her in the settin' room waitin' fer me; but she

wa'n't, an' I went up to the bedroom to find her, feelin' a little less sure o' things. She was settin' lookin' out o' winder when I come in, an' when I spoke to her she didn't give me no answer except to say, lookin' up at the clock, 'What's kept ye like this?'

"'Little matter o' bus'nis,' I says, lookin' as smilin' 's I knew how, an' holdin' the box behind me.

"'What you got there?' she says, slewin' her head round to git a sight at it.

"'Little matter o' bus'nis,' I says agin, bringin' the box to the front an' feelin' my face straighten out 's if you'd run a flat-iron over it. She seen the name on the paper.

"'You ben spendin' your time there, have ye?' she says, settin' up in her chair an' pointin' with her finger at the box. '*That's* where you ben the last half hour, hangin' round with them minxes in Mis' Shoolbred's. What's in that box?' she says, with her face a-blazin'.

"'Now, Lizy,' I says, 'I wa'n't there ten minutes if I was that, an' I ben buyin' you a bunnit.'

"'*You—ben—buyin'—me—a—bunnit?*' she says, stiff'nin' up stiffer'n a stake.

"'Yes,' I says, 'I heard you say somethin' 'bout a spring bunnit, an' I thought, seein' how economicle you was, that I'd buy you a nicer one 'n mebbe you'd feel like yourself. I thought it would please ye,' I says, tryin' to rub her the right way.

"'Let me see it,' she says, in a voice dryer'n a lime-burner's hat, pressin' her lips together an' reachin' out fer the box. Wa'al, sir, she snapped the string with a jerk an' sent the cover skimmin' across the room, an' then, as she hauled the parcel out of the box, she got up onto her feet. Then she tore the paper off on't an' looked at it a minute, an' then took it 'tween her thumb an' finger, like you hold up a dead rat by the tail, an' held it off at the end of her reach, an' looked it all over, with her face gettin' even redder if it could. Fin'ly she says, in a voice 'tween a whisper 'n a choke:

"'What'd you pay fer the thing?'

"'Fifteen dollars,' I says.

"'Fifteen *dollars?*' she says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'don't ye like it?' Wa'al," said David, "she never said a word. She drawed in her arm an' took holt of the bunnit with her left hand, an' fust she pulled off one thing an' dropped it on the floor, fur off as she c'd reach

an' then another, an' then another, an' then, by gum! she went at it with both hands jest as fast as she could work 'em, an' in less time 'n I'm tellin' it to ye she picked the thing cleaner 'n any chicken you ever see, an' when she got down to the carkis she squeezed it up between her two hands, give it a wring an' a twist like it was a wet dish towel, an flung it slap in my face Then she made a half turn, throwin' back her head an' grabbin' into her hair, an' give the awfullest screechin' laugh—one screech after another that you could a' heard a mile—an' then throwed herself face down on the bed, screamin' an' kickin' Wa'al, sir, if I wa'n't at my wits' end, you can have my watch an' chain '

E N WESTCOTT.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne ?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
" Who is it loves me ? who loves not me ? '
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry see-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;

Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are highest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond-ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

TENNYSON.

THE LOST GALLEON

In sixteen hundred and forty-one
The regular yearly galleon,
Laden with odorous gums and spice,
India cottons and India rice,
And the richest silks of far Cathay,
Was due at Acapulco Bay
Due she was, and over-due, —
Galleon, merchandise, and crew,
Creeping along through rain and shine,
Through the tropics, under the line
The trains were waiting outside the walls,
The wives of sailors thronged the town,
The traders sat by their empty stalls,
And the Viceroy himself came down,
The bells in the tower were all a-trip,
Te Deums were on each Father's lip,
The limes were ripening in the sun
For the sick of the coming galleon.

All in vain Weeks passed away,
And yet no galleon saw the bay:
India goods advanced in price,
The Governor missed his favourite spice;
The Señoritas mourned for scandal
And the famous cottons of Coromandel;
And some for an absent lover lost,
And one for a husband,—Donna Julia,
Wife of the captain tempest-tossed,
In circumstances so peculiar.
Even the Fathers, unawares,
Grumbled a little at their prayers;
And all along the coast that year
Votive candles were scarce and dear.

Never a tear bedims the eye
That time and patience will not dry;
Never a lip is curved with pain
That can't be kissed into smiles again;
And these same truths, as far as I know,
Obtained on the coast of Mexico

The Lost Galleon

More than two hundred years ago,
In sixteen hundred and fifty-one,—
Ten years after the deed was done,—
And folks had forgotten the galleon:
The divers plunged in the gulf for pearls,
White as the teeth of the Indian girls;
The traders sat by their full bazaars;
The mules with many a weary load,
And oxen, dragging their creaking cars,
Came and went on the mountain road.

Where was the galleon all this while?
Wrecked on some lonely coral isle,
Burnt by the roving sea marauders,
Or sailing north under secret orders?
Had she found the Anian passage famed,
By lying Moldonado claimed,
And sailed through the sixty-fifth degree
Direct to the North Atlantic Sea?
Or had she found the "River of Kings"
Of which De Fonte told such strange things
In sixteen forty? Never a sign,
East or west or under the line,
They saw of the missing galleon:
Never a sail or plank or chip
They found of the long-lost treasure ship,
Or enough to build a tale upon.
But when she was lost, and where and how,
Are the facts we're coming to just now.

Take, if you please, the chart of that day,
Published at Madrid,—*por el Rey*;
Look for a spot in the old South Sea,
The hundred and eightieth degree
Longitude west of Madrid: there,
Under the equatorial glare,
Just where the east and west are one,
You'll find the missing galleon,—
You'll find the *San Gregorio* yet
Riding the seas, with sails all set,
Fresh as upon the very day
She sailed from Acapulco Bay.

How did she get there? What strange spell
Kept her two hundred years so well,
Free from decay and mortal taint?
What but the prayers of a patron saint!
A hundred leagues from Manilla town,
The *San Gregorio's* helm came down,
Round she went on her heel, and not
A cable's length from a galliot
That rocked on the waters just abreast
Of the galleon's course, which was west sou'west
Then said the galleon's commandante,
General Pedro Sobriente
(That was his rank on land and main,
A regular custom of Old Spain),
"My pilot is dead of scurvy: may
I ask the longitude, time, and day?"
The first two given and compared,
The third,—the commandante stared!
"The *first* of June? I make it second"
Said the stranger, "Then you've wrongly reckoned;
I make it *first*: as you came this way,
You should have lost, d'ye see, a day,
Lost a day, as plainly see,
On the hundred and eightieth degree"
"Lost a day?" "Yes, if not rude,
When did you make east longitude?"
"On the ninth of May,—our patron's day"
"On the ninth? *you had no ninth of May!*
Eighth and tenth was there, but stay!"—
Too late, for the galleon bore away.

Lost was the day they should have kept,
Lost unheeded and lost unwept,
Lost in a way that made search vain,
Lost in a trackless and boundless main;
Lost like the day of Job's awful curse,
In his third chapter, third and fourth verse;
Wrecked was their patron's only day,—
What would the holy Fathers say?
Said the Fray Antonio Estavan,
The galleon's chaplain,—a learned man,—
"Nothing is lost that you can regain,
And the way to look for a thing is plain,

The Lost Galleon

To go where you lost it, back again.
Back with your galleon till you see
The hundred and eightieth degree
Wait till the rolling year goes round,
And there will the missing day be found;
For you'll find--if computation's true --
That sailing *East* will give to you
Not only one ninth of May, but two,-
One for the good saint's present cheer,
And one for the day we lost last year"

Back to the spot sailed the galleon;
Where, for a twelvemonth off and on
The hundred and eightieth degree
She rose and fell on a tropic sea.
But lo! when it came to the ninth of May,
All of a sudden becalmed she lay
One degree from that fatal spot,
Without the power to move a knot;
And of course the moment she lost her way,
Gone was her chance to save that day.

To cut a lengthening story short,
She never saved it. Made the sport
Of evil spirits and baffling wind,
She was always before or just behind,
One day too soon, or one day too late,
And the sun, meanwhile, would never wait.
She had two Eights, as she idly lay,
Two Tenths, but never a *Ninth* of May;
And there she rides through two hundred years
Of dreary penance and anxious fears;
Yet, through the grace of the saint she served,
Captain and crew are still preserved.

By a computation that still holds good,
Made by the Holy Brotherhood,
The *San Gregorio* will cross that line
In nineteen hundred and thirty-nine:
Just three hundred years to a day
From the time she lost the ninth of May

And the folk in Acapulco town,
Over the waters looking down,
Will see in the glow of the setting sun
The sails of the missing galleon,
And the royal standard of Philip Rey,
The gleaming mast and the glistening spar,
As she nears the surf of the outer bar.
A *Te Deum* sung on her crowded deck
An odour of spice along the shore,
A crash, a cry from a shattered wreck,—
And the yearly galleon sails no more
In or out of the olden bay;
For the blessed patron has found his day.

. . . . .

Such is the legend. Hear this truth:
Over the trackless past, somewhere,
Lie the lost days of our tropic youth,
Only regained by faith and prayer,
Only recalled by prayer and plaint:
Each lost day has its patron saint!

BRET HARTE.

By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

PIP'S FIGHT

(From "Great Expectations")

"COME and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but what else could I do? His manner was so final, and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had got many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

Pip's Fight

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backward and forward in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Laws of the game!" said he. Here he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here he dodged backward and forward, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed him without a word to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls, and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying, "Yes," he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall; and then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, business-like, and bloodthirsty.

Although he did not look very healthy, having pimples on his face and a breaking-out at his mouth, these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age; but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentleman in a grey suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eyeing my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly foreshortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging him-

self with a great show of dexterity, began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him the harder I hit him; but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall Even after that crisis in our affairs he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was; but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up, at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent that, although I had not proposed the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself, while dressing, as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee, and I said, "Good afternoon," and *he* said, "Same to you."

DICKENS.

By kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'TWAS on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he:
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell

"Oh! I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid:
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn;
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief—
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned—
There was seventy-seven o' soul;
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men,
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

'There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig,
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me,
But we'd both be blowed, if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom·
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be!'
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shallot,
And some sage and parsley too

The Financial Shark

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. GILBERT.

By kind permission of the Author

THE FINANCIAL SHARK

I SUPPOSE," quoth James T. Gaulin, of Winchester Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honour of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single-handed, too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was thirty years ago, and I was young and foolish

enough to be a deep-sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us; and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days, the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the boat. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in thirty feet of water, the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money-bags, attach lines to them, and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold, and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be twelve bags, but I could lay my hands on but eleven of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the triple sacking had been torn open some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the eleven bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterwards going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good. In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hole was far down towards the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air-pipe; so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in

a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man-eating shark. I hadn't thought of one, so I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humour had come over me. The cruel gold bugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighed down by the gold. I tied a line about him, and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped to hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was £10,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence spread itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheatre organ slowly wove a weird strain of melody. The chimes began to ring. No one spoke. There was nothing to say. They let the wondrous narrative of the financial shark melt like a sunset into memory.

Anon.

THE SPECTRE PIG

It was the stalwart butcher man,
  That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
  And sealed it with a vow.

And oh! it was the gentle Pig
  Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah! it was the cruel knife,
  His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
  They trailed him all along;
They put a stick between his lips,
  And through his heels a thong;

And round and round an oaken beam
  A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
  All solemnly he swung!

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
  And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
  Thou bloody-minded one;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
  It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
  Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,
  That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
  He did not care a pin.

The Spectre Pig.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,
And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child:—

"O father, father, list to me;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels
And fed him with a stick."

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry;—

"O Nathan, Nathan, what's a pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail!"

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear-drops big;—
"Ah! woe is me! Alas! Alas!
The Pig! The Pig! The Pig!"

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
  In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
  Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
  His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
  The shades of evening came

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
  Were busy with his dreams,
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
  Wide yawned their mortal seams

The clock struck twelve; the Dead hath heard;
  He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
  To lash the feeding flies

One quiver of the hempen cord,—
  One struggle and one bound,—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
  The Pig was on the ground!

And straight towards the sleeper's house
  His fearful way he wended,
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
  On midnight wing attended

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
  And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
  Pat, pat along the floor

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
  And two upon the bed;
And they are breathing side by side,
  The living and the dead!

The Goose

"Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man!
What makes thy cheek so pale?
Take hold! take hold! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail?"

Untwisted every winding coil;
The shuddering wretch took hold,
All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

"Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
And, fleeter than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim;
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,
A trampled pathway ran;
A ghastly shape was swinging there, —
It was the butcher man.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE GOOSE

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,
Her rags scarce held together;
There strode a stranger to the door
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,
He uttered rhyme and reason,
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,
A goose—'twas no great matter.
The goose let fall a golden egg
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,
And ran to tell her neighbours;
And blessed herself, and cursed herself,
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high, and living soft,
Grew plump and able-bodied;
Until the grave churchwarden doffed,
The parson smirked and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,
She felt her heart grow prouder:
But ah! the more the white goose laid
It clacked and cackled louder.

It cluttered here, it chuckled there;
It stirred the old wife's mettle:
She shifted in her elbow-chair,
And hurled the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note!"
Then waxed her anger stronger,
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelped the cur, and yawled the cat;
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.
The goose flew this way and flew that,
And filled the house with clamour.

The Owl Critic

As head and heels upon the floor
  They floundered all together,
There strode a stranger to the door,
  And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,
  He uttered words of scorning;
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,
  It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain
  And round the attics rumbled,
Till all the tables danced again,
  And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,
  The blast was hard and harder.
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,
  And a whirlwind cleared the larder:

And while on all sides breaking loose
  Her household fled the danger,
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,
  And God forget the stranger!"

TENNYSON.

THE OWL CRITIC

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop!
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
    And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology,
I've learned owl-eology,
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff
Do take that bird down
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather"

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say.
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray
I'm an owl, you're another, Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE

THE inkstand having been carried into the little parlour, and the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the

stove, and pulled out a sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper and a hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer: and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that you're a-doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy!"

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful

accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller; "it'll be a wery agonisin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked when the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a-goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe and I'll read you the letter. There!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting his pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before in my tim. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:—

"'Lovely creetur, I feel myself ashamed, and completely cir——' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-looking at it," replied Sam, "but there's a blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam,—"circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is raythe good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a

queen's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam proceeded as follows.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilege of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he walked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by a macheen, altho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervel man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love sick
Pickwick"

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner, put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

DICKENS.

GEMINI AND VIRGO

SOME vast amount of years ago,
Ere all my youth had vanish'd from me,
A boy it was my lot to know,
Whom his familiar friends called Tommy

I love to gaze upon a child,
A young bud bursting into blossom;
Artless as Eve yet unbeguiled,
And agile as a young opossum:

And such was he. A calm-brow'd lad,
Yet mad, at moments, as a hatter:
Why hatters as a race are mad,
I never knew, nor does it matter.

He was what nurses call a "limb";
One of those small misguided creatures,
Who, tho' their intellects are dim,
Are one too many for their teachers:

Gemini and Virgo

And, if you asked of him to say
  What twice 10 was, or 3 times 7,
He'd glance (in quite a placid way)
  From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And smile, and look politely round
  To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
  Any solution of the question.

And so not much esteemed was he
  Of the authorities: and therefore
He fraternized by chance with me,
  Needing a somebody to care for;

And three fair summers did we twain
  Live (as they say) and love together;
And bore by turns the wholesome cane
  Till our young skins became as leather:

And carved our names on every desk,
  And tore our clothes, and inked our collars;
And looked unique and picturesque,
  But not, it may be, model scholars.

We did much as we chose to do;
  We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;
All the theology we knew
  Was that we mightn't play on Sunday;

And all the general truths, that cakes
  Were to be bought at four a penny,
And that excruciating aches
  Resulted if we ate too many.

And seeing ignorance is bliss,
  And wisdom consequently folly,
The obvious result is this—
  That our two lives were very jolly.

At last the separation came.
Real love, at that time, was the fashion
And by a horrid chance, the same
Young thing was to us both a passion.

Old Posei snorted like a horse
His feet were large, his hands were pimply,
His manner, when excited, coarse —
But Miss P. was an angel simply

She was a blushing, gushing thing,
All – more than all—my fancy painted;
Once -when she helped me to a wing
Of goose—I thought I should have fainted

The people said that she was blue
But I was green, and loved her dearly.
She was approaching thirty two,
And I was then eleven, nearly.

I did not love as others do
(None ever did that I've heard tell of;)
My passion was a byword through
The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Oh sweet as to the toilworn man
The far off sound of rippling river,
As to cadets in Hindostan
The fleeting remnant of their liver—

To me was Anna, dear as gold
That fills the miser's sunless coffers;
As to the spinster, growing old,
The thought—the dream—that she had offers.

I'd sent her little gifts of fruit;
I'd written lines to her as Venus;
I'd sworn unflinchingly to shoot
The man who dared to come between us.

Gemini and Virgo.

And it was you, my Thomas, you
The friend in whom my soul confided,
Who dared to gaze on her—to do,
I may say, much the same as I did.

One night, I *saw* him squeeze her hand;
There was no doubt about the matter;
I said he must resign, or stand
My vengeance—and he chose the latter.

We met, we "planted" blows on blows:
We fought as long as we were able:
My rival had a bottle-nose,
And both my speaking eyes were sable,

When the school-bell cut short our strife
Miss P. gave both of us a plaister;
And in a week became the wife
Of Horace Nibbs, the writing-master.

. . . . . .

I loved her then—I'd love her still,
Only one must not love Another's:
But thou and I, my Tommy, will,
When we again meet, meet as brothers.

It may be that in age one seeks
Peace only: that the blood is brisker
In boys' veins, than in theirs whose cheeks
Are partially obscured by whisker;

Or that the growing ages steal
The memories of past wrongs from us.
But this is certain—that I feel
Most friendly unto thee, O Thomas!

And wheresoe'er we meet again,
On this or that side the equator—
If I've not turned teetotaller then,
And have wherewith to pay the waiter—

To thee I'll drain the modest cup,
Ignite with thee the mild Havannah;
And we will waft, while liquoring up,
Forgiveness to the heartless Anna.

C. S. Calverley.

HELEN'S BABIES

From the window over my head came a shout of—"Uncle Harry!" in a voice I recognised as that of Budge. I made no reply: there are moments when the soul is full of utterances unfit to be heard by childish ears. "Uncle Har-*ray!*" repeated Budge. Then I heard a window-blind open, and Budge exclaiming:—

"Uncle Harry, we want you to come and tell us stories."

I turned my eyes upward quickly, and was about to send a savage negative in the same direction, when I saw in the window a face unknown and yet remembered. Could those great, wistful eyes, that angelic mouth, that spiritual expression, belong to my nephew Budge? Yes, it must be—certainly that super-celestial nose and those enormous ears never belonged to any one else. I turned abruptly, and entered the house, and was received at the head of the stairway by two little figures in white, the larger of which remarked:—

"We want you to tell us stories—papa always does nights."

"Very well, jump into bed—what kind of stories do you like?"

"Oh, 'bout Jonah," said Budge.

"'Bout Jonah," echoed Toddie.

"Well, Jonah was out in the sun one day, and a gourd-vine grew up all of a sudden, and made it nice and shady for him, and then it all faded as quick as it came."

A dead silence prevailed for a moment, and then Budge indignantly remarked:—

"That ain't Jonah a bit—*I* know 'bout Jonah."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said I. "Then maybe you'll be so good as to enlighten me?"

"Huh?"

"If you know about Jonah, tell me the story, I'd really enjoy listening to it."

"Well," said Budge, "once upon a time the Lord told Jonah to go to Nineveh and tell the people they was all bad. But Jonah didn't want to go, so he went on a boat that was going to Joppa. And then there was a big storm, an' it rained an' blowed and the big waves went as high as a house. An' the sailors thought there must be somebody on the boat that the Lord didn't like. An' Jonah said he guessed *he* was the man. So they picked him up and froed him in the ocean, an' I don't think it was well for 'em to do that after Jonah told the troof. An' a big whale was coming along, an' he was awful hungry, cos the little fishes what he likes to eat all went down to the bottom of the ocean when it began to storm, and whales can't go to the bottom of the ocean, cos they have to come up to breeve, an' little fishes don't. An' Jonah found 'twas all dark inside the whale, and there wasn't any fire there, an' it was all wet, an' he couldn't take off his clothes to dry, cos there wasn't no place to hang 'em, and there wasn't no windows to look out of, nor nothing to eat, nor nothin' nor nothin' nor nothin'. So he asked the Lord to let him out, and the Lord was sorry for him, an' he made the whale go up close to the land, an' Jonah jumped right out of his mouth, an' *wasn't* he glad? An' then he went to Nineveh, an' done what the Lord told him to, and he ought to have done it in the first place if he had known what was good for him."

"Done first payshe, know what's dood for him," asserted Toddie, in support of his brother's assertion. "Tell us 'nudder story."

"Oh, no, sing us a song," suggested Budge.

"Shing us shong," echoed Toddie.

I searched my mind for a song, but the only one which came promptly was "L'Appari," several bars of which I gave my juvenile audience, when Budge interrupted me, saying:—

"I don't think that's a very good song."

"Why not, Budge?"

"Cos I don't. I don't know a word what you're talking 'bout."

"Shing 'bout 'Glory, glory, hallelulyah,'" suggested Toddie, and I meekly obeyed. The old air has a wonderful influence over me. I heard it in Western camp-meetings and negro-cabins when I was a boy; I saw the 22nd Massachussets march down Broadway, singing the same air during

the rush to the front, during the early days of the war; I have heard it sung by warrior tongues in nearly every Southern State. All these recollections came hurrying into my mind as I sang, and probably excited me beyond my knowledge, for Budge suddenly remarked:—

"Don't sing that all day, Uncle Harry; you sing so loud, it hurts my head."

"Beg your pardon, Budge," said I. "Good night."

"Why, Uncle Harry, are you going? You didn't hear us say our prayers—papa always does."

"Oh! Well, go ahead."

"You must say yours first," said Budge; "that's the way papa does."

"Very well," said I, and I repeated St. Chrysostom's prayer, from the Episcopal service. I had hardly said "Amen," when Budge remarked:—

"My papa don't say any of them things at all; I don't think that's a very good prayer."

"Well, you say a good prayer, Budge."

"All right." Budge shut his eyes, dropped his voice to the most perfect tone of supplication, while his face seemed fit for a sleeping angel; then he said:—

"Dear Lord, we thank you for lettin' us have a good time to-day, an' we hope all the little boys everywhere have had good times too. We pray you to take care of us an' everybody else to-night, an' don't let 'em have any trouble. Oh yes, an' Uncle Harry's got some candy in his trunk, cos he said so in the carriage,—we thank you for letfin' Uncle Harry come to see us, an' we hope he's got *lots* of candy—lots an' piles. An' we pray you to take good care of all the poor little boys and girls that haven't got any papas an' mammas an' Uncle Harrys an' candy and beds to sleep in. An' take us all to Heaven when we die, for Christ's sake. Amen. Now give us the candy, Uncle Harry."

"Hush, Budge; don't Toddie say any prayers?"

"Oh, yes; go on, Tod."

Toddie closed his eyes, wriggled, twisted, breathed hard and quick, acting generally as if prayers were principally a matter of physical exertion. At last he began:—

"Dee Lord, no, make me sho bad, an' besh mamma, an' papa, an' Budgie, an' ganpa, an' both gammas, an' all good people in dish house, and everybody else, an' my dolly. A—a—amen!"

"Now give us the candy," said Budge, with the usual echo from Toddie.

I hastily extracted the candy from my trunk, gave some to each boy, the recipients fairly shrieking with delight, and once more said good-night.

"Oh, you didn't give us any pennies," said Budge. "Papa give us some to put in our banks, every nights."

"Well, I haven't got any now—wait until to-morrow."

"Then we want drinks."

"I'll let Maggie bring you drink."

"Want my dolly," murmured Toddie.

I found the knotted towels, took the dirty things up gingerly and threw them upon the bed.

"Now want to shee wheels go wound," said Toddie.

I hurried out of the room and slammed the door. I looked at my watch– it was half-past eight; I had spent an hour and a half with those dreadful children. They *were* funny, to be sure—I found myself laughing in spite of my indignation. Still, if they were to monopolise my time as they had already done, when was I to do my reading? Taking Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy" from my trunk I descended to the back parlour, lit a cigar and a student-lamp, and began to read. I had not fairly commenced when I heard a patter of small feet, and saw my elder nephew before me. There was sorrowful protestation in every line of his countenance, as he exclaimed:—

"You didn't say 'Good-bye' nor 'God bless you,' nor anything."

"Oh—good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"God bless you."

"God bless you."

Budge seemed waiting for something else. At last he said:—

"Papa says, 'God bless everybody.'"

"Well, God bless everybody."

"God bless everybody," responded Budge, and turned silently and went upstairs.

"Bless your tormenting honest little heart," I said to myself; "if men trusted God as you do your papa, how little business there'd be for preachers to do."

JOHN HABBERTON.

SIR LAUNCELOT BOGLE

THERE'S a pleasant place of rest, near a City of the West,
Where its bravest and its best find their grave
Below the willows weep, and their hoary branches steep
In the waters still and deep,
Not a wave!

And the old cathedral wall, so scathed and grey and tall,
Like a priest surveying all, stands beyond;
And the ringing of its bell, when the ringers ring it well,
Makes a kind of tidal swell
On the pond!

And there it was I lay, on a beauteous summer's day,
With the odour of the hay floating by;
And I heard the blackbirds sing, and the bells demurely ring,
Chime by chime, ting by ting,
Droppingly.

Then my thoughts went wandering back, on a very beaten track,
To the confine deep and black of the tomb;
And I wondered who he was, that is laid beneath the grass,
Where the dandelion has
Such a bloom.

Then I straightway did espy, with my slantly-sloping eye,
A carvèd stone hard by, somewhat worn;
And I read in letters cold—Here . lyes . Launcelot . ye . bolde,
Off . ye . race . off . Bogile . old,
Glasgow . borne.

He . wals . ane . valyaunt . knychte . maist . terrible . in . fychte .
Here the letters failed outright, but I knew
That a stout crusading lord, who had crossed the Jordan's ford,
Lay there beneath the sward,
Wet with dew.

Sir Launcelot Bogle

Time and tide they passed away, on that pleasant summer's day,
  And around me, as I lay, all grew old
Sank the chimneys from the town, and the cloud of vapour brown
  No longer, like a crown,
    O'er it rolled.

Sank the great Saint Rollox stalk, like a pile of dingy chalk,
  Disappeared the cypress walk and the flowers,
And a donjon keep arose, that might baffle any foes,
  With its men at arms in rows,
    On the towers

And the flag that flaunted there showed the grim and grizzly bear,
  Which the Bogles always wear for their crest
And I heard the warder call, as he stood upon the wall,
  "Wake ye up! my comrades all,
    From your rest

"For, by the blessed rood, there's a glimpse of armour good
  In the deep Cowcaddens wood o'er the stream,
And I hear the stifled hum of a multitude that come,
  Though they have not beat the drum,
    It would seem!

"Go tell it to my lord, lest he wish to man the ford
  With partisan and sword, just beneath,
Ho, Gilkison and Nares! Ho, Provan of Cowlairs!
  We'll back the bonny bears
    To the death!

To the tower above the moat, like one who heedeth not,
  Came the bold Sir Launcelot, half undressed,
On the outer rim he stood, and peered into the wood,
  With his arms across him glued
    On his breast

And he muttered, "Foe accurst! hast thou dared to seek me
first?
George of Gorbals, do thy worst—for I swear,
O'er thy gory corpse to ride, ere thy sister and my bride,
From my undissevered side
Thou shalt tear!

"Ho, herald mine, Brownlee! ride forth, I pray, and see,
Who, what, and whence is he, foe or friend!
Sir Roderick Dalgleish, and my foster-brother Neish,
With his bloodhounds in the leash,
Shall attend."

Forth went the herald stout, o'er the drawbridge and without,
Then a wild and savage shout rose amain,
Six arrows sped their force, and, a pale and bleeding corse,
He sank from off his horse
On the plain!

Back drew the bold Dalgleish, back started stalwart Neish,
With his bloodhounds in the leash, from Brownlee.
"Now shame be to the sword that made thee knight and lord,
Thou caitiff thrice abhorred,
Shame on thee!

"Ho, bowmen, bend your bows! Discharge upon the foes
Forthwith no end of those heavy bolts.
Three angels to the brave who finds the foe a grave,
And a gallows for the slave
Who revolts!"

Ten days the combat lasted; but the bold defenders fasted;
While the foemen, better pasticd, fed their host;
You might hear the savage cheers of the hungry Gorbaliers,
As at night they dressed the steers
For the roast.

And Sir Launcelot grew thin, and Provan's double chin
Showed sundry folds of skin down beneath;
In silence and in grief found Gilkison relief,
Nor did Neish the spell-word, beef,
Dare to breathe.

Sir Launcelot Bogle

To the ramparts Edith came, that fair and youthful dame,
With the rosy evening flame on her face.
She sighed, and looked around on the soldiers on the ground,
Who but little penance found,
Saying grace!

And she said unto her lord, as he leaned upon his sword,
"One short and little word may I speak?
I cannot bear to view those eyes so ghastly blue,
Or mark the sallow hue
Of thy cheek!

"I know the rage and wrath that my furious brother hath
Is less against us both than at me.
Then, dearest, let me go, to find among the foe
An arrow from the bow,
Like Brownlee!"

"I would soil my father's name, I would lose my treasured fame,
Ladye mine, should such a shame on me light:
While I wear a belted brand together still we stand,
Heart to heart, hand in hand!"
Said the knight.

"All our chances are not lost, as your brother and his host
Shall discover to their cost rather hard!
Ho Provan! Take this key—hoist up the Malvoisie,
And heap it, d'ye see,
In the yard.

"Of usquebaugh and rum, you will find, I reckon, some,
Besides the beer and mum, extra stout;
Go straightway to your tasks, and roll me all the casks,
As also range the flasks,
Just without.

"If I know the Gorbaliers, they are sure to dip their ears
In the very inmost tiers of the drink.
Let them win the outer court, and hold it for their sport,
Since their time is rather short,
I should think!"

With a loud triumphant yell, as the heavy drawbridge fell,
Rushed the Gorbaliers pell-mell, wild as Druids;
Mad with thirst for human gore, how they threatened and they swore,
Till they stumbled on the floor,
O'er the fluids.

Down their weapons then they threw, and each savage soldier drew
From his belt an iron screw, in his fist;
George of Gorbals found it vain their excitement to restrain,
And indeed was rather fain
To assist.

With a beaker in his hand, in the midst he took his stand,
And silence did command, all below—
"Ho! Launcelot the bold, ere thy lips are icy cold,
In the centre of thy hold,
Pledge me now!

"Art surly, brother mine? In this cup of rosy wine,
I drink to the decline of thy race!
Thy proud career is done, thy sand is nearly run,
Never more shall setting sun
Gild thy face!

"The pilgrim, in amaze, shall see a goodly blaze,
Ere the pallid morning rays flicker up;
And perchance he may espy certain corpses swinging high!
What, brother! art thou dry?
Fill my cup!"

Dumb as death stood Launcelot as though he heard him not,
But his bosom Provan smote, and he swore:
And Sir Roderick Dalgleish remarked aside to Neish,
"Never sure did thirsty fish
Swallow more!

"Thirty casks are nearly done, yet the revel's scarce begun;
It were knightly sport and fun to strike in!"
"Nay, tarry till they come," quoth Neish, "unto the rum—
They are working at the mum,
And the gin!"

Sir Launcelot Bogle

Then straight there did appear to each gallant Gorbalier
Twenty castles dancing near, all around;
The solid earth did shake, and the stones beneath them quake,
And sinuous as a snake
Moved the ground.

Why and wherefore they had come, seemed intricate to some,
But all agreed the rum was divine.
And they looked with bitter scorn on their leader highly born,
Who preferred to fill his horn
Up with wine!

Then said Launcelot the tall, "Bring the chargers from their stall;
Lead them straight unto the hall, down below:
Draw your weapons from your side, fling the gates asunder wide,
And together we shall ride
On the foe!"

Then Provan knew full well, as he leaped into his selle,
That few would 'scape to tell how they fared;
And Gilkison and Nares, both mounted on their mares,
Looked terrible as bears,
All prepared.

With his bloodhounds in the leash, stood the iron-sinewed Neish,
And the falchion of Dalgleish glittered bright
"Now, wake the trumpet's blast; and, comrades, follow fast;
Smite them down unto the last!"
Cried the knight.

In the cumbered yard without, there was shriek, and yell, and shout,
As the warriors wheeled about, all in mail.
On the miserable kerne fell the death-strokes stiff and stern,
As the deer treads down the fern,
In the vale.

Saint Mungo be my guide! It was goodly in that tide
To see the Bogle ride in his haste,
He accompanied each blow with a cry of "Ha!" or "Ho!"
And always cleft the foe
To the waist

"George of Gorbals—craven lord! thou didst threat me with the cord,
Come forth and brave my sword, if you dare!"
But he met with no reply, and never could descry
The glitter of his eye
Anywhere

Ere the dawn of morning shone all the Gorbaliers were down,
Like a field of barley mown in the ear
It had done a soldier good to see how Provan stood,
With Neish all bathed in blood,
Panting near

"Now ply ye to your tasks—go carry down those casks,
And place the empty flasks upon the floor;
George of Gorbals scarce will come, with trumpet and with drum,
To taste our beer and rum
Any more!"

So they plied them to their tasks, and they carried down the casks,
And replaced the empty flasks on the floor
But pallid for a week was the cellar-master's cheek,
For he swore he heard a shriek
Through the door.

When the merry Christmas came, and the Yule-log lent its flame
To the face of squire and dame in the hall,
The cellarer went down to tap October brown,
Which was rather of renown
'Mongst them all.

He placed the spigot low, and gave the cask a blow,
   But his liquor would not flow through the pin.
"Sure, 'tis sweet as honeysuckles!" so he rapped it with his
      knuckles,
   But a sound, as if of buckles,
                     Clashed within.

"Bring a hatchet, varlets, here!" and they cleft the cask of
      beer:
   What a spectacle of fear met their sight!
There George of Gorbals lay, skull and bones all blanched
      and grey,
   In the arms he bore the day
                     Of the fight!

I have sung this ancient tale, not, I trust, without avail,
   Though the moral ye may fail to perceive;
Sir Launcelot is dust, and his gallant sword is rust,
   And now, I think I must
                     Take my leave!

BON GAULTIER.

THE OBITUARY POET

A RATHER unusual sensation has been excited in the village by the *Morning Argus* within a day or two; and while most of the readers of that wonderful sheet have thus been supplied with amusement, the soul of the editor has been filled with gloom and wrath and despair. Colonel Bangs recently determined to engage an assistant to take the place made vacant by the retirement of the eminent art-critic Mr. Murphy, and he found in one of the lower counties of the State a person who appeared to him to be suitable. The name of the new man is Slimmer. He has often contributed to the *Argus* verses of a distressing character, and I suppose Bangs must have become acquainted with him through the medium of the correspondence thus begun. No one in the world but Bangs would ever have selected such a poet for an editorial position. But Bangs is singular—he is exceptional. He never operates in accordance with any known laws, and he is more than likely to do any given thing in such a fashion as no other

person could possibly have adopted for the purpose. As the *Argus* is also *sui generis*, perhaps Bangs does right to conduct it in a peculiar manner. But he made a mistake when he employed Mr. Slimmer.

The colonel, in his own small way, is tolerably shrewd. He had observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in verse, and it occurred to him that it might be profitable to use Slimmer's poetical talent in such a way as to make the *Argus* a very popular vehicle for the conveyance to the public of notices of deaths. That kind of intelligence, he well knew, is especially interesting to a very large class of readers, and he believed that if he could offer to each advertiser a gratuitous verse to accompany the obituary paragraph, the *Argus* would not only attract advertisements of that description from the country round about the village, but it would secure a much larger circulation.

When Mr. Slimmer arrived, therefore, and entered upon the performance of his duties, Colonel Bangs explained his theory to the poet, and suggested that whenever a death-notice reached the office, he should immediately write a rhyme or two which should express the sentiments most suitable to the occasion.

"You understand, Mr. Slimmer," said the colonel, "that when the death of an individual is announced I want you, as it were, to cheer the members of the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them, f'r instance, a few lines about the deceased which will seem to be the expression of the emotion which agitates the breasts of the bereaved"

"To lighten the gloom in a certain sense," said Mr. Slimmer, "and to——"

"Precisely," exclaimed Colonel Bangs. "Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed, but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Slimmer, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I wish you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and to endeavour, f'r instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to——"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating

sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, f'r instance, over the commonplace details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may perhaps be able to supply from your imagination."

"I think I can do it first rate," said Mr. Slimmer.

"But, above all,' continued the colonel, "try always to take a bright view of the matter. Cause the sunshine of smiles, as it were, to burst through the tempest of tears; and if we don't make the *Morning Argus* hum around this town, it will be queer."

Mr. Slimmer had charge of the editorial department the next day during the absence of Colonel Bangs in Wilmington. Throughout the afternoon and evening death-notices arrived; and when one would reach Mr. Slimmer's desk, he would lock the door, place the fingers of his left hand among his hair, and agonise until he succeeded in completing a verse that seemed to him to accord with his instructions.

The next morning Mr. Slimmer proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Ascending some steps upon the other side of the street, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies, the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging furiously. Standing upon the curbstone in front of the office there was a long row of men, each of whom was engaged in reading the *Morning Argus* with an earnestness that Mr. Slimmer had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded that either his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum loud voices were heard within. Mr. Slimmer determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and placing it by the side door, he mounted and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat Colonel Bangs, hold-

ing the *Morning Argus* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semicircle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes Slimmer heard one of them say.

"My name is M'Glue, sir!—William M'Glue; I am a brother of the late Alexander M'Glue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, WHAT YOU MEAN by the following infamous language:

"'The death-angel smote Alexander M'Glue
And gave him protracted repose ;
He wore a checked shirt and a Number Nine shoe
And he had a pink wart on his nose
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the evergreen shore
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter past four'

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-coloured wart, nor a wart of any other colour. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what do you mean* by such conduct?"

"Really, sir," said Bangs, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of a miscreant in whom I reposed perfect confidence He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage A pink wart! Awful! sir awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall, indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Mr. Slimmer to the foreman, who with him was listening, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named M'Glue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the M'Glues had. This comes of irregularities in families"

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorised you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say, Bangs, that it was not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"'Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sucked the paint all off, it made him deathly sick;
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bade good-bye to earth and went into a better land.

"'Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her yowl, for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; the gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died.'

"The atrocious character of this libel will appear when I say that my son was twenty years old, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous!—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still remains unpunished! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Slimmer to the foreman, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. Bangs is ungrateful!"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Colonel Bangs.

Bangs said he was.

"W-w-well!" she said, in a voice broken by sobs, "wh-what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry about m-my child? M-my name is Sm-Smith; and wh-when I looked this m-morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in your paper, I saw this scandalous verse:

"'Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—
They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and antibilious pills
And ipecac. they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain--his little soul
Was wafted o'er the River.'

"It's false! false! and mean! Johnny only had *one* doctor. And they d-didn't bl-bleed him and b-blister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard-hearted brute f-f-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy!" exclaimed Bangs. "This is not my work. It is the work of a villain whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" said Slimmer. "And this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac. is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word

And if young Smith didn't have four doctors, it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of the *Morning Argus* in his hand. He approached the editor, and pointing to a death notice, said:

"Read that outrageous burlesque, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

"We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, How can her harsh sufferings be borne?
When her death was first reported, her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.

"She was such a little seraph that her father, who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he ne'er smiles in life again.
She has gone, we hope, to heaven, at the early age of seven
(Funeral starts off at eleven), where she'll never more have pain.'

"As a consequence of this, I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could trifle in this manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Colonel Bangs placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Slimmer said, "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case, to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of the aunt, particularly, seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. 'These people have no soul—no appreciation of the beautiful in art."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and seizing the colonel's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said:

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by

putting such stuff as this in your paper about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute ink-slinger—you imbecile quill-driver, you?

"'Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemas can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.'

"I'll teach you to talk about straddle-bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do *you* know about Jane and Artemas, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language? Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you, you deplorable lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended, Colonel Bangs explained and apologised in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to flog Mr. Slimmer, who was expected to arrive in a few moments.

"The treachery of this man," murmured the poet to the foreman, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over commonplace details? But for that I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of Nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for 'bed'? Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic He ought not to be at large!"

Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed when a man with red hair and a ferocious glare in his eyes entered, carrying a club and accompanied by a savage-looking dog.

"I want to see the editor," he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread the colonel's face, and he said:

"The editor is not in."

"Well, when *will* he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—for ever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Bangs. "He

has gone to South America, with the intention to remain there during the rest of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him, you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate," said the man; "I came all the way from Delaware City for the purpose of battering him up a lot with this club."

"He will be sorry," said Bangs sarcastically. "He will regret missing you. I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is M'Fadden," said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following, I'll break *yours* for you. Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention:

"'Mrs. M'Fadden has gone from this life,
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whisky and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left
Her body entirely numb.'"

"The man who held the late Mrs. M'Fadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, "is named James B. Slimmer. He boards in Blank Street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. M'Fadden's wrongs with an intermixture of club and dog bites."

"And this," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert M'Fadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who counselled me to make the sunshine of M'Fadden's smiles burst through the tempest of M'Fadden's tears. If that red-headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whisky and rum, if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb, was it *my* fault? M'Fadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet, determined to leave before any more criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase.

The Obituary Poet

The story told by the foreman relates that Colonel Bangs at the same instant resolved to escape any further persecution, and he moved off in the direction taken by the poet. The two met upon the landing, and the colonel was about to begin his quarrel with Slimmer, when an enraged old woman, who had been groping her way upstairs, suddenly plunged her umbrella at Bangs, and held him in the corner while she handed a copy of the *Argus* to Slimmer, and pointing to a certain stanza, asked him to read it aloud. He did so in a somewhat tremulous voice and with frightened glances at the enraged colonel. The verse was as follows:

"Little Alexander's dead;
  Jam him in a coffin;
Don't have as good a chance
  For a fun'ral often.
Rush his body right around
  To the cemetery;
Drop him in the sepulchre
  With his Uncle Jerry."

The colonel's assailant accompanied the recitation with such energetic remarks as these:

"Oh, you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that, you serpint! Oh, you wiper, you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you owdacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you!"

When Mr. Slimmer had concluded his portion of the entertainment, he left the colonel in the hands of the enemy and fled. He has not been seen in Newcastle since that day, and it is supposed that he has returned to Sussex county for the purpose of continuing in private his dalliance with the Muses. Colonel Bangs appears to have abandoned the idea of establishing a department of obituary poetry, and the *Argus* has resumed its accustomed aspect of dreariness.

It may fairly boast, however, that once during its career it has produced a profound impression upon the community.

MAX ADELER.

THE JUMPING FROG

THERE was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit him anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too! He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any mor'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so

gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—

filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and ays:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three - jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

MARK TWAIN.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

The Music Grinders

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins.
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot:
And so you take your wallet out
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some odious creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents
All clamorous for bread,
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
  A very dismal place;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
  Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore
  Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
  From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
  And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
  And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,
  The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
  To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is, —
  A hat is going round!

No! pay the dentist when he leaves
  A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
  That stunned you with his paw.
And buy the lobster that has had
  Your knuckles in his claw;

But if you are a portly man,
  Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
  To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
  And shut the window down!

And if you are a slender man,
  Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
  Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
  A button in the hat!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Cooley's Boy and Dog

COOLEY'S BOY AND DOG

While we were sitting by the river discussing these and other matters, Cooley's boy, a thoroughly disagreeable urchin, who had been playing with some other boys upon the wharf near by, tumbled into the water. There was a terrible screaming among his companions, and a crowd quickly gathered upon the pier. For a few moments it seemed as if the boy would drown, for no one was disposed to leap in after him; and there was not a boat within saving distance. But fortunately the current swept him around to the front of the Battery, where the water is shallow, and before he was seriously hurt he was safely landed in the mud that stretches below the low-water mark. Then the excitement, which had been so great as to attract about half the population of the village, died away, and people who had just been filled with horror at the prospect of a tragedy, began to feel a sense of disappointment because their fears had not been realised. I cannot of course say that I was sorry to see the youngster once more upon dry land; but if fate had robbed us of him, we should have accepted the dispensation without grievous complaint.

We did not leave all the nuisances behind us in the city. Cooley's dog and his boy are two very sore afflictions which make life even here very much sadder than it ought to be in a place that pretends to be something in the nature of an earthly paradise. The boy not only preys upon my melon-patch and fruit-trees and upon those of my neighbours, but he has an extraordinary aptitude for creating a disturbance in whatever spot he happens to be. Only last Sunday he caused such a terrible commotion in church that the services had to be suspended for several minutes until he could be removed. The interior of the edifice was painted and varnished recently, and I suppose one of the workmen must have left a clot of varnish upon the back of Cooley's pew, which is directly across the aisle from mine. Cooley's boy was the only representative of the family at church upon that day, and he amused himself during the earlier portions of the service by kneeling upon the seat and communing with Dr. Jones's boy, who occupied the pew immediately in the rear. Sometimes, when young Cooley would resume a proper position, Jones's boy would stir him up afresh by slyly

pulling his hair, whereupon Cooley would wheel about and menace Jones with his fist in a manner which betrayed utter indifference to the proprieties of the place and the occasion, as well as to the presence of the congregation. When Cooley finally sank into a condition of repose, he placed his head, most unfortunately, directly against the lump of undried varnish, while he amused himself by reading the commandments and the other scriptural texts upon the wall behind the pulpit.

In a few moments he attempted to move, but the varnish had mingled with his hair, and it held him securely. After making one or two desperate but ineffectual efforts to release himself, he became very angry; and supposing that Jones's boy was holding him, he shouted:

"Leg go o' my hair! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you!"

The clergyman paused just as he was entering upon consideration of "secondly," and the congregation looked around in amazement, in time to perceive young Cooley, with his head against the back of the pew, aiming dreadful blows over his shoulder with his fist at some unseen person behind him. And with every thrust he exclaimed:

"I'll smash yer nose after church! I'll go for you, Bill Jones, when I ketch you alone! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you, or I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yer." &c. &c.

Meanwhile, Jones's boy sat up at the very end of his pew, far away from Cooley, and looked as solemn as if the sermon had made a deep impression upon him. Then the sexton came running up, with the idea that the boy had fallen asleep and had nightmare, while Mrs. Dr. Magruder sallied out from her pew and over to Cooley's, convinced that he had a fit. When the cause of the disturbance was ascertained, the sexton took out his knife, and after sawing off enough of Cooley's hair to release him, dragged him out of church. The victim retreated unwillingly, glancing around at Jones's boy, and shaking his fist at that urchin as if to indicate that he cherished a deadly purpose against Jones.

Then the sermon proceeded. I suppose a contest between the two boys had been averted, for only yesterday I saw Jones and Cooley, the younger, playing hop-scotch together in the street in apparent forgetfulness of the sorrows of the sanctuary.

Judge Pitman tells me that one of the reasons why Cooley and his wife disagree is that there is such a difference in their

height. Cooley is tall, and Mrs. Cooley is small. Mrs. Cooley told Mrs. Pitman, if the judge is to be believed, that Cooley continually growled because she could not keep step with him. They always start wrong, somehow, when they go out together, and then, while he tries to catch step with her, she endeavours to get in with him After both have been shuffling about over the pavement for several minutes in a perfectly absurd manner, they go ahead out of step just as before.

When Cooley tried to take short steps like hers, his gait was so ridiculous as to excite remark; while, if she tried to make such long strides as his, people stopped and looked at her as if they thought she was insane. Then she would strive to take two steps to his one, but she found that two and a half of hers were equal to one of his; and when she undertook to make that fractional number in order to keep up with him, he would frown at her and say,

"Mrs. Cooley, if you are going to dance the polka mazourka upon the public highway, I'm going home."

I do not receive this statement with implicit confidence in its truthfulness. Pitman's imagination sometimes glows with unnatural heat, and he may have embellished the original narrative of Mrs. Cooley.

I shall probably never receive from any member of the Cooley family a correct account of the causes of the unpleasant differences existing therein, for we are on worse terms than ever with Cooley. His dog became such an intolerable nuisance because of his nocturnal vociferation, that some practical humanitarian in the neighbourhood poisoned him. Cooley apparently cherished the conviction that I had killed the animal, and he flung the carcase over the fence into my yard. I threw it back. Cooley returned it. Both of us remained at home that day, and spent the morning handing the inanimate brute to each other across the fence. At noon I called my man to take my place, and Cooley hired a coloured person to relieve him. They kept it up until nightfall, by which time I suppose the corpse must have worn away to a great extent, for at sundown my man buried the tail by my rose-bush and came into the house, while Cooley's representative resigned and went home.

The departed brute left behind him but one pleasant recollection; and when I recall it, I feel that he fully avenged my wrongs upon his master. Cooley went out a week or two ago to swim in the creek, and he took the dog with him to

watch his clothing. While Cooley bathed the dog slept; but when Cooley emerged from the water the dog did not recognise him in his nude condition, and it refused to let him come near his garments. Whenever Cooley would attempt to seize a boot, or a stocking, or a shirt, the dog flew at him with such ferocity that he dared not attempt to dress himself. So he stood in the sun until he was almost broiled; then he went into the water and remained there, dodging up and down for the purpose of avoiding the people who passed occasionally along the road. At last the dog went to sleep again, and Cooley, creeping softly behind the brute, caught it suddenly by the tail and flung it across the stream. Before the dog could recover its senses and swim back, Cooley succeeded in getting some of his clothing on him, and then the dog came sidling up to him, looking as if it expected to be rewarded for its extraordinary vigilance. The manner in which Cooley kicked the faithful animal is said to have been simply dreadful.

I should have entertained a positive affection for that dog if it had not barked at night. But I am glad it is gone. We came here to have quietness, and that was unattainable while Cooley's dog remained within view of the moon.

MAX ADELER.

JOHN DAVIDSON

JOHN DAVIDSON and Tib his wife
Sat toasting their toes one night,
When something started on the floor,
And flitted by their sight.

"Goodwife," quoth John, "did you see that mouse?
Wherever was the cat?"
"A mouse?"—"Aye a mouse!" "Nay, nay, goodman,
It was not a mouse, 'twas a rat."

"Oh, oh, goodwife, to think you've been
So long about the house,
And not to know a mouse from a rat!—
It was not a rat, 'twas a mouse."

"I've seen more mice than you, goodman,
And what think you of that?
So hold your tongue, and say no more—
I tell you 'twas a rat."

"Me hold my tongue for you, goodwife,
I'll be master of this house
I saw it as plain as eye could see,
And I tell you 'twas a mouse."

"If you're the master of the house,
It's mistress I'll be that!
And I know best what's in the house,
So I tell you 'twas a rat."

"Well, well, goodwife, go make the broth,
And call it what you please."
So up she rose, no longer wroth,
And John sat at his ease

"What fools we were to fall out, goodwife,
About a mouse!" "A what
It's a lie you tell, and again I say,
It was not a mouse, 'twas a rat!"

"Would you call me a liar to my face?
My faith, but my rage you rouse!
I tell you, Tib, and I tell you true—"
"'Twas a rat"—"'Twas a mouse"—"'Twas a rat!

She sent the bowl of broth at his feet
As he hobbled about the house:
Yet he thrust in his head as he shut the door
And cried, "'Twas a mouse, 'twas a mouse!"

But when the old man fell asleep
She paid him back for that,
And roared amain into his ear
"'Twas a rat, 'twas a rat, 'twas a rat!"

Bad luck be with me, if I think
 It was a beast at all;
Next morning, when she swept the floor,
 She found the baby's ball!

ANON.

THE DEACON'S HORSE-DEAL

(*From "David Harum"*)

"DAVE," said Aunt Polly, "d'you know what Deakin Perkins is sayin' about ye?"

David opened his paper so as to hide his face, and the corners of his mouth twitched as he asked in return, "Wa'al, what's the deakin sayin' now?"

"He's sayin'," she replied, in a voice mixed of indignation and apprehension, "thet you sold him a balky horse, an' he's goin' to hev the law on ye."

David's shoulders shook behind the sheltering page, and his mouth expanded in a grin.

"When you got a balker to dispose of," said he gravely, "you can't alwus pick an' choose. Fust come, fust served." Then he went on more seriously: "Now I'll tell ye. Quite a while ago—in fact, not long after I come to enjoy the priv'lidge of the deakin's acquaintance—we hed a deal. I wa'n't jest on my guard, knowin' him to be a deakin an' all that, an' he lied to me so splendid that I was took in, clean over my head. He done me so brown I was burnt in places, an' you c'd smell smoke 'round me fer some time."

"Was it a horse?" asked Aunt Polly gratuitously.

"Wa'al," David replied, "mebbe it *had* ben some time, but at that partic'lar time the only thing to determine that fact was that it wa'n't nothin' else. I got rid o' the thing fer what it was wuth fer hide an' taller, an' stid of squealin' 'round the way you say he's doin', like a stuck pig, I kep' my tongue between my teeth an' laid to git even some time."

"You ort to 've hed the law on him," declared Aunt Polly, now fully converted. "The old scamp!"

"Wa'al," was the reply, "I gen'ally prefer to settle out of court, an' in this partic'lar case, while I might 'a' ben

willin' t' admit that I hed ben did up, I didn't feel much like swearin' to it. I reckoned the time 'd come when mebbe I'd git the laugh on the deakin, an' it did, an we're putty well settled now in full."

"I wish you'd quit beatin' about the bush, an' tell me the hull story."

"Wa'al, it's like this, then, if you *will* hev it.. I was over to Whiteboro a while ago on a little matter of worldly bus'nis, an' I seen a couple of fellers halter-exercisin' a hoss in the tavern yard. I stood 'round a spell watchin' 'em, an' when he come to a standstill I went an' looked him over, an' I liked his looks fust-rate.

"'Fer sale?' I says.

"'Wa'al,' says the chap that was leadin' him, 'I never see the hoss that wa'n't if the price was right.'

"'Your'n?' I says.

"'Mine an' his'n,' he says, noddin' his head at the other feller.

"'What ye askin' fer him?' I says.

"'One-fifty,' he says.

"I looked him all over agin putty careful, an' once or twice I kind o' shook my head 's if I didn't quite like what I seen, an' when I got through I sort o' half turned away without sayin' anythin', 's if I'd seen enough.

"'The' ain't a scratch ner a pimple on him,' says the feller, kind o' resentin' my looks. 'He's sound an' kind, an' 'll stand without hitchin', an' a lady c'n drive him 's well 's a man.'

"'I ain't got anythin' agin him,' I says, 'an' prob'ly that's all true, ev'ry word on't; but one-fifty's a consid'able price fer a hoss these days.'

"'He's wuth two hundred jest as he stands,' the feller says. 'He hain't had no trainin', an' he c'n draw two men in a road-wagin better'n fifty.'

"Wa'al, the more I looked at him the better I liked him, but I only says, 'Jes' so, jes' so, he may be wuth the money, but jest as I'm fixed now he ain't wuth it to *me*, an' I hain't got that much money with me if he was,' I says. The other feller hadn't said nothin' up to that time, an' he broke in now. 'I s'pose you'd take him fer a gift, wouldn't ye?' he says, kind o' sneerin'.

"'Wa'al, yes,' I says, 'I dunno but I would if you'd throw in a pound of tea an' a halter.'

"He kind o' laughed an' says, 'Waal, this ain't no gift enterprise, an' I guess we ain't goin' to trade, but I'd like to know,' he says, 'jest as a matter of curios'ty, what you'd say he *was* wuth to ye?'

"'Waal,' I says, 'I come over this mornin' to see a feller that owed me a trifle o' money. Exceptin' of some loose change, what he paid me's all I got with me,' I says, takin' out my wallet. 'That wad's got a hunderd an' twenty-five into it, an' if you'd sooner have your hoss an' halter than the wad,' I says, 'why, I'll bid ye good day.'

"'You're offerin' one twenty-five fer the hoss an' halter?' he says.

"'That's what I'm doin',' I says.

"'You've made a trade,' he says, puttin' out his hand fer the money an' handin' the halter over to me.

"An' didn't ye suspicion nuthin' when he took ye up like that?" asked Aunt Polly.

"I did smell woolen some," said David, "but I had the *hoss* an' they had the *money*, an', as fur 's I c'd see, the critter was all right. I ast the barn man if he knowed who they was, an' he said he never seen 'em till the yestiddy before, an' didn't know 'em f'm Adam. They come along with a couple of hosses, one drivin' an' t'other leadin'—the one I bought. I ast him if they knowed who I was, an' he said one on 'em ast him, an' he told him. The feller said to him, seein' me drive up: 'That's a putty likely-lookin' hoss. Who's drivin' him?' An' he says to the feller: 'That's Dave Harum, f'm over to Homeville. He's a great feller fer hosses,' he says."

"Dave," said Aunt Polly, "them chaps jest laid fer ye, didn't they?"

"I reckon they did," he admitted, as he rubbed the fringe of yellowish gray hair which encircled his bald pate for a moment.

"Wa'al," he resumed, "after the talk with the barn man, I smelt woolen stronger'n ever, but I didn't say nothin', an' had the mare hitched an' started back. Old Jinny drives with one hand, an' I c'd watch the new one all right, an' as we come along I begun to think I wa'n't stuck after all. I never see a hoss travel evener an' nicer, an' when we come to a good level place I sent the old mare along the best she knew, an' the new one never broke his gait, an' kep' right up 'ithout 'par'ntly half tryin', an' Jinny don't take most

folks' dust neither. I swan! 'fore I got home I reckoned I'd jest as good as made seventy-five anyway."

"Then the' wa'n't nothin' the matter with him, after all," commented Aunt Polly in rather a disappointed tone.

"The meanest thing top of the earth was the matter with him," declared David, "but I didn't find it out till the next afternoon, an' then I found it out good. I hitched him to the open buggy an' went round by the East road, 'cause that ain't so much travelled. He went along all right till we got a mile or so out of the village, an' then I slowed him down to a walk. Wa'al, sir, scat my —! He hadn't walked more'n a rod 'fore he come to a dead standstill. I clucked an' git app'd, an' finely took the gad to him a little, but he only jest kind o' humped up a little, an' stood like he'd took root."

"Wa'al, now!" exclaimed Aunt Polly.

"Yes'm," said David; "I was stuck in ev'ry sense of the word."

"What d'ye do?"

"Wa'al, I tried all the tricks I knowed—an' I could lead him—but when I was in the buggy he wouldn't stir till he got good an' ready; an' then he'd start of his own accord an' go on a spell. I finely got home with the critter, but I thought one time I'd either hev to lead him or spend the night on the East road. He balked five sep'rate times, varyin' in length, an' it was dark when we struck the barn.

"Th' next day I hitched the new one to th' dem'crat wagin an' put in a lot of straps an' rope, an' started off fer the East road agin. He went fust-rate till we come to about the place where we had the fust trouble, an', sure enough, he balked agin. I leaned over an' hit him a smart cut on the off shoulder, but he only humped a little, an' never lifted a foot. I hit him another flick, with the self same result. Then I got down an' strapped that animal so't he couldn't move nothin' but his head an' tail, an' got back into the buggy. Wa'al, bomby, it may 'a' ben ten minutes, or it may 'a ben more or less—it's slow work settin' still behind a balkin' hoss—he was ready to go on his own account, but he couldn't budge. He kind o' looked around, much as to say, 'What on earth's the matter?' an' then he tried another move, an' then another, but no go. Then I got down an' took the hopples off an' then climbed back into the buggy, an' says 'Cluck,' to him, an' off he stepped as chipper as could be, an' we went joggin' along all right mebbe two mile,

an' when I slowed up, up he come agin. I gin him another clip in the same place on the shoulder, an' I got down an' tied him up agin, an' the same thing happened as before, on'y it didn't take him quite so long to make up his mind about startin', an' we went some further without a hitch. But I had to go through the pufformance the third time before he got it into his head that if he didn't go when *I* wanted he couldn't go when *he* wanted, an' that didn't suit him; an' when he felt the whip on his shoulder, it meant bus'nis."

"Wa'al, what's the deakin kickin' about, then?" asked Aunt Polly. "You're jes' sayin' you broke him of balkin'."

"Wa'al," said David slowly, "some hosses will balk with some folks an' not with others. You can't most alwus gen'ally tell."

"Didn't the deakin have a chance to try him?"

"He had all the chance he ast fer," replied David. "Fact is, he done most of the sellin', as well 's the buyin', himself."

"How's that?"

"Wa'al," said David, "it come about like this: After I'd got the hoss where I c'd handle him I begun to think I'd had some int'restin an' valu'ble experience, an' it wa'n't scurcely fair to keep it all to myself. I didn't want no patent on't, an' I was willin' to let some other feller git a piece. So one mornin', week before last let's see, week ago Tuesday it was, an' a mighty nice mornin' it was, too—one o' them days that kind o' lib'ral up your mind—I allowed to hitch an' drive up past the deakin's an' back, an' mebbe git somethin' to strengthen my faith, et cetery, in case I run acrost him. Wa'al, 's I come along I seen the deakin putterin' 'round, an' I waved my hand to him an' went by a-kitin'. I went up the road a ways an' killed a little time, an' when I come back there was the deakin, a I expected. He was leanin' over the fence, an' as I jogged up he hailed me, an' I pulled up.

"'Mornin', Mr. Harum,' he says.

"'Mornin', deakin,' I says. 'How are ye?'

"The deakin looked the bay hoss all over. I see it was a case of love at fust sight, as the story-books says. 'Looks all right,' he says. 'I'll tell ye,' I says, 'what the feller I bought him of told me.' 'What's that?' says the deakin. 'He said to me,' I says, '"that hoss hain't got a scratch ner

a pimple on him. He's sound an' kind, an' 'll stand without hitchin', an' a lady c'd drive him as well 's a man.'"

"'That's what he said to me,' I says, 'an' it's every word on't true. You've seen whether or not he c'n travel,' I says, 'an', so fur 's I've seen, he ain't 'fraid of nothin'.' 'D'ye want to sell him?' the deakin says. 'Wa'al,' I says, 'I ain't offerin' him fer sale You'll go a good ways,' I says, ''fore you'll strike such another; but, of course, he ain't the only hoss in the world, an' I never had anythin' in the hoss line I wouldn't sell at *some* price.' 'Wa'al, he says, 'what d'ye ask fer him?' 'Wa'al, I says, 'if my own brother was to ask me that question I'd say to him two hunderd dollars, cash down, an' I wouldn't hold the offer open an hour,' I says."

"My!" ejaculated Aunt Polly. "Did he take you up?"

"'That's more'n I give fer a hoss 'n a good while,' he says, shakin' his head, 'an' more 'n I c'n afford, I'm 'fraid.' 'All right,' I says; 'I c'n afford to keep him'; but I knew I had the deakin same as the woodchuck had Skip. 'Hitch up the roan,' I says to Mike; 'the deakin wants to be took up to his house. 'Is that your last word?' he says. 'That's what it is,' I says 'Two hunderd, cash down."

"Hain't he said anythin' to ye?" Aunt Polly inquired

"He, he, he, he! He hain't but once, an' the wa'n't but little of it then."

"How?"

"Wa'al, the day but one after the deakin sold himself Mr. Stickin'-Plaster I had an arrant three four mile or so up past his place, an' when I was comin' back, along 'bout four or half past, it come on to rain like all possessed I had my old umbrel'—though it didn't hender me f'm gettin' more or less wet—an' I sent the old mare along fer all she knew. As I come along to within a mile f'm the deakin's house I seen somebody in the road, an' when I come up closter I see it was the deakin himself, in trouble, an' I kind o' slowed up to see what was goin' on, There he was, settin' all humped up with his ole broad-brim hat slopin' down his back, a-sheddin' water like a roof. Then I seen him lean over an' larrup the hoss with the ends of the lines fer all he was wuth. It appeared he hadn't no whip, an it wouldn't done him no good if he'd had. Wa'al, sir, rain or no rain, I jest pulled up to watch him. He'd larrup a spell, an' then he'd set back; an' then he'd lean over an' try it agin, harder'n ever. Scat my ——! I thought I'd die a-laughin'. I couldn't

hardly cluck to the mare when I got ready to move on. I drove alongside an' pulled up. 'Hullo, deakin,' I says, 'what's the matter?' He looked up at me, an' I won't say he was the maddest man I ever see, but he was long ways the maddest-*lookin'* man, an' he shook his fist at me jes' like one o' the unregen'rit. 'Consarn ye, Dave Harum!' he says, 'I'll hev the law on ye fer this.' 'What fer?' I says. 'I didn't make it come on to rain, did I?' I says. 'You know mighty well what fer,' he says. You sold me this *damned beast,*' he says, 'an' he's balked with me *nine* times this afternoon, an' I'll fix ye for 't,' he says. 'Wa'al, deakin,' I says, 'I'm 'fraid the squire's office 'll be shut up 'fore you *git* there, but I'll take any word you'd like to send. You know I told ye,' I says, 'that he'd stand 'ithout hitchin'.' An' at that he only jest kind o' choked an' sputtered. He was so mad he couldn't say nothin', an' on I drove, an' when I got about forty rod or so I looked back, an' there was the deakin a-comin' along the road with as much of his shoulders as he could git under his hat an' *leadin'* his new hoss. He, he, he, he! Oh, my stars an' gaiters! Say, Polly, it paid me fer bein' born into this vale o' tears. It did, I declare for't!"

Aunt Polly wiped her eyes on her apron.

"But, Dave," she said, "did the deakin really say—*that word?*"

"Wa'al," he replied, "if twa'nt that it was the puttiest imitation on't that ever I heard."

EDWARD NOYES WESTCOTT.

By the kind permission of the American and English Publishers, Messrs. Appleton & Co. of New York, and Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson of London.

THE OBSTINATE MONARCH

A King most haughty, most mighty and great
(Of an Eastern country the Potentate),
Sat on his royal throne of state,
Surrounded by treasures, and jewels, and wealth,
With a beautiful wife—in fact, wives—and health.
But though all of these joys to his lot did fall,
Being sated with pleasure, his joys would pall.

The Obstinate Monarch

'Gainst wines of all kinds a forbiddance was set,
So the drink he indulged in was always Sherbet
(Such refreshment may well be considered no treat,
If it's anything like what they sell in the street).
Well, he summoned his barber, head cook, and Vizier,
And the whole of his court before him to appear;
And the heralds proclaimed that the king would afford
One million two hundred piastres reward
To the man who could make, concoct, find out, or think
Of a new, cool, refreshing, *but tee-total* drink.

So they set to work making all manner of brews,
With boilings and mixings, distillings and stews;
Which each man declared was refreshing and tasty,
But His Highness pronounced "most disgustingly nasty";
Till he vowed if his kitchen such dolts was disgraced with,
Those having no taste should have no tongues to taste with.

So they set to again, being warned by his looks.
They sought for prescriptions in cookery books;
They read up for recipes everywhere,
Till they felt they were baffled, and sunk in despair.

Then the Vizier, when all reached the end of their wits,
Brought a small box of powders, just fresh from Seidlitz;
But His Highness said, "I will not drink of the stuff,
I have already tasted your rubbish enough."
But the taster declared 'twould Ambrosia surpass;
'Twas nectar that lived and fizzed fresh in the glass.

Then the king called out
With a regal shout—
"What ho! my golden goblet bring me forth.
Come, bring it up!
Such nectar sure deserves a royal cup!"

Then the cymbals played, and the trumpets brayed;
And the boys, ne'er slow
Their love to show,
Called out, "*Bra-vo!*"

Then the Grand Vizier, with Salaam, drew near;
But His Highness, as of old,
Would not listen or be told.

"Bah! tell me not of sips and sops and wee, wee drops.
 Fill up the bowl
A man can but drink till he drops,
 I'll drink the whole"
"But one, sire, at a time's the usual thing"
'Darest thou dictate to me, sir? I am a king'
"Permit me to explain, ere the drink I prepare ——"
"I'll make it myself—no answer—Beware!

So he took the twelve blue papers, which he emptied in the cup;
Feeling very hot and thirsty, he quickly drank it up
 But His Highness's royal face
 Made a rather sour grimace,
 For the drink he found, instead
 Of being fresh was flat and dead
The courtiers watched his face, and saw that it foreboded
 trouble
"Why, you said this rubbish fizzes, and it doesn't even
 bubble!
 Call this sickly nonsense nice!'
 "Sire you'd not take my advice;
 I was just about to say,
 If you'd let me have my way,
 That the powder in the white
 With the other should unite
And, your Highness, I was going to show you how——"
 "Pooh! I don't want you to show
 Me the way Of course I know
I must mix them, and I'm going to do that now"

Then he took the twelve white papers, which he emptied in
 the cup,
As the soda tasted nasty, he quickly drank it up

 Then a momentary hush,
 As his brow with anger loaded,
 In a fierce and sullen frown,
 He gasped out, "Hold me down!"
 With a guzzle and a gush
 He exploded
 Then he whizzed and he fizzed,
 And he trembled and he fluttered,
 And he splittered and he spluttered,

And he stammered and he stuttered,
And he indistinctly muttered,
But no syllable he uttered,
And he moaned and he groaned,
And he turned and he twisted,
But no second it desisted.
It gave him pain--besides surprise;
It oozed out from both his eyes
He gulped and he guggled and he gasped,
He kicked and he struggled as he clasped
His sides with both his hands,
And compressed his girdle bands,
For he felt he should split in his fits into bits;
Quite visibly he swelled,
As the effervescence welled
Up, and foamed from his lips
In rivulets and drips,
In runnels and in rills,
O'er his linen and his frills
  In a shower,
Like a quart of Dublin stout,
When the cork is driven out
  By the power
Of the gas, when it has,
Long pent up, been let out.
He tried in vain to shout;
He couldn't speak, but only "spout,"
Like a water-pipe that's burst. So he cursed
In the wildness of his wrath;
But his anger only spent itself in froth
Then he threw himself with frenzy on the floor,
And he kicked and he struggled more and more.

The courtiers all were troubled.
For the more he kicked and struggled,
All the more he boiled and bubbled,
And his agony redoubled;
And they felt they would pay in some way.
So they knelt down, and with zest
Set to and punched his chest
  To recover him.
They smacked him on the back,

With a thump and then a thwack,
Till they made him blue and black
All over him.
Then they rubbed, until at last
All the effervescence passed;
And the king, exhausted, said,
"It's a wonder I'm not dead;
But that Vizier I'll behead."
The Vizier wisely fled,
And it grieves me much to state,
When he heard the royal threat,
He only laughed the louder.
And ever since that date, that mighty Potentate
Has carefully abstained from drinking Seidlitz powder.

ANON.

A BALLAD OF THE PERIOD

PART I

THE auld wife sat at her ivied door
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
A thing she had frequently done before;
And her knitting reposed on her aproned knees.

The piper he piped on the hill-top high
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
Till the cow said "I die," and the goose asked "Why?"
And the dog said nothing, but searched for fleas.

The farmer he strode through the dim farmyard
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
His last brew of cider had turned out hard —
The connection of which with the plot one sees.

The farmer's daughter had frank blue eyes
(*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*);
She hears the rook caw in the windy skies
As she sits at her lattice and shells her peas.

The farmer's daughter had ripe red lips
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
If you try to approach her, away she skips
  Over tables and chairs with apparent ease.

The farmer's daughter had soft brown hair
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And I met with a ballad, I can't tell where,
  Which mainly consisted of lines like these.

PART II

She sat, with her hands 'neath her dimpled cheeks
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And spake not a word. While a lady speaks
  There is hope—but *she* didn't even sneeze.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her crimson cheeks
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
She gave up mending her father's breeks,
  And let the cat roll in her best chemise.

She sat, with her hands 'neath her burning cheeks
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And gazed at the piper for thirteen weeks,
  Then she followed him out o'er the misty leas.

Her sheep follow her, as their tails did them
  (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*),
And this song is considered a perfect gem,
  And as to its meaning, it's what you please.

C. S. CALVERLEY

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY

WE have an unbounded capacity for pleasing children, and when Mrs. Caruthers requested us one day to amuse her little son while she paid a visit, we graciously consented. Taking the child upon our knee we began:

"George Washington was the greatest man that ever lived."

And so, smiling, we went on:

"Well, one day, George's father——"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy then, just like you. One day his father——"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a —"

"Gave who a little hatchet," the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad or betrayed signs of impatience; but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His —"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father——"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him——"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh yes—George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told —"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No; his father told George."

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet——"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet——"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favourite, and cut it down, and——"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and——"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No; saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favourite apple-tree?'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and——"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it——"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favourite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he——"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own—the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I——'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father couldn't."

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George! Oh yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did——'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No; his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No; said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient, and we love children; but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree. and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

ANON.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

THE King was sick. His cheek was red
  And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
  And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
  And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
  And sent to the schools for more.

The Enchanted Shirt

At last two famous doctors came,
  And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
  And never found time to grow fat

The other had never looked in a book;
  His patients gave him no trouble,
If they recovered they paid him well,
  If they died their heirs paid double

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
  As the King on his couch reclined,
In succession they thumped his august chest,
  But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
  "Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten knot gale of royal rage,
  The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
  And thus his prescription ran
The King will be well if he sleeps one night
  In the Shirt of a Happy Man

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
  And fast their horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
  But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
  And rich who thought they were poor,
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
  And women that short hose wore

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
  And both bemoaned their lot;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
  And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
  A beggar lay whistling there,
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
  On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay;
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
"Our luck has led us aright.
"I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the King the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened his windows and let the air
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way;
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

MR FEZZIWIG'S BALL

ALTHOUGH they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed, where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here it was

Mr. Fezziwig's Ball

Christmas time again, but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried, in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless my heart! it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands, adjusted his capacious waistcoat, laughed all over himself from his shoes to his organ of benevolence, and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow 'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like racehorses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Everything movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire, and the warehouse was as snug, and dry, and as bright a ball-room as you would desire to see on a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling—in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances; and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince-pies and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind!—the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told him) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

Mr. Fezziwig's Ball

But if they had been twice as many: ah, four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance—advance and retire, hold hands with your partner, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place—Fezziwig "cut," cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig, and when he had done so, said:

"Why? Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy

or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up, what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think!" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge. "No. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk, just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

DICKENS.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE

"REJECTED ADDRESSES"

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The playhouse is in flames!"
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined stain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,

A Tale of Drury Lane

The Ticket Porters' House of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
   And Richardson's hotel

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn,
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil li am
   To those who on the hills around
   Beheld the flames from Drury's mound
As from a lofty altar rise,
   It seemed that nations did conspire,
   To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hob-nailed shoes!
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed
   His nether bulk embraced,
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
   In tin or copper traced
The engines thundered through the street
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
   Along the pavement paced

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"
   Nor notice give at all:
The firemen terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
   For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When, lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-in-chief to save;
But, ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite·
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Milford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,

Ballad of the Oysterman

> Why are you in such doleful dumps?
> A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
> What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!"
> Were the last words of Higginbottom!
>
> JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray, tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—"Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;
But fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

OLIVER W. HOLMES

MOSES' MOTHER-IN-LAW

DURING a religious controversy between Peter Lamb and some of his friends, one of the latter asserted that Peter didn't know who was the mother-in-law of Moses, and that he couldn't ascertain. Peter offered to bet that he could find out, and the wager was accepted. After searching in vain through the Scriptures, Mr Lamb concluded to go around and interview Deacon Jones about it. The Deacon is head man in the gas office, and in the office there are half-a-dozen small windows, behind which sit clerks to receive money. Applying at one of these, Mr Lamb said:

"Is Deacon Jones in?"

"What's your business?"

"Why, I want to find out the name of Moses'——"

"Don't know anything about it. Look in the directory;" and the clerk slammed the window shut.

Then Peter went to the next window and said:

"I want to see Mr Jones a minute."

"What for?"

"I want to see if he knows Moses'——"

"Moses who?"

"Why, Moses, the Bible Moses -if he knows——"

"Patriarchs don't Belong in this department. Apply across the street at the Christian Association Rooms;" and then the clerk closed the window.

At the next window Mr. Lamb said:

"I want to see Deacon Jones a minute in reference to a matter about Moses."

"Want to pay his gas bill? What's the last name?"

"Oh no. I mean the first Moses, the original one."

"Anything the matter with his meter?"

"You don't understand me. I refer to the Hebrew prophet. I want to see——"

"Well, you can't see him here. This is the gas-office. Try next door."

At the adjoining window Mr. Lamb said:

"Look here! I want to see Deacon Jones a minute about the prophet Moses, and I wish you'd tell him so."

"No, I won't," replied the clerk. "He's too busy to be bothered with anything of that kind."

"But I must see him," said Peter. "I insist on seeing him. The fact of the matter is, I've got a bet about Moses'——"

"Don't make any difference what you've got; you can't see him."

"But I will. I want you to go and tell him I'm here, and that I wish for some information respecting Moses. I'll have you discharged if you don't go."

"Don't care if you want to see him about all the children of Israel, and the Pharaohs and Nebuchadnezzars. I tell you you can't. That settles it. Turn off your gas and quit."

Then Peter resolved to give up the deacon and try the Rev. Dr. Dox. When he called at the parsonage, the Doctor came down into the parlour. Because of the Doctor's deafness there was a little misunderstanding, when Peter said:

"I called, Doctor, to ascertain if you could tell me who was the mother-in-law of Moses."

"Well, really," said the Doctor, "there isn't much prefer-

ence. Some like one kind of roses and some like another. A very good variety of the pink rose is the Duke of Cambridge; grows large, bears early, and has very fine perfume. The Hercules is also excellent, but you must manure it well and water it often."

"I didn't ask about *roses*, but *Moses*. You make a mistake," shouted Peter.

"Oh, of course! by all means. Train them up to a stake if you want to. The wind don't blow them about so, and they send out more shoots."

"You misunderstand me," yelled Mr. Lamb. "I asked about Moses, not roses. I want to know who was the mother in law of Moses."

"Oh, yes; certainly. Excuse me; I thought you were inquiring about roses. The law of Moses was the foundation of the religion of the Jews. You can find it in full in the Pentateuch. It is admirable—very admirable—for the purpose for which it was ordained. We, of course, have outlived that dispensation, but it still contains many things that are useful to us, as, for instance, the——"

"Was Moses married?" shrieked Mr. Lamb.

"Married? Oh, yes; the name of his father in-law, you know, was Jethro, and——"

"Who was his wife?"

"Why, she was the daughter of Jethro, of course. I said Jethro was his father-in law."

"No; Jethro's wife, I mean. I want to know to settle a bet."

"No, that wasn't her name. 'Bet' is a corruption of Elizabeth, and that name, I believe, is not found in the Old Testament. I don't remember what the name of Moses' wife was."

"I want to know what was the name of the mother-in-law of Moses, to settle a bet."

"Young man," said the old Doctor sternly, "you are trifling with a serious subject. What do you mean by wanting Moses to settle a bet?"

Then Mr. Lamb rolled up a sheet of music that lay on the piano, and, putting it to the doctor's ear, he shouted:

"I made—a—bet—that—I—could—find—out—what—the—name—of Moses'—mother-in-law—was. Can—you—tell—me?"

"The Bible don't say," responded the Doctor; "and

unless you can get a spiritualist to put you in communication with Moses, I guess you will lose."

Then Peter went around and handed over the stakes. Hereafter he will gamble on other than Biblical games.

MAX ADELER.

THE AGED PILOT MAN

On the Erie Canal, it was,
All on a summer's day,
I sailed forth with my parents
Far away to Albany.

From out the clouds at noon that day
There came a dreadful storm,
That piled the billows high about,
And filled us with alarm.

A man came rushing from a house,
Saying, "Snub up your boat I pray!
Snub up your boat, snub up, alas!
Snub up while yet you may."

Our captain cast one glance astern,
Then forward glanced he,
And said, "My wife and little ones
I never more shall see."

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
In noble words, but few—
"Fear not, but lean on Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

The boat drove on, the frightened mule
Tore through the rain and wind,
And bravely still in danger's post,
The whip-boy strode behind.

"Come 'board, come 'board," the captain cried,
"Nor tempt so wild a storm,"
But still the raging mules advanced,
And still the boy strode on.

Then said the captain to us all,
"Alas, 'tis plain to me,
The greater danger is not there,
But here upon the sea.

So let us strive, while life remains,
To save all souls on board,
And then if die at last we must,
Let . . . . I *cannot* speak the word!"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
Tow'ring above the crew,
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

"Low bridge! low bridge!" all heads went down,
The labouring bark sped on;
A mill we passed, we passed a church,
Hamlets, and fields of corn;
And all the world came out to see,
And chased along the shore,

Crying, "Alas, alas, the sheeted rain,
The wind, the tempest's roar!
Alas, the gallant ship and crew,
Can *nothing* help them more?"

And from our deck sad eyes looked out
Across the stormy scene:
The tossing wake of billows aft,
The bending forests green,

The chickens sheltered under carts,
In lee of barn the cows,
The skurrying swine with straw in mouth,
The wild spray from our bows!

The Aged Pilot Man.

"She balances?
She wavers!
Now let her go about!
If she misses stays and broaches to
We're all"—[then with a shout,]
"Huray! huray!
Avast! belay!
Take in more sail!
Lord, what a gale!
Ho, boy, haul taut on the hind mule's tail!"

"Ho! lighten ship? ho! man the pump!
Ho, hostler, heave the lead!
A quarter-three!—'tis shoaling fast!
Three feet large!—t-h-r-e-e feet!—
Three feet scant!" I cried in fright,
"Oh, is there *no* retreat?"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
As on the vessel flew,
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

A panic struck the bravest hearts,
The boldest cheek turned pale;
For plain to all, this shoaling said
A leak had burst the ditch's bed!
And, straight as bolt from crossbow sped,
Our ship swept on, with shoaling lead,
Before the fearful gale!

"Sever the tow-line! Cripple the mules!"
Too late! . . . . There comes a shock!

. . . .

Another length, and the fated craft
Would have swum in the saving lock!

Then gathered together the shipwrecked crew
And took one last embrace,
While sorrowful tears from despairing eyes
Ran down each hopeless face;

And some did think of their little ones
  Whom they never more might see,
And others of waiting wives at home,
  And mothers that grieved would be.

But of all the children of misery there
  On that poor sinking frame,
But one spake words of hope and faith,
  And I worshipped as they came
Said Dollinger the pilot man—
  (O brave heart strong and true!)—
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
  For he will fetch you through"

Lo! scarce the words have passed his lips
  The dauntless prophet say'th,
When every soul about him seeth
  A wonder crown his faith!

And count ye all, both great and small,
  As numbered with the dead!
For mariner for forty year,
  On Erie, boy and man,
I never yet saw such a storm,
  Or one 't with it began!

So overboard a keg of nails
  And anvils three we threw,
Likewise four bales of gunny sacks,
  Two hundred pounds of glue,
Two sacks of corn, four ditto wheat,
  A box of books, a cow,
A violin, Lord Byron's works,
  A rip saw and a sow

A curve! a curve! the dangers grow!
  "Labbord!—stabbord!—s-t-e-a d-y!—so!—
Hard-a-port, Dol!—hellum-a-lee!
  Haw the head mule!—the aft one gee!
Luff!—bring her to the wind!"

For straight a farmer brought a plank,
(Mysteriously inspired)—
And laying it unto the ship,
In silent awe retired.
Then every sufferer stood amazed
That pilot man before;
A moment stood. Then wondering turned,
And speechless walked ashore.

MARK TWAIN.

MOTHERHOOD

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscanned upon the broken wall,
Without a tear, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport long ages past,
And time with mosses had o'erlaid
And fenced with many a tall grass blade,
And all about bid roses bloom
And violets shed their soft perfume.
There in its cool and quiet bed
She set her burden down and fled;
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass
Across the linden-shadowed grass
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven,
Only the innocent birds of heaven—
The magpie and the rook whose nest
Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest—
And the lithe cricket and the boar,
And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,
Looked on when, as a summer wind
That, passing, leaves no trace behind;
All unapparelled, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruined wall,

To leave upon the chill dank earth
(For, ah! she never knew its worth!)
'Mid hemlock rank and fern and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing!

And there it might have lain forlorn,
From morn to eve from eve to morn
But that, by some wild impulse led,
The mother, ere she turned and fled,
One moment stood erect and high;
Then poured into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice as she strove to range
Her rebel ringlets at her glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass;
Shook back those curls so fair to see,
Clapped her soft hands in childish glee;
And shrieked—her sweet face all aglow,
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—
"My hen has laid an egg, I know,
And only hear the noise she's making."

C. S. CALVERLEY.

THE SWALLOWED FROG

BARNES the pedagogue is a worthy man who has seen trouble. Precisely what was the nature of the afflictions which had filled his face with furrows and given him the air of one who has been overburdened with sorrows, was not revealed until Mr Keyser told the story one evening at the grocery store. Whether his narrative is strictly true or not is uncertain. There is a bare possibility that Mr Keyser may have exaggerated grossly a very simple fact

"Nobody ever knew how it got in there," said Mr. Keyser, clasping his hands over his knee, and spitting into the stove. "Some thought Barnes must 've swallowed a tadpole while drinking out of a spring, and it subsequently grew inside him, while others allowed that maybe he'd accidentally eaten frogs' eggs some time and they'd hatched out. But, anyway, he had that frog down there inside of

him settled and permanent, and perfectly satisfied with being in out of the rain. It used to worry Barnes more 'n a little, and he tried various things to get rid of it. The doctors they give him sickening stuff, and over and over ag'in emptied him, and then they'd hold him by the heels and shake him over a basin, and they'd bait a hook with a fly and fish down his throat hour after hour, but that frog was too intelligent. He never even gave them a nibble, and when they'd try to fetch him with an emetic, he'd dig his claws into Barnes's membranes and hold on until the storm was over.

"Not that Barnes minded the frog merely being in there if he'd only a kept quiet. But he was too vociferous—that's what Barnes said to me. A taciturn frog he wouldn't have cared about so much. But how would you like to have one down inside of you there a whooping every now and then in the most ridiculous manner? Maybe, for instance, Barnes'd be out taking tea with a friend, and just when everybody else was quiet it'd suddenly occur to his frog to tune up, and the next minute you'd hear something go 'Blo-o-o-ood-a-noun! Blo-oo-oo-ood-a-noun!' two or three times, apparently under the table. Then the folks would ask if there was an aquarium in the house, or if the man had a frog pond in the cellar, and Barnes'd get as red as fire and jump up and go home.

"And often when he'd be setting in church, perhaps in the most solemn part of the sermon, he'd feel something give two or three quick kinder jerks under his vest, and presently that reptile would bawl right out in the meeting, 'Bloo-oo-oo-ood-a-noun! Bloo-oo-oo-ood-a-nou-ou-oun!' and keep it up until the sexton would come along and run out two or three boys for profaning the sanctuary. And at last he'd fix it on poor old Barnes, and then tell him if he wanted to practise ventriloquism he'd better wait till after church. And then the frog'd give six or seven more hollers, so that the minister would stop and look at Barnes, and Barnes'd get up and skip down the aisle and go home furious about it.

"It had a deep voice for an ordinary frog—betwixt a French horn and a bark mill. And Mrs. Barnes told me herself that often, when John'd get comfortably fixed in bed and was just dropping off into a nap, the frog'd think it was a convenient time for some music, and after hopping

about a bit, it'd all at once grind out three or four awful 'Bloo-oo-ood-a-nouns,' and wake Mrs. Barnes and the baby, and start things up generally all around the house. And—wouldn't you believe it?—if that frog felt maybe a little frisky, or p'r'aps had some tune running through its head, it'd keep on that way for hours. It worried Barnes.

"I dunno whether it was that that killed his wife or not; but anyhow, when she died Barnes wanted to marry again, and he went for a while to see Miss Flickers, who lives out yer on the river road, you know. He courted her pretty steady for a while, and we all thought there was goin' to be a consolidation. But she was telling my wife that one evening Barnes had just taken hold of her hand and told her he loved her, when all of a sudden something said, 'Bloo-oo-oo-ood a-nou-ou oun!'

"'What on earth's that?' asked Miss Flickers, looking sorter scared.

"'I dunno,' said Barnes; 'it sounds like somebody making a noise in the cellar.' Lied, of course, for he knew mighty well what it was.

"''Pears to me's if it was under the sofa,' says she.

"'Maybe it wasn't anything, after all,' says Barnes, when just then the frog, he feels like running up the scales again, and he yells out, 'Bloo-oo-ood-a-nou-ou-oun!'

"'Upon my word,' says Miss Flickers, 'I believe you've got a frog in your pocket, Mr. Barnes; now, haven't you?'

"Then he gets down on his knees and owns up to the truth, and swears he'll do his best to get rid of the frog; and all the time he is talking the frog is singing exercises and scales and oratorios inside of him, and worse than ever, too, because Barnes drank a good deal of ice-water that day, and it made the frog hoarse—ketched cold, you know.

"But Miss Flickers, she refused him—said she might 've loved him, only she couldn't marry any man that had continual music in his interior.

"So Barnes, he was the most disgusted man you ever saw. Perfectly sick about it. And one day he was lying on the bed gaping, and that frog unexpectedly made up its mind to come up to ask Barnes to eat more carefully, maybe, and it jumped out on the counterpane. After looking about a bit it came up and tried three or four times to hop back, but he kept his mouth shut, and killed the frog

with the back of a hair brush Ever since then he runs his drinking-water through a strainer, and he hates frogs worse than you and me hate poison Now, that's the honest truth about Barnes, you ask him if it ain't"

MAX ADELER

YAWCOB STRAUSS

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
   Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue,
   As efer you dit see

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
   In all barts of der house,
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
   Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss

He get der measles und der mumbs,
   Und eferyding dot's oudt,
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
   Poots schnuff indo mine kraut

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,
   Dot vas der roughest chouse
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
   But leedle Yawcob Strauss

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
   Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
   Mine gracious, dot vos drue!

I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
   He kicks oup sooch a touse
But never mind, der poys vas few
   Like dot young Yawcob Strauss

He asks me questions, sooch as dese
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gon I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I could haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy:

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Charles F. Adams.

THE SANDWICHES

(From "Folly and Fresh Air")

I had put up my rod, adjusted my gear, and was about to make a preliminary cast, when a fisherman in brown tweeds, and with a wide-awake air about him, sauntered towards me.

"Doing any good?" he asked.

"Doing myself good," I answered evasively; but he would not be put off with this.

"Killed anything?"

I had not, as a matter of fact, taken life to-day; not even a wasp had fallen to me.

I said, rather cleverly: "Have you?"

"A tidy fish or two. Try a small 'March Brown.' You will find they fancy it."

He gave me some flies, and was very sportsmanlike and pleasant. He said: "Most annoying thing in the world. I have lost my lunch. It consisted of a neat packet of sand-

wiches. If you see any such packet, you will greatly oblige me by shouting down stream."

I promised to do so should Fortune throw his sandwiches in my way. I gave him the leg of a fowl and some salt in a piece of paper, just to keep the wolf from the door; and so we parted under mutual obligations. I was determined to find the man's sandwiches if I could. I liked the idea of finding them. I pictured his glad smile on seeing the treasured and lost refreshment once again. My fishing, therefore, lacked finish and deadliness. I killed three trout, but the "March Brown" had really more to do with it than I. And then, by everything that was lucky, I actually came upon the sandwiches, lying on the top of a high bank above the river! They were in a neat white parcel, as foretold. I caught them up and hurried away down stream to rejoin their owner. I shouted, and even yelled, in my anxiety, but could get no response. I spent half-an-hour waking the echoes, and finally arrived at a spot miles below where I originally met the man. To hunt farther after him appeared useless. It was very disappointing. I looked at the sandwiches. They were made of ham. The expert must have been passionately fond of mustard. Now it chanced that my own lunch had been comparatively light, after the fowl's leg already mentioned was subtracted therefrom. It appeared not particularly immoral, under the circumstances, to send these poor lost waifs after the meal I had already made.. So I ate the sandwiches, mustard and all, and felt the better for them. I then went up stream once more, fishing with very reasonable success.

I pushed rapidly forward, and at length came upon yet another angler. He was a stiff, solid little person, with a red complexion and white moustache. He had a severe frown on his face when I met him, and seemed exercised and wretched about some private concern.

"Any sport?" I inquired heartily.

"Sport be hanged," he said; "I've lost my lunch."

Now this is a most extraordinary coincidence. Here are three fishermen met about the same stream, and two out of the three have lost their lunches.

"You amaze me," I said.

"Ham sandwiches," he continued; "I put them down on the bank for half a second and they vanish."

I said: "My dear sir, this is remarkable. You are the

second man who has lost a packet of ham sandwiches on the Moor to-day. By the greatest good luck I have already found one lunch that belonged to a man down stream; and if Providence will allow of my rescuing yours also I shall be indeed delighted."

He said: "You may have found mine: let me see them."

This was an awkward turn for affairs to take, the more so because his suggestion came as a painful surprise.

I said: "No, no; I am confident they belonged to a man down stream. He had plastered them with mustard; you wouldn't have liked them."

"They *were* mine," he declared positively. "My taste for mustard is peculiar. You must have taken them when I was under the bank getting some water. Lucky we met. Where are they? I want them badly."

I said: "I will not tell you a falsehood. The simple fact is that I have eaten them. I would not have done such a thing for fifty pounds if I had known. I honestly thought they belonged to a man down stream."

I never saw anybody get so angry in such a short time as that angler did then. He actually damned the man down stream; he said he did not believe in him; he turned all the colours of a fine sunset, and asked me how I dared to eat another person's lunch, and what business I had to do it.

I said: I did not regard the matter as business at all. It was a pleasure to me to eat them.

He used an expression that blistered the summer foliage within a radius of twenty yards.

He asked: "And what am I going to do, I should like to know?"

I felt I could tell him the answer to that. It was a straightforward question only admitting of one reply.

I said: "Go without, I should be afraid."

He was extremely rude. He told me I had committed a deliberate act of theft, and that he would summon me for two pins. I said that misery of this kind was merely transitory, and must be borne with fortitude. I advised him to grub about on the Moor for whortleberries, or, failing them, to chew young grass or eat clay, a thing which savage races do in similar difficulties. I offered him a cigar.

I said: "Cheer up; there is yet another packet of juicy, good sandwiches knocking about somewhere."

Thereupon, losing all semblance of human dignity and self-control, he plainly told me to go to the devil.

I was shocked and pained; I could scarcely believe my ears.

I said: "I shan't hurry for you."

He answered: "Leave me, young man, or I shall forget myself." I told him that, to my mind, he had already done so. I got up on to a granite boulder where he could not reach me or offer violence, and pointed out his faults to him.

I said: "I have eaten your sandwiches and I regret it; but such an accident might have happened to anybody. How was I to know they were yours? You should not leave things about in a lonely place like this. I blame you for losing your sandwiches, not myself; and I blame you for losing your temper. I deeply deplore my part in the affair, but consider an apology is quite as much due to me from you, as from me to you. The man who can send a fellow-creature to the devil, upon the paltry pretext of having eaten a ham sandwich in error, is much to be pitied. Good afternoon."

I left him lashing the water and tearing his way through brambles by the river's brink. He was in no condition to fish, and not fit society for man or beast. I felt candidly sorry for him, but trusted I should never see him more. It would not much surprise me to hear that he has committed suicide. And all because I have eaten his lunch.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

SKATING EXPERIENCES

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful!" said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice. Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now then, sir," said Sam in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it!"

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates, ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come! the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just agoin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam—not too fast"

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam "Don t you hear Mr. Pickwick calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity of practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran

to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice:

"Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun!" remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're an impostor, sir!"

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir!"

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

"Sliding looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed!" replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here, I'll keep you company—come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow

down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface, and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale and the females fainted. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do, let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected.

The abjuration was rather unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was

yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold!" said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah! that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller, presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour, pausing not an instant until he was snug in bed.

DICKENS.

THE TWINS

IN form and feature, face and limb
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;

And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died, the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

HENRY S. LEIGH

ON THE BEACH

LINES BY A PRIVATE TUTOR

WHEN the young Augustus Edward
Has reluctantly gone bedward
(He's the urchin I am privileged to teach),
From my left-hand breeches pocket
I extract a battered locket,
And I commune with it walking on the beach.

I had often yearned for something
That would love me, e'en a dumb thing,
But such happiness seemed always out of reach:
Little boys are off like arrows
With their little spades and barrows,
When they see me bearing down upon the beach

And the rabbits won't come nigh me,
And the gulls observe and fly me,
And I doubt, upon my honour, if a leech
Would stick on me as on others,
And I know if I had brothers
They would cut me when we met upon the beach.

So at last I bought this trinket,
For (although I love to think it)
'Twasn't *given* me with a pretty little speech:
No! I bought it of a peddler
Brown and wizened as a medlar,
Who was hawking odds and ends upon the beach.

But I've managed, very neatly,
To believe that I was dearly
Loved by Somebody, who (blushing like a peach)
Flung it o'er me saying "Wear it
For my sake" and I declare it
Seldom strikes me that I bought it on the beach.

I can see myself revealing
Unsuspected depths of feeling,
As, in tones that half upbraid and half beseech,
I aver with what delight I
Would give anything my right eye
For a souvenir of our stroll upon the beach.

Oh! that eye that never glistened,
And that voice to which I've listened
But in fancy, how I dote upon them each!
How regardless what o'clock it
Is, I pore upon that locket,
Which does *not* contain her portrait, on the beach.

As if something were inside it
I laboriously hide it,
And a rather pretty sermon you might preach
Upon Fantasy, selecting
For your "instance" the affecting
Tale of me and my proceedings on the beach.

I depict her, ah, how charming!
I portray myself alarming
Her by swearing I would "mount the deadly breach,"
Or engage in any scrimmage
For a glimpse of her sweet image,
Or her shadow, or her footprint on the beach.

And I'm ever, ever seeing
My imaginary Being,
And I'd rather that my marrow-bones should bleach
In the winds, than that a cruel
Fate should snatch from me the jewel
Which I bought for one and sixpence on the beach!

C. S. CALVERLEY

UNCLE MOSE COUNTING THE EGGS

OLD MOSE, who sells eggs and chickens for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived, but he has the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers; hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of an old lady, who came out to the gate to make the purchases.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Mose?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I has. Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"I gua'ntees 'em. I knows dey am fresh."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum." He counts. "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You kin rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son comin on at de school? He mus' be mos' grown?"

"Yes, Uncle Mose; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so. Eighteen, an' gettin' a salary already! Eighteen" (counting), "nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-free, twenty-foah, twenty-five—

and how's yore gal comin' on? She was mos' growed up de las' time I see her."

"She's married and living in Dallas."

"Waal, I declar'! How de time scoots away! An' you say she has childruns? Why, how ole am de gal? She mus' be jess about——"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (counting) "Firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seben, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am so sing'ler that you has sich ole childruns. I can't believe you has gran'childruns. You don't look more den forty yeahs ole yerself."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old——"

"Fifty-three? I jess don't gwinter b'leeve hit. Fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty five, fifty-six—I want you to pay tenshun when I counts de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah—— Whew! Dis am a warm day! Dis am de time ob yeah when I feels I'ze gettin' ole myse'f. I ain't long fer dis world. You comes from an ole family. When yore fadder died he was sebenty yeahs ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine—and yore mudder? She was one ob de noblest-lookin' ladies I ebber see. You reminds me ob her so much. She libbed to mos' a hundred. I b'leeves she was done pass a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Mose; she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she warn't no chicken when she died. I know dat—ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight. Dey is one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen; and here am one moah egg in case I has discounted myse'f."

Ole Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward the lady said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. She steals. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them the day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there and heard ole Mose count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

ANON.

SHELTER

By the wide lake's margin I marked her lie—
The wide, weird lake where the alders sigh—
A young, fair thing with a shy, soft eye;
  And I deemed that her thoughts had flown
To her home and her brethren and sisters dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep mere
  All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
  And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet?
  Where hide till the storm pass by?
One glance—the wild glance of a hunted thing—
She cast behind her; she gave one spring;
And there followed a splash and a broadening ring
  On the lake where the alders sigh.

She had gone from the ken of ungentle men,
  Yet scarce did I mourn for that;
For I knew she was safe in her own home then,
And, the danger past, would appear again—
  For she was a water rat.

C. S. Calverley.

LORD DUNDREARY ON PROVERBS

[The mixed drawl, lisp, and affectation of my Lord must be reproduced fully. When so done the recitation will excite great amusement.]

A Fellah once told me that another fellah wote a book before he was born—I mean before the *first* fellah was born (of course the fellah who wote it must have been born, else, how could he have witten it?)—that is, a long time ago—to pwove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs are in the habit of quoting were all nonsense.

I should vewy much like to get that book. I—I think if

I could get it at one of those spherical—no—globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circular—yes, that's it—*circulating* libwawies (I knew it was *something* that went wound)—I think if I could just borrow that book from a circulating libwawy,—I'd—yes, upon my word now—I'd twy and wead it. A doothed good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always *did* hate pwoverbs In the first place they—they're so howwibly confusing—I—I always mix 'em up together somehow, when I twy to weckomember them. And besides, if evewy fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what a beathly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead!

I remoleckt—I mean wemember—when I was quite a little fellah in pinafores—and liked wasbewwy jam and—and a lot of howwid things for tea there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursewy at home They belonged to our old nurse—Sarah—I think—and she had em fwamed and glazed "Poor Wichard's," I think she called 'em and she used to say—poor deaw—that if evewy fellah attended to evewything Poor Wichard wote, that he'd get vewy wich, and l-live and die—happy ever after However it—it's vewy clear to me that—he couldn't have attended to them—*himself*, else, how did the fellah come to be called *Poor* Wichard? I—I hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwactice Of courth, if what he said wath twue, and he'd stuck to it he he'd have been called—Wich Wichard—Stop a minute how's that? Wich Wich-ard? Why that would have been *too* wich. Pwaps that's the weason he pwefeired being Poor How vewy wich!

But, as I was saying, these picture pwoverbs were all hung up in our nursewy, and a more uncomfortable set of makthims—you never wead For instance, there was

"BUY WHAT THOU HAST NO NEED OF, AND, ERE LONG, THOU WILT SELL THY NECESSAWIES"

"Buy what thou hast no need of?" Th that's a *vewy* nice sort of mowal makthim—*that!* Why, th-that's pwecisely what I *do* do I'm always buying something or other that I don't want. But I think Poor Wichard was *wong* after all—to tell a fellah to buy what he has no n-need of—and as for selling my *necessawies*—I I'm dashed if I'll do any-

thing of the kind—n-no—not for P-poor Wichard—nor—nor ANY OTHER MAN.

But there's one vewy nonthenthical pwoverb which says:

"A B-BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH."

Th-the man who invented th-at pwoverb must have been a b-born idiot. How the dooth can he t-tell the welative v-value of poultwy in that pwomithcuous manner? Suppothe I've got a wobbing wed bweast in my hand—(I nearly had the other morning, but he flew away—confound him!)—well, suppothe the two birds in the bush are a bwace of partwidges, you—you don't mean to t-tell me that that wobbin wed bweast would fetch as m-much as a bwace of partwidges? *Abthurd!* P-poor Wichard can't gammon me in that sort of way.

But the m-most widiculous makthim of all is:

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

Did you ever hear such nonsense? If there's one thing I hate to cawwy about with me it's th-coppers. Somehow or other—I never had but vewy few pence in my life—and those I—I gave away to one of t-those organ fellahs in the stweet. Ha! ha!—I suppose he bought m-monkeys or some howwid thing with it. I—I don't care. I only hope I shall never see any more b-beathly coppers again—howwid things! Fancy!—I had to put them in my pocket. I—I hate putting things in my pocket. Th-that's a sort of thing *no* fellah should do: it spoils the shape of one's clothes so. And then the muff says that the pounds will take care of themselves! I don't believe a word of it. Besides—I don't mind cawwying pounds. I mean pounds *thterling*, not pounds *weight*, of course—I rather like pounds. They—they'd be pwetty little things—if it wasn't for the change. But then a fellah can always give the change away if he likes.

Let me see: th-there's something more about money that Poor Wichard says. Oh, I wemember!

"IF YOU WOULD KNOW THE VALUE OF MONEY, TWY TO BOWWOW SOME."

By Jove!—yes—he—he's wite there—he's wite at last—Poor Wichard is.—(If he'd been *Wich* Wichard he wouldn't

have hit that off so well)—Yes—if you would know the value of money, twy to *bowwow* some. Vewy twue—and I'll tell you another thing: when you've found out how valuable it is—ha! ha!—NEVER LEND IT.
Th that's my makthim. ANON.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and child like,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,—
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour."
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

RUBINSTEIN'S PLAYING

"Jud, they say you have heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York?"

"I did, in the cool."

"Well, tell us all about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the biggest, catty-cornerdest pianner you ever laid your eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted and mighty well it was. If it hadn't, he'd a-tore the intire sides clean out, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-eedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to the man settin' next to me, s' I, 'What sort of fool-playin' is that?' And he says, 'Hush!' But presently his hands began chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar-squirrel turning the wheel of a candy-cage.

"'Now,' I says to my neighbour, 'he's a showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of some kind or other I'd——'

"But my neighbour says 'Hush,' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking away off in the woods, and callin' sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up, and I see that Rubin was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes,

and the next thing it was broad day: the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their throats; all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbour, 'That's music, that is.'

"But he glared at me like he'd cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of thick grey mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground, some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see music, especially when the bushes on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

"The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that ran ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—*I* never was, certain. I could see the boy just the same as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, over the wall, and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lift-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but never got a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did.

"Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up and there and then preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for—not a single thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't

understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my han'kerchief, and blowed my nose well to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a snivilin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But several glared at me as mad as mad. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He rip'd and he rar'd, he tip'd and he tar'd, and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head ready to look at any man in the face, and not afear'd of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all going on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks; he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt, sprang on to my seat, and jest hollered—

"'Go it, my Rube!'

"Every man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! Put him out!'

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month,' I says, 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!'

"With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would 'a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rube out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He hopt-light, ladies, and tiptoed fine from end to end of the key-bord. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end; and the angels went to prayers. . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweeten'd with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me.'

"He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he

shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her go. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, thro' the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he cross't over first gentleman, he cross't over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chasséd right and left, back to your places, all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled, twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-'leven thousand double bow knots.

"By jinks! It *was* a mixtery. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rock't—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, Hallelujah, Sampson in a simmon tree, Jerusalem, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-oodle-ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle-addle-riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle-p-r-r-r-lang! per lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r lang! Bang!

"With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary

key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi semi-quavers, and I know'd no mo'."

ANON.

GENTLE ALICE BROWN

(*From the "Bab" Ballads*)

IT was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputablelot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

Gentle Alice Brown

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find:
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks.
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But, oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word,
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know!
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighbourhood
Have nothing to confess they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who now was for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well:
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do,
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall,
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver, and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber the lieutenant of his band.

W. S. Gilbert.

By kind permission of the Author.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

The Height of the Ridiculous

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer!" I exclaimed;
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A FISHING ADVENTURE

(*From "Mr. Midshipman Easy"*)

JACK had been fishing in the river, without any success, for a whole morning, and observed a large pond which had the appearance of being well stocked. He cleared the park palings, and threw in his line. He had pulled up several fine fish, when he was accosted by the proprietor, accompanied by a couple of keepers.

"May I request the pleasure of your name, young gentleman?" said the proprietor to Jack.

Now Jack was always urbane and polite.

"Certainly, sir; my name is Easy, very much at your service."

"And you appear to me to be taking it very easy," replied the gentleman. "Pray, sir, may I inquire whether you are aware that you are trespassing?"

"The word trespass, my dear sir," replied Jack, "will admit of much argument, and I will divide it into three heads. It implies, according to the conventional meaning, coming without permission upon the land or property of another. Now, sir, the question may all be resolved in the following. Was not the world made for all? and has any one or any portion of its inhabitants, an exclusive right to claim any part of it as his property? If you please, I have laid down the proposition, and we will now argue the point."

The gentleman who accosted Jack had heard of Mr. Easy and his arguments; he was a humourist, and more inclined to laugh than to be angry; at the same time that he considered it necessary to show Jack that under existing circumstances they were not tenable.

"But, Mr. Easy, allowing the trespass on the property to be venial, surely you do not mean to say that you are justified in taking my fish; I bought the fish, and stocked the pond, and have fed them ever since. You cannot deny but that they are private property, and that to take them is a theft?"

"That will again admit of much ratiocination, my dear sir," replied Jack; "but—I beg your pardon, I have a fish." Jack pulled up a large carp, much to the indignation of the

keepers and to the amusement of their master, unhooked it, placed it in his basket, renewed his bait with the greatest *sang froid*, and then throwing in his line, resumed his discourse.

"As I was observing, my dear sir," continued Jack, "that will admit of much ratiocination. All the creatures of the earth were given to man for his use—man means mankind,—they were never intended to be made a monopoly of. Water is also the gift of heaven, and meant for the good of all. We now come to the question how far the fish are your property. If the fish only bred on purpose to please you, and make you a present of their stock, it might then require a different line of argument; but as in breeding they only acted in obedience to an instinct with which they are endowed on purpose that they may supply man, I submit to you, that you cannot prove these fish to be yours more than mine. As for feeding with the idea that they were your own, that is not an unusual case in this world, even when a man is giving bread and butter to his children. Further—but I have another bite—I beg your pardon, my dear sir—ah! he's off again——"

"Then, Mr. Easy, you mean to say that the world and its contents are made for all."

"Exactly, sir; that is my father's opinion, who is a very great philosopher."

"How then does your father account for some possessing property and others being without it?"

"Because those who are the strongest have deprived those who are weaker."

"But would not that be always the case, even if we were in that state of general inheritance which you have supposed? For instance, allowing two men to chase the same animal, and both to come up to it at the same time, would not the strongest bear it off?"

"I grant that, sir."

"Well, then, where is your equality?"

"That does not disprove that men were not intended to be equal; it only proves that they are not so. Neither does it disprove that everything was not made for the benefit of all; it only proves that the strong will take advantage of the weak; which is very natural."

"Oh! you grant that to be very natural. Well, Mr. Easy, I am glad to perceive that we are of one mind, and I

trust shall continue so. You'll observe that I and my keepers being three, we are the strong party in this instance, and admitting your argument that the fish are as much yours as mine, still I take advantage of my strength to repossess myself of them, which is, as you say, very natural. James, take those fish."

"If you please," interrupted Jack, "we will argue that point——"

"Not at all; I will act according to your own arguments—I have the fish, but I now mean to have more—that fishing-rod is as much mine as yours, and being the stronger party I will take possession of it. James, William, take that fishing-rod, it is ours."

"I presume you will first allow me to observe," replied Jack, "that although I have expressed my opinion that the earth and the animals on it were made for us all, that I never yet have asserted that what a man creates by himself, or has created for him for a consideration, is not his own property."

"I beg your pardon; the trees that that rod was made from were made for us all, and if you, or any one for you, have thought proper to make it into a rod, it is no more my fault than it is that I have been feeding the fish, with the supposition that they were my own. Everything being common, and it being but natural that the strong should take advantage of the weak, I must take that rod as my property, until I am dispossessed by one more powerful. Moreover, being the stronger party, and having possession of this land, which you say does not belong to me more than to you—I also shall direct my keepers to see you off this property. James take the rod– see Mr. Easy over the park palings. Mr. Easy, I wish you a good morning."

"Sir, I beg your pardon, you have not yet heard all my arguments," replied Jack, who did not approve of the conclusions drawn.

"I have no time to hear more, Mr. Easy; I wish you a good morning." And the proprietor departed, leaving Jack in company with the keepers.

"I'll trouble you for that rod, master," said William. James was very busy stringing the fish through the gills upon a piece of osier.

"At all events you will hear reason," said Jack. "I have arguments——"

"I never heard no good arguments in favour of poaching," interrupted the keeper.

"You're an insolent fellow," replied Jack. "It is by paying such vagabonds as you that people are able to be guilty of injustice."

"It's by paying us that the land ain't poached—and if there be some excuse for a poor devil who is out of work, there be none for you, who call yourself a gentleman."

"According to his 'count, as we be all equal, he be no more a gentleman than we be."

"Silence, you blackguard, I shall not condescend to argue with such as you; if I did I could prove that you are a set of base slaves who have just as much right to this property as your master or I have."

"As you have, I dare say, master."

"As I have, you scoundrel; the pond is as much my property, and so are the fish in it, as they are of your master, who has usurped the right."

"I say, James, what do you say, shall we put the young gentleman in possession of his property?" said William, winking to the other.

William took the hint; they seized Jack by the arms and legs, and soused him into the pond. Jack arose after a deep submersion, and floundered on shore, blowing and spluttering. But in the meantime the keepers had walked away, carrying with them the rod and line, fish, and tin can of bait, laughing loudly at the practical joke which they had played our hero.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

MRS. CAUDLE IN FRANCE

"I SUPPOSE, Mr. Caudle, you call yourself a man? I'm sure, such men should never have wives. If I could have thought it possible you'd have behaved as you have done—and I might, if I hadn't been a forgiving creature, for you've never been like anybody else—if I could only have thought it, you'd never have dragged me to foreign parts. Never! Well, I *did* say to myself, if he goes to France, perhaps he may catch a little politeness—but no: you began as Caudle, and as Caudle you'll end. I'm to be neglected through life,

now. Oh yes! I've quite given up all thoughts of anything but wretchedness—I've made up my mind to misery now. *You're glad of it?* Well, you must have a heart to say that. I declare to you, Caudle, as true as I'm an ill-used woman, if it wasn't for the dear children far away in blessed England—if it wasn't for them, I'd never go back with you. No: I'd leave you in this very place. Yes; I'd go into a convent; for a lady on board told me there was plenty of 'em here. I'd go and be a nun for the rest of my days, and—I see nothing to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; that you should be shaking the bed things up and down in that way.—But you always laugh at people's feelings; I wish you'd only some yourself. I'd be a nun, or a Sister of Charity. *Impossible?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know even now what I can be when my blood's up. You've trod upon the worm long enough; some day won't you be sorry for it?

"Now none of your profane cryings out! You needn't talk about Heaven in that way: I'm sure you're the last person who ought. What I say is this Your conduct at the Custom House was shameful—cruel! And in a foreign land too! But you brought me here that I might be insulted; you'd no other reason for dragging me from England. Ha! let me once get home, Mr. Caudle, and you may wear your tongue out before you get me into outlandish places again. *What have you done?* There now; that's where you're so aggravating. You behave worse than any Turk to me,—what? *You wish you were a Turk?* Well, I think that's a pretty wish before your lawful wife! Yes—a nice Turk you'd make, wouldn't you? Don't think it.

"*What have you done?* Well, it's a good thing I can't see you, for I'm sure you must blush. Done, indeed! Why, when the brutes searched my basket at the Custom House! *A regular thing, is it?* Then if you knew that, why did you bring me here? No man who respected his wife would, And you could stand by, and see that fellow with moustachios rummage my basket; and pull out my night-cap and rumple the borders, and—well! if you'd had the proper feelings of a husband, your blood would have boiled again. But no! There you stood looking as mild as butter at the man, and never said a word: not when he crumpled my nightcap—it went to my heart like a stab—crumpled it as if it was any duster. I dare say if it had been Miss Prettyman's nightcap—oh, I don't care about your groaning—if it had been her

nightcap, her hair-brush, her curl-papers, you'd have said something then. Oh, anybody with the spirit of a man would have spoken out if the fellow had had a thousand swords at his side.' Well, all I know is this: if I'd have married somebody I could name, he wouldn't have suffered me to be treated in that way, not he!

"Now, don't hope to go to sleep, Mr. Caudle, and think to silence me in that manner. I know your art, but it won't do. It wasn't enough that my basket was turned topsy-turvy, but before I knew it, they spun me into another room, and—*How could you help that?* You never tried to help it. No; although it was a foreign land, and I don't speak French—not but what I know a good deal more of it than some people who give themselves airs about it—though I don't speak their nasty gibberish, still you let them take me away, and never cared how I was ever to find you again. In a strange country too! But I've no doubt that that's what you wished; yes, you'd have been glad enough to have got rid of me in that cowardly manner. If I could only know your secret thoughts, Caudle, that's what you brought me here for, to lose me. And after the wife I've been to you!

"What are you crying out? *For mercy's sake?* Yes; a great deal you know about mercy! Else you'd never have suffered me to be twisted into that room. To be searched indeed! As if I'd anything smuggled about me. Well, I will say it; after the way in which I've been used, if you'd the proper feelings of a man, you wouldn't sleep again for six months. Well, I know there was nobody but women there; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm sure, if I'd been taken up for picking pockets, they couldn't have used me worse. To be treated so—and 'specially by one's own sex!—it's *that* that aggravates me.

"And that's all you can say? *What could you do?* Why, break open the door; I'm sure you must have heard my voice; you shall never make me believe you couldn't hear that. Whenever I shall sew the strings on again, I can't tell. If they didn't turn me out like a ship in a storm, I'm a sinner! And you laughed! *You didn't laugh?* Don't tell me; you laugh when you don't know anything about it; but I do.

"And a pretty place you have brought me to. A most respectable place I must say! Where the women walk about without any bonnets to their heads, and the fish-girls with their bare legs—well you don't catch me eating any fish while

I'm here. *Why not?* Why not,—do you think I'd encourage people of that sort?

"What do you say? *Good night?* It's no use your saying that—I can't go to sleep so soon as you can. Especially with a door that has such a lock as that to it. How do we know who may come in? What? *All the locks are bad in France?* The more shame for you to bring me to such a place, then. It only shows how you value me.

"Well, I dare say you are tired. *I* am! But then, see what I've gone through. Well, we won't quarrel in a barbarous country. We won't do that. Caudle, dear,—what's the French for lace? I know it, only I forget it. The French for lace, love? What! *Dentelle?* Now, you're not deceiving me? *You never deceived me yet?* Oh! don't say that. There isn't a married man in this blessed world can put his hand upon his heart in bed, and say that. French for lace, dear? Say it again. *Dentelle?* Ha! Dentelle! Good night, dear. Dentelle! Den-telle."

"I afterwards," writes Caudle, "found out to my cost wherefore she inquired about lace. For she went out in the morning with the landlady to buy a veil, giving only four pounds for what she could have bought in England for forty shillings!"

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

(*From "Ingoldsby Legends"*)

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about:

Here and there like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, and dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, he perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The brawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more a napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and no end of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out

The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,--they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in, and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of evil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise to no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;—
His pinions drooped--he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The Jackdaw of Rheims

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower, he limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
When the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard, that poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat; in addition to that
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about with a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw would give a great "Caw,"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, his merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

R. H. BARHAM.

The Humorous Reciter

A TALE OF WONDER

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman who lived in a village not far off, and who went to market to buy a sack of beans. Now, she had to walk back ten miles over a dreary common; a long step at most times, but a terrible pull when one has a sack of beans on one's back. It was night before she got halfway, and the moon was hid, and the snow was falling, and the old woman was ready to drop; she was tired and hungry, so she was right glad when she came to a house, which, though an ugly-looking place at the best, she thought quite good enough for her to rest in.

She took out a penny, and asked for a bed, and the woman of the house let her go into the loft, where she slept on her sack of beans.

Now, the house belonged to thieves; and this was one of their wives who let the woman in with her sack.

But, though the old woman was so tired, she could not sleep, but lay tossing about on her straw quite uneasy; presently she saw a light in the room below, and two men, each with a knife and a lantern.

And she felt desperately frightened, as you may fancy, for she thought they might want to murder her, and then eat her; which was often done in those days, when there were a great many ogres and giants.

Well, the two men with the knives went on till they came to a bed where a gentleman was sleeping, who had been overtaken like the old woman, and who had got with him a large portmanteau; there he lay as sound as possible, snoring away in a manner quite pleasant to hear. As soon as the two rogues saw how fast asleep he was, the biggest took hold of his legs, and the little one took out his knife, and cut the gentleman's throat—*slick!* at one gash.

As soon as they had stuck him they left him there all bloody, took the portmanteau, and went away again downstairs. The old woman with the sack became mighty uneasy, thinking that it was to be her turn next, and that it was all over with her for certain; whereas Heaven had sent her there on purpose to detect and punish these wicked men. As soon as they got downstairs, the woman must have told them of the poor old creature in the loft, for presently up they came again, knives and lanterns and all.

The poor old body was terribly frightened, as you may think, especially when the big man took hold of her legs (as he had done below-stairs), and the little one came up to her head, with his lantern and his long knife.

However, she did not move a muscle, only she snored to make believe she was asleep.

"Let's leave her," says the big man, "she's asleep and can tell no tales."

"Let's *kill* her," says the little man, "she'll do to feed the pigs!"

All this while the old woman lay as still as a stone; and at last, as they did not suspect that she was awake, they let her off, and went downstairs. So she escaped like a brave old woman as she was. She saw them wrap up the dead man below in his sheet and carry him to the court yard, presently they called the pigs, and up they came, grunting, and sniffing round the trough, which was the coffin that these wicked monsters gave the poor murdered gentleman.

You may suppose that she did not sleep much that night, but the next morning, as soon as it was light, she thanked the woman of the house, took up her sack, and set off home as though nothing had happened, trudging over the common as fast as her poor legs would carry her, though that was not very fast, she trembled so. Now, the little man (he that had stuck the gentleman) suspected that all was not right, and he followed her, and came up with her before she had got a mile on the road. As soon as she saw him coming, the bold old lady puts down her sack, and sits waiting for him on a stone.

"What's the matter, missus?" says he.

"Why, my sack is heavy, and my old legs is rather weak; I wish some honest man would give me an arm, and help me on my road a bit."

So the little fellow gave her his arm, and there they went across the common, talking about beans, and the weather, and what not, as if they had been two angels. He saw her almost home, and you may be sure that when she got there she fell down on her knees and said her prayers— as well she might, after getting off so well.

While she was in the middle of her prayers, in comes her husband, and as soon as she'd done, he asked for a bit of bacon and some of the beans. So she cut a large piece,

and plenty of beans. While it was boiling she told her husband of all she had seen the night before.

"I must go to the Justice," says she, "and tell him the whole story."

"Go to the Justice?—go to the devil!" says he. "As for the gentleman, it is all over with him now, and some of these rogues' comrades will kill us if we peach."

With that he stuck his fork into the saucepan to catch hold of a bit of the bacon. Well, as sure as I'm sitting here, instead of pulling out a bit of pork, what does he find at the end of his fork but a man's head!

"It's the gentleman's head!" says the wife.

"But what can we do?" says the husband, who was rather flustered.

"You can revenge me," says the head. "Last night I was wickedly murdered, and eaten by pigs, as your wife can swear to. I shall have no rest until I see those robbers at the gallows; and what's more, I'll never leave you till then!"

So the farmer told the Justice, and the thieves were hanged, and all the pigs drowned who had eaten the gentleman's body.

"And the head?"

Why, it was buried in the field where the farmer sowed the beans, and there were never such crops known as came from that field.

"And the brave old woman?"

Why, though she was seventy years old, she had a son, and lived happy ever after.

THACKERAY.

HANDY ANDY'S LITTLE MISTAKES

(Adapted)

ANDY was a fellow who had the most singular knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends; so the nickname the neighbours stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

When Andy grew up to be what is called "a brave lump

of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs, that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out, or afore he wint in;" and after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest crayther alive—and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.

"Throth, an' your honour, that's just it—if your honour would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honour."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.

"Oh no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother; while the miller, who was standing behind the squire, waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what we can do."

"May the Lord——"

"That'll do—there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and——"

"Will you go?"

"And may the angels make your honour's bed this blessed night, I pray."

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right-about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

One morning Andy came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who had just risen.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh, Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot water, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what on earth brings that enormous tin can here? You might as well bring the stable bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honour, says there's not so much hot water ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hand?"

"Yes, sir; but that's not nigh the full o' the stable bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

And Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said—

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure you *towld* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

The first time Andy was admitted into the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him to give him some instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge

"Well," said Andy, after a long pause, "hang me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!"

Andy had one day the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda water at a dinner party

"Sir?" said Andy

"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table

Andy went to the butler "Mr Morgan, there's a gintleman——"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr Morgan

Andy moved round him a little longer, and again said—

"Mr Morgan!"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be? Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants"

"Well, go and ax him," said Mr Morgan

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir"

"Well," said the gentleman

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what's this you axed me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water, but perhaps you haven't any"

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and supposing he was not understood, said, "Never mind"

But Andy was too anxious to please to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr Morgan

"Sir," said he

"Bad luck to you!—can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"

"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-water, you mane You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"No, stupid! in the bottles."

Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale

"No, bad luck to you!—the little bottles.'

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say," said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck—everywhere"

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure them's what I said, with no bottoms to them How'll I open it?—it's tied down.'

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the cut, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the cork, which, flying the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table; while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length, every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!—" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh Lord! it's all gone!'

Great was the commotion; few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water The extinguished candles were re lighted—the squire got his eye open again and the next time he saw the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but within the same instant resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the dining-room in disgrace, and for days kept out of the master's and mistress's way; in the meantime the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water,"

Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other for months after

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, who carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery, Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze"

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered inquisitive, so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster

"What's that to you?" said Andy

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions"

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked, but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple"

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger"

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy, "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before"

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire unless I know you're his servant Is there any one in this town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the post-master that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage"

"Not me! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letther for fourpence this minnit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now: here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why on earth didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you idiot, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter: so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the man's pleasure to give him the one directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes, from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying—

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, I brought your honour the worth o' your money anyhow!"

Samuel Lover.

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR

The Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair
The Rector, and curates two, were there,
The Doctor, the Squire, the heads of the choir,
And the gentry around of high degree,
A highly distinguished company,
For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See!
And there, below,
A goodly show,
Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
Sat the dear little school children, row upon row,
For the Bishop had said ('twas the death blow to schism)
He would hear those dear children their Catechism

I think I have read,
Or at least heard it said
"Boys are always in mischief, unless they're in bed."

I put it to you,
I don't say it's true,
But if you should ask for my own private view,
I should answer at once, without further ado,
"I don't think a boy can be trusted to keep
From mischief in bed— unless he's asleep!"

But the Schoolmaster's eye hath a magic spell,
And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
For boys, and the girls—but 'tis needless to say
Their conduct was perfect in every way,
For I'm sure 'tis well known in all ranks of society,
That girls always behave with the utmost propriety.

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand,
And the children prepared for his questions stand;
With dignified mien and solemn look
He slowly opened his ponderous book,
And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
Of those nice little children standing by

The Bishop and the Caterpillar

Each child knew its name
And who gave it the same,
And all the rest of the questions profound
Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
They knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
And the number of pence which make up a pound;
And the oceans and seas which our island bound;
That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round;
Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
And the Bishop at last, completely astound—ed,—cried:
"You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
You've spelled knife with a 'k,' and wrong with a 'w.'

"And now that my pleasing task's at an end,
I trust you will make of me a friend:
You've answered my questions, and 'tis but fair
That I in replying should take a share;
So if there is aught you would like to know,
Pray ask me about it before I go.

"I'm sure it would give me the greatest pleasure
To add to your knowledge, for learning's a treasure
Which you never can lose and which no one can steal;
It grows by imparting, so do not feel
Afraid or shy,
But boldly try,
Which is the cleverer, you or I!"

Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,
His lordship made of his speech an ending,
And a murmur went round, "How condescending!"
But one bright little boy didn't care a jot
If his Lordship were condescending or not;
For, with scarce a pause
For the sounds of applause,
He raised his head,
And abruptly said:
"How many legs has a caterpillar got?"

Now the Bishop was a learned man—
Bishops always were since the race began—
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine;

And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number, were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six—
So he felt in a pretty consid'rable fix!

But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied:
"The caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy!
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief."
Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely know."

But the Rector gravely shook his head,
He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain:
"The caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free,
And it eats and eats, and it grows and grows,
(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows)."
But the Schoolmaster said that that kind of knowledge
Was not the sort he had learned at college.

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon
It spins for itself a soft cocoon,
And then it becomes a chrysalis—
I wonder which child can spell me this.
'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—
(Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell)."
But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her grey curls
"She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!
And the Bishop began to get into a fright,
His face grew red—it was formerly white—
And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;
So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,
And stop all the people you chance to meet,

I don't care who,
Any one will do;
The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
Or respectable people who deal at the shops;
The crossing sweeper, the organ-grinder,
Or the fortune-teller if you can find her.
Ask any or all,
Short or tall,
Great or small, it matters not—
How many legs has a caterpillar got?"
The Beadle bowed and was off like a shot.

"The caterpillar is doomed to sleep
For months a slumber long and deep,
Brown and dead
It looks, 'tis said,
It never even requires to be fed;
And except that sometimes it wraggles its head,
Your utmost efforts would surely fail
To distinguish the creature's head from its tail!

"But one morning in spring,
When birds loudly sing,
And the earth is gay with blossoming;
When the violets blue
Are wet with dew,
And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue;
"When on all is seen
The brightest sheen
When the daisies are white, and the grass is green;
Then the chrysalis breaks,
The insect awakes,
To the realms of air its way it takes;
It did not die,
It soars on high,
A bright and a beauteous butterfly!"
Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye;
The Beadle was quietly standing by,
And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
Whispered, softly and sadly, "Nobody knows!"
The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
But to make the best of it he was fain:

So he added, "Dear children, we ever should be
Prepared to learn from all we see,
And the beautiful thoughts of home and joy
Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy.
Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
To know the exact allotted share
Of legs the creature possessed at its birth,
When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth
Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
Your answers so far have pleased me well."
Then he looked around with benignant eye,
Nor long did he wait for the reply,
For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
Said "Six, for I counted 'em yesterday!"

ANON.

By kind permission of "The Boy's Own Paper."

A CHARADE

SIKES, housebreaker, of Houndsditch,
  Habitually swore;
But so surpassingly profane
  He never was before,
As on a night in winter,
  When—softly as he stole
In the dim light from stair to stair,
Noiseless as boys who in her lair
Seek to surprise a fat old hare—
He barked his shinbone, unaware
  Encountering *my whole*.

As pours the Anio plainward,
  When rains have swollen the dykes,
So, with such noise, poured down *my first*
  Stirred by the shin of Sikes.
The Butler Bibulus heard it;
  And straightway ceased to snore,
And sat up, like an egg on end,
  While men might count a score:

A Charade

Then spake he to Tigerius,
  A Buttons bold was he:
"Buttons, I think there's thieves about;
  Just strike a light and tumble out;
If you can't find one go without,
  And see what you may see."

But now was all the household,
  Almost, upon its legs,
Each treading carefully about
  As if they trod on eggs.
With robe far-streaming issued
  Paterfamilias forth;
And close behind him,—stout and true
  And tender as the North,—
Came Mrs. P., supporting
  On her broad arm her fourth.

Betsy the nurse, who never
  From largest beetle ran,
And—conscious p'raps of pleasing caps—
  The housemaids, formed the van:
And Bibulus the butler,
  His calm brows slightly arched;
(No mortal wight had ere that night
  Seen him with shirt unstarched;)
And Bob the shockhaired knifeboy,
  Wielding two Sheffield blades,
And James Plush of the sinewy legs,
  The love of lady's maids:
And charwoman and chaplain
  Stood mingled in a mass,
And "Things," thought he of Houndsditch,
  "Is come to a pretty pass."

Beyond all things a baby
  Is to the schoolgirl dear;
Next to herself the nursemaid loves
  Her dashing grenadier;
Only with life the sailor
  Parts from the British flag;
While one hope lingers, the cracksman's fingers
  Drop not his hard-earned swag.

But, as hares do *my second*
Thro' green Calabria's copses,
As females vanish at the sight
Of short-horns and of wopses;
So, dropping forks and teaspoons,
The pride of Houndsditch fled,
Dumbfoundered by the hue and cry
He'd raised up overhead

. . . .

They gave him—did the judges—
As much as was his due
And, Saxon, shouldst thou e'er be led
To deem this tale untrue,
Then any night in winter,
When the cold north wind blows,
And bairns are told to keep out cold
By tallowing the nose
When round the fire the elders
Are gathered in a bunch,
And the girls are doing crochet,
And the boys are reading Punch.—
Go thou and look in Leech's book;
There haply shalt thou spy
A stout man on a staircase stand,
With aspect anything but bland
And rub his right shin with his hand
To witness if I lie

C S CALVERLEY

THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK

Serjeant Buzfuz Call Elizabeth Cluppins.
Crier Elizabeth Muffins

MRS CLUPPINS *enters the witness box*

Buzfuz — Mrs Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am.

MRS. CLUPPINS *sobs with increased vehemence*

Buzfuz —Do you recollect, Mrs Cluppins—do you recollect being in Mrs Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on

one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's Apartment?

Mrs. Cluppins.—Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

Buzfuz.—Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?

Mrs. Cluppins.—Yes, it were, sir.

Judge.—What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

Mrs. Cluppins.—My lord and jury, I will not deceive you——

Judge.—You had better not, ma'am.

Mrs. Cluppins.—I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties—which was three pound tuppense ha penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

Judge.—On the what?

Snubbin.—Partly open, my lord

Judge.—She said on the jar

Snubbin.—It's all the same, my lord.

Mrs. Cluppins.—I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and——

Buzfuz.—And you listened, I believe, Mrs Cluppins?

Mrs. Cluppins. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

Buzfuz.—Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

Mrs. Cluppins.—Yes, it were, sir.

Buzfuz.—Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

Mrs. Cluppins.—I heard Mr Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

Buzfuz.—Yes, yes, I know; but what did you hear him say?

Mrs. Cluppins.—Mr Pickwick said, my lord and jury, that when they married it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

Buzfuz.—Well, what next?

Mrs. Cluppins.—He said she would have a lively companion, who'd teach her more tricks in a week than she would learn in a year.

Buzfuz.—What more did you hear.

Mrs. Cluppins.—My lord and jury, I heard the sound of kissing, and I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gentlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck and he called her a good creature.

Buzfuz.—That will do You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

Snubbin.—I shall not cross-examine this witness, for Mr. Pickwick wishes it to be distinctly stated that it is due to her to say that her account is in substance correct.

Buzfuz.—Call Nathaniel Winkle.

Crier.—Nathaniel Winkle!

Winkle.—Here (*Bows to the Judge.*)

Judge.—Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

Buzfuz.—Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

Winkle.—Winkle.

Judge.—What's your Christian name, sir?

Winkle.—Nathaniel, sir.

Judge.—Daniel,—any other name?

Winkle.—Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean.

Judge.—Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?

Winkle—No, my lord; only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all.

Judge.—What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir?

Winkle.—I didn't, my lord

Judge.—You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?

Buzfuz.—Mr Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

Judge.—You had better be careful, sir.

Buzfuz.—Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

Winkle.—I have known Mr Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly——

Buzfuz.—Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

Winkle.—I was just about to say that——

Buzfuz.—Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

Judge.—If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

Buzfuz.—Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

Winkle.—Yes, I am.

Buzfuz.—Yes, you are. And why couldn't you have said so at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too; eh, Mr. Winkle?

Winkle.—I don t know her. I've seen her.

Buzfuz.—Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle

Winkle.—I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell Street.

Buzfuz.—How often have you seen her, sir?

Winkle.—How often?

Buzfuz.—Yes, Mr Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

Winkle.—It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell

Buzfuz.—Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

Winkle.—Certainly! more than that

Buzfuz.—Have you seen her a hundred times?

Winkle.—No, I think not.

Buzfuz.—Will you swear you have not seen her more than fifty times?

Winkle.—I think not

Buzfuz – Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

Winkle.—I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

Judge.—You had better take care of yourself, sir.

Buzfuz. —Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house, in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

Winkle.—Yes, I do.

Buzfuz.—Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?

Winkle.—Yes, I was.

Buzfuz.—Are they here?

Winkle.—Yes, they are (*Looks at his friends.*)

Buzfuz.—Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later.

Winkle.—The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

Buzfuz.—Did you hear the defendant say anything?

Winkle.—I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come; or words to that effect.

Buzfuz.—Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question: "My Dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to *that* effect?

Winkle.—I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is——

Buzfuz.—The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle; which, I fear, would be of little service to honest straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?

Winkle.—No, I will not.

Snubbin (*stands up*).—I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?

Winkle.—Oh no; old enough to be my father.

Snubbin.—You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?

Winkle.—Oh no; certainly not.

Snubbin.—I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?

Winkle.—Oh, no; certainly not.

Snubbin.—Has his behaviour, when females have been in

the case, always been that of a man who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them as a father might his daughters?

Winkle.—Not the least doubt of it. That is—yes—oh yes—certainly.

Snubbin.—You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?

Winkle.—N—n —no, except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt might be easily explained.

Snubbin.—You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

Buzfuz.—Call Samuel Weller.

MR. WELLER *steps into the box.*

Judge.—What's your name, sir?

Sam.— Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge.—Do you spell it with a V, or a W?

Sam.—That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a V.

Weller, senior (*from the audience*) —Quite right, too, Samivel. Put it down a "We," my lord; put it down a "We."

Judge.—Who is that who dares address the Court? Crier!

Crier.—Yes, my lord.

Judge.—Bring that person here instantly.

Crier. Yes, my lord.

Judge.—Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam. —I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

Judge — Do you see him here now?

Sam. (*looking up to the ceiling*) No, I don't, my lord.

Judge.—If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

Sam.—Thank ye, my lord.

Buzfuz.—Now, Mr Weller.

Sam.—Now, sir.

Buzfuz.—I believe you are in the service of Mr Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam.—I mean to speak up, sir I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is.

Buzfuz.—Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?

Sam.—Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge.—You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it's not evidence.

Sam.—Wery good, my lord.

Buzfuz.—Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr Weller?

Sam.—Yes, I do, sir

Buzfuz.—Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam.—I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days.

Judge.—You had better be careful, sir

Sam.—So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—wery careful indeed, my lord

The JUDGE *looks sternly at* SAM *and motions* BUZFUZ *to proceed.*

Buzfuz.—Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam.—Certainly not; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buzfuz.—Now, attend, Mr Weller You were in the passage and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam.—Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'rhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes* you see, my wision's limited.

Buzfuz.—Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please,

Sam.—If you please, sir.

Buzfuz.—Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?

Sam.—Oh yes, wery well.

Buzfuz.—Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller; I thought we should get at something at last.

Sam.—I rayther thought that, too, sir.

Buzfuz.—Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?

Sam.—I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial.

Buzfuz.—Oh, you did get a-talking about the trial. Now, what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?

Sam.—With all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant observations from the wirtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' over there.

Buzfuz.—The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam.—Yes; they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

Buzfuz.—It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

Sam.—Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?

Snubbin.—Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you. I have no objection to admit, my lord, if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property.

Buzfuz.—Very well. Then that's my case, my lud.

Snubbin.—In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Phunky, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

Judge.—Serjeant Phunky should have been here. I cannot postpone my summing up on that account. Gentlemen of the jury! if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't, you won't. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff with such damages as you think proper; and if on the other hand it appears to you that

no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant with no damages at all.

Crier.—Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?

Foreman.—We are.

Crier.—Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

Foreman.—For the plaintiff.

Crier.—With what damages, gentlemen?

Foreman.—£750.

Mr. Weller, senior.—Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy waren't there a alleybi?

DICKENS.

By kind permission of
Messrs Chapman & Hall.

THE GREY PARROT

INTRODUCTION

[Gannett, chief engineer of the steamship *Curlew*, on the eve of a fresh voyage, takes home to his young wife a parrot, gifted with fluent and strong language, and gravely assures her that it is a magic bird, and will tell him all that she does in his absence. Meantime he arranges, in his jealous anxiety, that her landlady shall report to him on his return, when he intends to pass off the bird as his informant. Mrs. Gannett's friend, Mrs. Cluffins, hearing the wife's story, takes the matter in hand, persuades her to sell the parrot, and arranges with her a counterplot. We take up the thread of this at the moment of the husband's return.]

A FOUR-WHEELER drove up to the door, and the engineer, darting upstairs three steps at a time, dropped an armful of parcels on the floor, and caught his wife in an embrace which would have done credit to a bear. Mrs. Gannett, for reasons of which lack of muscle was only one, responded less ardently.

"Ha, it's good to be home again," said Gannett, sinking into an easy-chair and pulling his wife on his knee. "And how have you been? Lonely?"

"I got used to it," said Mrs. Gannett softly.

The engineer coughed. "You had the parrot," he remarked.

"Yes, I had the magic parrot," said Mrs. Gannett.

"How's it getting on?" said her husband, looking round. "Where is it?"

"Part of it is on the mantelpiece," said Mrs. Gannett, trying to speak calmly, "part of it is in a bonnet-box upstairs, some of it's in my pocket, and here is the remainder."

She fumbled in her pocket and placed in his hand a cheap two-bladed clasp knife.

"On the mantelpiece!" repeated the engineer, staring at the knife; "in a bonnet-box!"

"Those blue vases," said his wife.

Mr. Gannett put his hand to his head. If he had heard aright one parrot had changed into a pair of vases, a bonnet, and a knife. A magic bird with a vengeance.

"I sold it," said Mrs. Gannett suddenly.

The engineer's knee stiffened inhospitably, and his arm dropped from his wife's waist. She rose quietly and took a chair opposite.

"Sold it!" said Mr. Gannett in awful tones. "Sold my parrot!"

"I didn't like it, Jem," said his wife. "I didn't want that bird watching me, and I did want the vases, and the bonnet, and the little present for you"

Mr. Gannett pitched the little present to the other end of the room.

"You see it mightn't have told the truth, Jem," continued Mrs. Gannett. "It might have told all sorts of lies about me, and made no end of mischief."

"It couldn't lie," shouted the engineer passionately, rising from his chair and pacing the room. "It's your guilty conscience that's made a coward of you How dare you sell my parrot?"

"Because it wasn't truthful, Jem,' said his wife, who was somewhat pale.

"If you were half as truthful you'd do," vociferated the engineer, standing over her, "you, you deceitful woman."

Mrs. Gannett fumbled in her pocket again, and producing a small handkerchief applied it delicately to her eyes.

"I—I got rid of it for your sake," she stammered. "It used to tell such lies about you. I couldn't bear to listen to it."

"About *me*!" said Mr. Gannett, sinking into his seat and staring at his wife with very natural amazement. "Tell lies about *me*! Nonsense! How could it?"

"I suppose it could tell me about you as easily as it could tell you about me?" said Mrs. Gannett. "There was more magic in that bird than you thought, Jem. It used to say shocking things about you. I couldn't bear it."

"Do you think you're talking to a child or a fool?" demanded the engineer.

Mrs. Gannett shook her head feebly. She still kept the handkerchief to her eyes, but allowed a portion to drop over her mouth.

"I should like to hear some of the stories it told about me—if you can remember them," said the engineer with bitter sarcasm.

"The first lie," said Mrs. Gannett in a feeble but ready voice, "was about the time you were at Genoa. The parrot said you were at some concert gardens at the upper end of the town."

One moist eye coming mildly from behind the handkerchief saw the engineer stiffen suddenly in his chair.

"I don't suppose there even is such a place," she continued.

"I—b'leve—there—is," said her husband jerkily. "I've heard—our chaps—talk of it."

"But you haven't been there?" said his wife anxiously.

"*Never!*" said the engineer with extraordinary vehemence.

"That wicked bird said that you got intoxicated there," said Mrs. Gannett in solemn accents, "that you smashed a little marble-topped table and knocked down two waiters, and that if it hadn't been for the captain of the *Pursuit*, who was in there and who got you away, you'd have been locked up. Wasn't it a wicked bird?"

"Horrible!" said the engineer huskily.

"I don't suppose there ever was a ship called the *Pursuit*," continued Mrs. Gannett.

"Doesn't sound like a ship's name," murmured Mr. Gannett.

"Well, then, a few days later it said the *Curlew* was at Naples."

"I never went ashore all the time we were at Naples," remarked the engineer casually.

"The parrot said you did," said Mrs. Gannett.

"I suppose you'll believe your own lawful husband before that damned bird?" shouted Gannett, starting up.

The Grey Parrot

"Of course I didn't believe it, Jem," said his wife. "I'm trying to prove to you that the bird was not truthful, but you're so hard to persuade."

Mr. Gannett took a pipe from his pocket, and with a small knife dug with much severity and determination a hardened plug from the bowl, and blew noisily through the stem.

"There was a girl kept a fruit-stall just by the harbour," said Mrs. Gannett, "and on this evening, on the strength of having bought three-pennyworth of green figs, you put your arm round her waist and tried to kiss her, and her sweet heart, who was standing close by, tried to stab you. The parrot said that you were in such a state of terror that you jumped into the harbour and were nearly drowned."

Mr. Gannett having loaded his pipe lit it slowly and carefully, and with tidy precision got up and deposited the match in the fireplace.

"It used to frighten me so with its stories that I hardly knew what to do with myself," continued Mrs. Gannett. "When you were at Suez——"

The engineer waved his hand imperiously.

"That's enough," he said stiffly.

"I'm sure I don't want to have to repeat what it told me about Suez," said his wife. "I thought you'd like to hear it, that's all."

"Not at all," said the engineer, puffing at his pipe. "Not at all."

"But you see why I got rid of the bird, don't you?" said Mrs. Gannett. "If it had told you untruths about me, *you* would have believed them, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Gannett took his pipe from his mouth and took his wife in his extended arms. "No, my dear," he said brokenly, "no more than you believe all this stuff about me."

"And I did quite right to sell it, didn't I, Jem?"

"Quite right," said Mr. Gannett with a great assumption of heartiness. "Best thing to do with it."

"You haven't heard the worst yet," said Mrs. Gannett. "When you were at Suez——"

Mr. Gannett consigned Suez to its only rival, and thumping the table with his clenched fist, forbade his wife to mention the word again, and desired her to prepare supper.

W. W. Jacobs.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY

THE baby was arrayed in its most ornamental dress, the cutest little stockings and dots of white shoes, that she insisted on kicking off every two minutes, as they interfered with the very necessary process of getting her toes into her mouth.

We were ushered into a gorgeous room, with piano and bay window, and paintings and photographs in profusion. This is the bait. The bare hook is the operating room. A person is posed among sections of scene painting, part of a fence, ragged curtains, some canvas rock-work, and the tall gaunt iron head-rest, standing like a metallic spectre waiting for the back of the victim's skull. He thinks with horror—"Is that acid-stained fiend going to take me among this pile of refuse?" But when the picture is finished there he stands in a most luxurious apartment, with a lovely glimpse of scenery beyond. The photographer is a magician in the realm of Sham. He pulls a screen here, a piece of dilapidated wood-work there, fixes some blue shades, and stands back to see the effect of light. "Chin a little higher, please. Ah, that's just it; that foot a little farther back—so. Keep your eyes fixed on the corner of the camera; wink as often as you please." And thus it goes.

Oh yes, the baby. I had almost forgotten her. Was the baby ready?

"Of course," said I, "just bring her in, my dear."

"Now you know the baby is *not* ready," said Mrs. Sharp, with a reproving glance at me. I couldn't see why she wasn't, nor could I see what improvement all the fixing-up made, but I was afterwards informed that she would have "looked a fright" if she had been taken as she arrived.

The baby was placed on a sort of angled chair, while her mother's hand supported her from behind a curtain. She looked wonderingly round at the strange surroundings, and the little lip began to quiver, until the reassuring voice of the mother told her that she was not alone in an unknown world. Then she saw her "Pop," and laughed. She always sees something funny about me.

The photographer ran the camera with its glaring eye up

towards the child, and nearly scared her out of her wits, until our soothings brought back the blue sky again.

"Now!" said the chief operator, and the secondary fiend came out of the dark necromancing chamber with the slides covered in a black cloth, and placed one in the camera, and the other over it. The original Black Crook placed his hand on the brass noggle of his conjuring box, while his familiar jingled a bell. The baby looked at the bell; off came the noggle. One! two! thr——

She turned towards me and smiled.

One plate gone; the noggle goes over the glaring eye again.

"Please stand beside him," said the chief to me, nodding towards his assistant.

I stood beside the bell-man, and clucked at the baby. She looked on me as some mild sort of lunatic, but she looked approvingly, and all the while the silver bell tinkled. One, two, three, four——

The baby gave a crow, and turned round to see if its mother was there. She was there, but plate number two had gone to join the first one.

While the demons were consulting in their den of darkness, fixing a new plate, the baby was shaken up a bit and told to be good. All ready. I got down on my hands and knees, and made faces that astonished the child.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—all right!"

The baby was photographed.

ROBERT BARR.

PARIS AND HELEN

As the youthful Paris presses
  Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
  Close and ever closer prest.

"Let me," said he, "quaff the nectar,
  Which thy lips of ruby yield;
Glory I can leave to Hector,
  Gathered in the tented field.

"Let me ever gaze upon thee,
Look into thine eyes so deep,
With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I'll keep

"Oh, my Helen, thou bright wonder,
Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blest like me

"How mine eyes so fondly linger
On thy soft and pearly skin,
Scan each round and rosy finger,
Drinking draughts of beauty in

"Tell me, whence thy beauty, fairest?
Whence thy cheek's enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

Thus he spoke, with heart that panted,
Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted,
While his Helen thus replied

"Be no discord, love, between us,
If I not the secret tell!
'Twas a gift I had of Venus,—
Venus who has loved me well.

"And she told me as she gave it,
'Let not e'er the charm be known;
O'er thy person freely lave it,
Only when thou art alone.'

"'Tis enclosed in yonder casket—
Here behold its golden key;
But its name—love, do not ask it,
Tell't I may not, even to thee!"

Long with love and kiss he plied her;
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped to sleep.

Soon was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris, rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow.

Then, her heedless fingers oping,
Takes the key and steals away,
To the ebon table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay;

Eagerly the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
PEARS' LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSES,
Cakes of his TRANSPARENT SOAP!

BON GAULTIER.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A WELL there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

'I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why"

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lecture

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church!"

Southey.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE

So you've come home at last, Mr. Caudle: pretty time of night to come to bed. Faugh! that filthy tobacco smoke! You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it! You don't smoke yourself? If you go among people who do smoke, you're just as bad. No! I sha'n't go to sleep, like a good soul! How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated? If you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve—going and lending your money like a fool, and spending I don't know how much more!

I wonder who'd lend *you* five pounds, Mr. Caudle? Eh? You can be very liberal, to everybody but those belonging to you. I've wanted a new gown these three years; and all the girls want bonnets. Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow—she wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. The man called for the water-rate to-day, and next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I did think you might have gone to the seaside this summer; but what do you care for your family? Nothing! so you can squander away five pounds on some of your brother masons, as you call them!

Nonsense! don't tell me you only spent eighteenpence! and if it was only that, do you know what fifty-two eighteenpences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? A pretty name you'll get in the neighbourhood, and a nice face you'll get in a very little time—your nose is getting red already!

You don't see it? No, I daresay not; but I see it! I see

a great many things that you don't. In a little time you'll have a face, all over, as if it was made of red currant jam. And now, I suppose, you'll be going to public dinners every day! and of course you'll be out every night. I knew what it would come to, when you were made a mason. "Brother" Caudle! huh!—when you were once made a brother, as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be—a brother, indeed! What would you say if I was to go, and be made *a sister?* why, I know very well the house wouldn't hold you!

Now, now, be still, Caudle. Don't let's quarrel: I want to know all you've been doing to-night. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered you to be made a mason of, if I wasn't to know the secret *too?* A pack of nonsense, I daresay; still I *should* like to know. There's a dear! Eh? Just tell me a little bit of it. Come, there's a good creature! I'm sure I wouldn't refuse you anything. I only wish I had a secret, I should be miserable to keep it to myself. Now, Caudle! you'll tell your own Margaret? There's a love! What, you won't? Oh, you're a wretch, Mr. Caudle!

But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together! That's all! that's the secret! But it isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight that a man pays to his wife, when he keeps something to himself that he won't let *her* know. Man and wife one indeed! I should like to know how that can be, when a man's a mason! Caudle, you sha'n't close your eyes for a week, unless you tell me some of it. Caudle! do, my love! Dearest, I say! Ugh! you're enough to vex a saint!

What do you say? Eh! I'd better get up, and sew on your shirt buttons? Well, it's a pity you haven't worse to complain of than a button off your shirt; and it's my belief that you pulled it off that you might have something to talk about! Oh, you're aggravating enough. I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. But I know what I'll do for the future,—every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to them. Oh, indeed! you'll get somebody else to sew them! That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! No, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad, and that's worse! I can't even do so much as speak of a shirt-

button; but I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a stone, you have! But there's one comfort—it can't last long. I'm worried to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha! you may laugh! and I daresay you would laugh! We shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then, but I hope you'll never have a blessed button to your back!

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. It's a good thing I'm not so worrying as you are, or a nice house there'd be between us! The wife that I've been to you! Sitting up till the middle of the night—seeing all sorts of things in the fire; while you are laughing and singing at your club, and never thinking of the clock.

You didn't want me to sit up? Yes, yes, that's your thanks—that's your gratitude! I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. That's like you! (*cry*).

What? you'll have a key and let yourself in? No! not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle; I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch, and to be murdered before the morning! A key! a respectable thing that, for a married man—the father of a family—to carry about with him! To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person. Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something!

Ugh! ugh! I shall catch my death of cold, and there'll be a nice doctor's bill to pay! But when I'm gone, you'll soon fill up my place. I won't be long, Caudle; only you needn't shorten my time by keeping me sitting up at night!

What do you say? I shall see *you* out, and another husband too!

What a gross idea! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again! No, never! Talking of that, Caudle, there are men, I know, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must remain widows. You've no need to do that. But if there's anything in this world that's mean and small, it is that! Don't you think so too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? Now listen, just a minute, and I'll let you go to sleep. It's no matter to me how you've made your will, because I'm sure to go first—eh?—but I'd

like you to agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow is a mean wretch!

No; when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands from marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love; and then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money as long as she keeps a widow, why, she's aggravated to take another husband. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing—though it would break my heart to do it—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry directly. So don't provoke me with any "will" of that sort. What do you say, love? (*snore*). Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, (*snore*) Caudle, my love!—Caudle, dearest, I say! Caudle! Eh? (*kiss*). Oh that filthy tobacco smoke!—Whew! (*cough*). Get along with you!

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle; "for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious."

Douglas Jerrold.

NOVEMBER

No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue,
No roads, no streets, no t'other side the way;
No end to any row,
No indication where the crescents go,
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people,
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em!
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion,
"No go"—by land or ocean,
No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast,
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility;
No company, no nobility,

The Fakenham Ghost

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
No-Vember

THOMAS HOOD

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

THE lawns were dry in Euston park
(Here truth inspires my tale),
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still
And echoed to the darksome copse,
That whispered on the hill

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind

She turned—it stopped—naught could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same!
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When, through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain!
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view:
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart-strings like to crack
For much she feared the grizzly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised;
Out came her daughter dear:
Good-natured souls! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
Some short space o'er the green:
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam
Within the spacious park,
And, simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

No Goblin he; no imp of sin,
No crimes had he e'er known:
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor,
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too:
Each thought some other Goblin tale
Perhaps was just as true

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

MRS. JONES'S PIRATE

A SANGUINARY pirate sailed upon the Spanish main
In a rakish-looking schooner which was called the *Mary Jane*.
She carried lots of howitzers and deadly rifled guns,
With shot and shell and powder and percussion caps in tons.

The pirate was a homely man, and short and grum and fat;
He wore a wild and awful scowl beneath his slouching hat
Swords, pistols and stilettos were arranged around his thighs,
And demoniacal glaring was quite common with his eyes

His heavy black moustaches curled away beneath his nose,
And drooped in elegant festoons about his very toes.
He hardly ever spoke at all but when such was the case,
His voice 'twas easy to perceive was quite a heavy bass

He was not a serious pirate, and despite his anxious cares,
He rarely went to Sunday-school and seldom said his prayers
He worshipped lovely women, and his hope in life was this
To calm his wild, tumultuous soul with pure domestic bliss

When conversing with his shipmates, he very often swore
That he longed to give up piracy and settle down on shore
He tired of blood and plunder, of the joys that they could bring,
He sighed to win the love of some affectionate young thing

One morning as the *Mary Jane* went bounding o'er the sea,
The pirate saw a merchant bark far off upon his lee
He ordered a pursuit, and pressed all sail that he could spare,
And then went down, in hopeful mood, to shave and curl his hair

He blacked his boots and pared his nails and tied a fresh cravat
He cleansed his teeth pulled down his cuffs, and polished up his hat,
He dimmed with flour the radiance of his fiery red nose,
For, hanging with that vessel's wash, *he saw some ladies' hose*

Once more on deck, the stranger's hull he riddled with a ball,
And yelled, "I say! what bark is that?" In answer to his call
The skipper on the other boat replied, in thunder tones:
"This here's the bark *Matilda*, and her captain's name is Jones"

Mrs. Jones's Pirate

The pirate told his bold corsairs to man the jolly-boats;
To board the bark and seize the crew, and slit their tarry throats,
And then to give his compliments to Captain Jones, and say
He wished that he and Mrs. Jones would come and spend the day

They reached the bark, they killed the crew, they threw them in the sea,
And then they sought the captain, who was mad as he could be,
Because his wife—who saw the whole sad tragedy, it seems—
Made all the ship vociferous with her outrageous screams.

But when the pirate's message came, she dried her streaming tears,
And said, although she'd like to come, she had unpleasant fears
That, his social status being very evidently low,
She might meet some common people whom she wouldn't care to know.

Her husband's aged father, she admitted, dealt in bones,
But the family descended from the famous Duke de Jones;
And such blue-blooded people, that the rabble might be checked,
Had to make their social circle excessively select.

Before she visited his ship she wanted him to say
If the Smythes had recognised him in a social, friendly way;
Did the Jonsons ever ask him 'round to their ancestral halls?
Was he noticed by the Thomsons? was he asked to Simms's balls?

The pirate wrote that Thomson was his best and oldest friend,
That he often stopped at Jonson's when he had a week to spend;
As for the Smythes, they worried him with their incessant calls;
His very legs were weary with the dance at Simms's balls.

(The scoundrel fibbed most shamelessly. In truth he only knew
A lot of Smiths without a y—a most plebeian crew.
His Jonsons used a vulgar h, his Thomsons spelled with p,
His Simses had one m, and they were common as could be.)

Then Mrs. Jones mussed up her hair and donned her best delaine,
And went with Captain Jones aboard the schooner *Mary Jane.*
The pirate won her heart at once by saying, with a smile,
He never saw a woman dressed in such exquisite style.

The pirate's claim to status she was very sure was just
When she noticed how familiarly the Jonsons he discussed.
Her aristocratic scruples then were quickly laid aside,
And when the pirate sighed at her, reciproc'ly she sighed.

No sooner was the newer love within her bosom born
Than Jones was looked upon by her with hatred and with scorn.
She said 'twas true his ancestor was famous Duke de Jones,
But she shuddered to remember that his father dealt in bones.

So then they got at Captain Jones and hacked him with a sword,
And chopped him into little bits and tossed him overboard.
The chaplain read the service, and the captain of the bark
Before his widow's weeping eyes was gobbled by a shark.

The chaplain turned the prayer-book o'er; the bride took off her glove;
They swore to honour, to obey, to cherish and to love.
And, freighted full of happiness, across the ocean's foam
The schooner glided rapidly toward the pirate's home.

And when of ecstasy and joy their hearts could hold no more,
The pirate dropped his anchor down and rowed his love ashore.
And as they sauntered up the street he gave his bride a poke,
And said, "In them there mansions live the friends of whom I spoke."

A Practical Joke

She glanced her eye along the plates of brass upon each door,
And then her anger rose as it had never done before.
She said, "That Johnson has an h! that Thompson has a p!
The Smith that spells without a y is not the Smith for me!"

And darkly scowled she then upon that rover of the wave;
"False! False!" she shrieked, and spoke of him as
"Monster, traitor, slave!"
And then she wept and tore her hair, and filled the air with
groans,
And cursed with bitterness the day she let them chop up
Jones.

And when she'd spent on him at last the venom of her
tongue,
She seized her pongee parasol and stabbed him in the lung.
A few more energetic jabs were at his heart required,
And then this scand'lous buccaneer rolled over and expired.

Still brandishing her parasol she sought the pirate boat;
She loaded up a gun and jammed her head into its throat;
And fixing fast the trigger, with string tied to her toe,
She breathed "Mother!" through the touchhole, and kicked
and let her go.

A snap, a fizz, a rumble; some stupendous roaring tones—
And where upon earth's surface was the recent Mrs. Jones?
Go ask the moaning winds, the sky, the mists, the murmur-
ing sea;
Go ask the fish, the coroner, the clams—but don't ask me.

Max Adeler.

A PRACTICAL JOKE

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or, rather, Hampstead), and one day, proceeding on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorne, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed as it appeared for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited for the approach of the enemy,

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire, when within half-earshot; "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the Squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir?" said the Squire, growing angry; "and do you know where *here* is, sir? These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say, they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the Squire. "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—*what* are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan?" said the Squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir,—I——"

"No, sir," said Tom; "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr Sheridan," said the Squire. "You don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them. It's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?'"

The squire was hit hard by this *nonchalance*, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the Squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he

swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farmyard; in the front of a farmhouse was a green, in the centre of which was a pond; in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag, and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else doing it for him; and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, he went up to the farmer, and accosted him very civilly.

"My good friend," said Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"A what, sur?" said the farmer.

"Why," replied Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded, and I should like to take home something. What shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" asked the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom, "fairish."

"And to have all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you seven shillings, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other; and such quacking and splashing and screaming and fluttering had never been heard or seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or

two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head; "I think they be. But what do I care for that—*they are none of them mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game should make his appearance. Not but what I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did for his cunning and coolness."

THEODORE HOOK.

THE DEMON SHIP

'TWAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held firmly in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steps behind!
Like battle steeds, with foamy waves, wild tossing in the wind!

The Demon Ship

Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the
clouds
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud;
Still flew my boat, alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Beyond yon fatal billow rose—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!

Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift, pursuing grave:
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a
wave!
It's briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the seaward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed, and when I shrieked, I shrieked below
the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after-deed,
For I was tossing on the wave as senseless as a weed.

. . . .

"Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of
death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful
sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship, whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so
oft?
A face that mocked the human face before we watched
alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my
own?

Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursèd night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my
dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful
stare—
Pernicious snakes and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks of treachery and spite—
Detested features hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, up-starting from their
tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemurs, have made me all aghast,
But nothing like that Grimy One who stood beside the mast!

His cheeks were black—his brow was black—his eyes and
hair as dark;
His hand was black, and where it touched it left a sable
mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked
beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning
teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric's slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky
waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessèd Mary's sake!
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful
lake?
What ship is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil one, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that
beguiled
My happy days when I was yet a little sinless child—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see!
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laughed that Sable Mariner, and boldly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to
stern;
A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on the nonce;
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once;
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the
Pit.

They crowed their fill, and then the chief made answer for
the whole:
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry
coal;
You'll find your mother, sure enough, and see your native
fields—
For this here ship has picked you up—the *Mary Ann* of
Shields!"

THOMAS HOOD.

SAINT MEDARD

In good King Dagobert's palmy days,
When Saints were many, and sins were few,
Old Nick, 'tis said, was sore bestead
One evening—and could not tell what to do.

He had been east, and he had been west,
And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea;
For women and men were warier then,
And he could not catch one where he'd now catch three.

He had been north, and he had been south,
From Zembla's shores unto far Peru,
Ere he filled the sack which he bore on his back
Saints were so many, and sins so few!

The day had been hot, and the way was long;
—Hoof-sore, and weary and faint was he;
He lower'd his sack, and the *heat of his back,*
As he leaned on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree!

He sat himself down in the palm-tree's shade,
And he gazed, and he grinn'd in pure delight,
As he peep'd inside the buffalo's hide
He had sewn for a sack, and had crammed so tight.

For though he'd "gone over a good deal of ground,"
And game had been scarce, he might well report
That still, he had got a decentish lot,
And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had picked up in France a *Maître de danse*—
A *Maîtresse en titre*—two smart *Grisettes*,
A Courtier at play—and an English *Roué*—
Who had bolted from home without paying his debts.

He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,
A Quaker, a Baker, a Doctor of Laws—
And a jockey of York—but Paddy from Cork
"Desaved the ould divil," and slipp'd through his claws!

In Moscow a Boyar knouting his wife—
A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—
And under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome,
He had snapp'd up a nice little Cardinal's niece.

He had bagg'd an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—
A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score,
A grave Don or two, and a Portuguese Jew,
Whom he nabb'd while clipping a new Moidore.

And he said to himself as he lick'd his lips,
"Those nice little dears!—what a delicate roast!—
Then that fine fat friar, at a very quick fire,
Dress'd like a woodcock, and serv'd on toast!"

At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice,
Never did mouth water more than Nick's;
But, alas! and alack! he had stuff'd his sack
So full, that he found himself quite "in a fix!"

For all he could do, or all he could say,
When, a little recruited, he rose to go;
Alas! and alack!—He could *not* get the sack
Up again on his shoulders "whether or no!"

Old Nick look'd east, old Nick look'd west,
With many a stretch, and with many a strain,
He bent till his back was ready to crack,
And he pull'd, and he tugg'd—but he tugg'd in vain.

Old Nick look'd north, old Nick look'd south;
Weary was Nicholas, weak and faint—
And he was aware of an old man there,
In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.

Saint Medard

Nick eyed the Saint—then he eyed the sack—
The greedy old glutton! and thought with a grin,
"Dear heart alive! If I could but contrive
To pop that elderly gentleman in!

For were I to choose among all the ragoûts
The *cuisine* can exhibit- flesh, fowl, or fish,
To myself I can paint, that a barbecued Saint
Would be for my palate the best side-dish!"

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile;
He had been living there years four score,
And now, taking the air, and saying a pray'r,
He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

Little he deem'd—that holy man!—
Of old Nick's wiles, and his fraudful tricks—
When he was aware of a stranger there,
Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.

Deeply that stranger groan'd and sigh'd,
That wayfaring stranger, grisly and grey:
"I can't raise my sack on my poor old back!
Oh! lend me a lift, kind gentleman, pray!

"For I have been east, and I have been west,
Foot-sore, weary, and faint am I,
And unless I get home ere the curfew's bome,
Here in this desert I well may die!"

"Now Heav'n thee save!"—Nick winced at the words,
As ever he winces at words divine—
"Now Heav'n thee save! what strength I have
It's little, I wis, shall be freely thine!"

St. Medard hath boon'd himself for the task.
To hoist up the sack he doth well begin,
But the fardel feels like a bag full of eels,
For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.

St. Medard paused he began to "smoke"—
For a saint, if he isn't exactly a cat,
Has a very good nose, as this world goes,
And not worse than his neighbours, for "smelling" a rat.

The Saint look'd up, and the Saint look'd down;
He "*smelt*" the rat, and he "smoked" the trick;
When he came to view his comical shoe,
He saw in a moment his friend was Nick!

He whipped out his Brummagen blade so keen,
And he made three slits in the Buffalo's hide,
And all its contents through the rents, and the vents,
Came tumbling out, and away they all hied!

Away went the Quaker, away went the Baker,
Away went the Friar—that fine fat ghost,
Whose marrow Old Nick had intended to pick,
Dress'd like a woodcock, and served on toast!

Away went the nice little Cardinal's niece,
And the pretty *Grisettes*, and the Dons from Spain;
And the Corsair's crew, and the coin-clipping Jew,
And they scamper'd, like lamplighters, over the plain.

You may fancy Nick's rage, and his deep despair,
When he saw himself thus befool'd by one
Whom, in anger wild, he profanely styled
"A stupid, old, snuff-colour'd son of gun!"

Then his supper, so nice! that had cost him such pains—
Such a hard day's work—now "all on the go!"
'Twas beyond a joke, and enough to provoke
The mildest and best-temper'd fiend below!

Nick snatch'd up one of those great, big stones,
Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,
And he hurl'd it straight at the Saint's bald pate,
To knock out "the gruel he call'd his brains."

Straight at his pate he hurled the weight,
The crushing weight of that great, big stone;
But St. Medard was remarkably hard,
And solid, about the parietal bone.

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope;
As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot;
As the finger and thumb off an old woman come
From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

All these, and a thousand similes more,
  Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read
    Recorded in print, may give you a hint
How the stone bounced off from St. Medard's head!

And it curl'd and twirl'd, and it whirl'd in air,
  As this great, big stone, at a tangent flew!
    Just missing his crown, it at last came down
Plump upon Nick's orthopœdical shoe!

Oh! what a yell and a screech were there!
  How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar!
    "Oh dear! oh dear!"—you might hear him here,
Though we're such a way off from the Red Sea shore!

It smash'd his shin, and it smash'd his hoof,
  Notwithstanding his stout orthopœdical shoe;
    And this is the way that, from that same day,
Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux!*

Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,
  And Cardinal's Nieces—wherever ye be,
    St. Medard bless; you can scarcely do less,
If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.

And mind and take care, yourselves—and beware
  How you get in Nick's buffalo bag!—if you do,
    I very much doubt if you'll ever get out,
Now sins are so many, and saints so few!!

R. H. Barham

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE

O plump head-waiter at The Cock,
  To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
  Go fetch a pint of port:
But let it not be such as that
  You set before chance-comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
  On Lusitanian summers

'No vain libation to the Muse,'
But may she still be kind,
And whisper lovely words, and use
Her influence on the mind,
To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half-forgotten;
Nor add and alter, many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips
Her laurel in the wine,
And lays it thrice upon my lips,
These favour'd lips of mine:
Until the charm have power to make
New lifeblood warm the bosom,
And barren commonplaces break
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master-chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the man's
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns
By many pleasant ways,
Against its fountain upward runs
The current of my days:
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd;
The gas-light wavers dimmer;
And softly, thro' a vinous mist,
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,
Unboding critic-pen,
Or that eternal want of pence,
Which vexes public men,
Who hold their hands to all, and cry
For that which all deny them—
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,
And all the world go by them.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,
  Tho' fortune clip my wings,
I will not cramp my heart, nor take
  Half-views of men and things.
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;
  There must be stormy weather;
But for some true result of good
  All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
  If old things, there are new;
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,
  Yet glimpses of the true.
Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
  We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
  We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;
  With fair horizons bound:
This whole wide earth of light and shade
  Comes out, a perfect round.
High over roaring Temple-bar,
  And, set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
  But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honour'd by the guest
  Half-mused, or reeling-ripe,
The pint, you brought me, was the best
  That ever came from pipe.
But tho' the port surpasses praise,
  My nerves have dealt with stiffer.
Is there some magic in the place?
  Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,
  No pint of white or red
Had ever half the power to turn
  This wheel within my head,

Which bears a season'd brain about,
Unsubject to confusion,
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,
With many kinsmen gay,
Where long and largely we carouse
As who shall say me nay:
Each month, a birth-day coming on,
We drink defying trouble,
Or sometimes two would meet in one,
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,
Had relish fiery new,
Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,
As old as Waterloo;
Or stow'd (when classic Canning died)
In musty bins and chambers,
Had cast upon its crusty side
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!
She answer'd to my call,
She changes with that mood or this,
Is all-in-all to all:
She lit the spark within my throat,
To make my blood run quicker,
Used all her fiery will, and smote
Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley.

Will Waterproof's Monologue

The Cock was of a larger egg
Than modern poultry drop,
Stept forward on a firmer leg,
And cramm'd a plumper crop;
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
Crow'd lustier late and early,
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,
Till in a court he saw
A something-pottle-bodied boy,
That knuckled at the taw:
He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and good,
Flew over roof and casement:
His brothers of the weather stood
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and spire,
And follow'd with acclaims,
A sign to many a staring shire,
Came crowing over Thames.
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore,
Till, where the street grows straiter,
One fix'd for ever at the door,
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?
How out of place she makes
The violet of a legend blow
Among the chops and steaks!
'Tis but a steward of the can,
One shade more plump than common;
As just and mere a serving-man
As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me down
Into the common day?
Is it the weight of that half-crown,
Which I shall have to pay?

For, something duller than at first,
Nor wholly comfortable,
I sit (my empty glass reversed),
And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife
I take myself to task;
Lest of the fulness of my life
I leave an empty flask:
For I had hope, by something rare
To prove myself a poet;
But, while I plan and plan, my hair
Is grey before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,
Till they be gather'd up;
The truth, that flies the flowing can,
Will haunt the vacant cup:
And others' follies teach us not,
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!
We know not what we know.
But for my pleasant hour, tis gone,
'Tis gone, and let it go.
'Tis gone: a thousand such have slipt
Away from my embraces,
And fall'n into the dusty crypt
Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went
Long since, and came no more;
With peals of genial clamour sent
From many a tavern-door,
With twisted quirks and happy hits,
From misty men of letters;
The tavern-hours of mighty wits—
Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and looks
 Had yet their native glow:
Nor yet the fear of little books
 Had made him talk for show;
But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd
 He flash'd his random speeches;
Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd
 His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past,
 Like all good things on earth!
For should I prize thee, couldst thou last,
 At half thy real worth?
I hold it good, good things should pass:
 With time I will not quarrel:
It is but yonder empty glass
 That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house here,
 To which I most resort,
I too must part: I hold thee dear
 For this good pint of port.
For this, thou shalt from all things suck
 Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And, wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
 Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,
 The sphere thy fate allots:
Thy latter days increased with pence
 Go down among the pots:
Thou battenest by the greasy gleam
 In haunts of hungry sinners,
Old boxes, larded with the steam
 Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, *we* fume, would shift our skins,
 Would quarrel with our lot;
Thy care is, under polish'd tins,
 To serve the hot-and-hot;

To come and go, and come again,
Returning like the pewit,
And watch'd by silent gentlemen,
That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head
The thick-set hazel dies;
Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread
The corners of thine eyes:
Live long, nor feel in head or chest
Our changeful equinoxes,
Till mellow Death, like some late guest,
Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease
To pace the gritted floor,
And, laying down an unctuous lease
Of life, shalt earn no more;
No carved cross-bones, the types of Death,
Shall show thee past to Heaven:
But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
A pint-pot, neatly graven.

TENNYSON.

HERE SHE GOES—AND THERE SHE GOES

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke, to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over: "Very right
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"
"What wonder? where?" "The clock, the clock!"

Tom and the landlord, in amaze,
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke:

Here she Goes—and There she Goes

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?
I see no wonder, I declare;
Though, maybe, if the truth were told,
'Tis somewhat ugly, somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute—
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey, near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a jersey blue
That it was more than he could do
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till the hour should close,
Still—'Here she goes—and there she goes!'
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the plague is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord. "Try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick,
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait—
Begin—the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,
With—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Hold!" said the Yankee. "Plank the ready!
The landlord wagged his finger steady,

While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
"Tom! with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair.
Thought he—"The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."
And loud and long the chorus rose
Of—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter: "Where is Mrs. B——?
When will she come, do you suppose,
Son?"—
"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Here!—where!"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son! why that steady gaze and sad?
Those words—that motion—are you mad?
But here's your wife, perhaps she knows,
And"—
"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire
That she against him should conspire;
And with more furious tone arose
The—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But"—
"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Oh dear! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor—run, run, run—
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,
And Doctor Grey, with all your might!"

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered
And shook their heads and paused, and pondered
Then one proposed he should be bled
"No, leeched. you mean," the other said -
"Clap on a blister!" roared another
"No! cup him"—"No! trepan him, brother"
A sixth would recommend a purge
The next would an emetic urge
The eighth, just come from a dissection
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills

"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight;
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her;
And by to morrow I suppose
That,'—
"Here she goes- and there she goes!"

"You all are fools!" the lady said—
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run! bid the barber come anon"
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,
"You held the knaves that would have bit me
But all creation shan't outwit me!"

Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lip no accent flows
But—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

The barber came—"Oh help me! what
A queerish customer I've got;

But we must do our best to save him—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose—
"A woman never"—
"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled"—"No, no, a blister"—
"A purge, you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
"No, cup him!" "Leech him!" "Pills! pills! pills!"
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
And triumph brightens up his face—
His finger yet shall win the race.
The clock is on the stroke of nine—
And up he starts—"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"

"What do you mean?"
"I mean the fifty;
I never spent an hour so thrifty.
But you who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"

"Who?"
"The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"
"They galloped off an hour ago."
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

James Nack.

THE BITER BIT

"The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me.

The Biter Bit

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the marriage bell;
It booms along the upland,—oh! it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering feet,
And closely to his side she clings,—while I am left to greet.

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood;
And the boughs that were wont to murmur back words that won my ear,
Wave their silver blossoms o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane.

He said that I was proud, mother,—that I looked for rank and gold;
He said I did not love him,—he said my words were cold;
He said I kept him off and on in hopes of higher game,—
And it may be that I did, mother, but who hasn't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me,—and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is throbbing sore;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother,—and, mother, draw it mild!"

Bon Gaultier.

THE EXECUTION

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two, He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come, tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more;
But to see a man swing at the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing.

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square,
His high-trotting mare,

Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm, but did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall,
But eastward afar through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the gaol, he
Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gaily
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes Twelve —it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met; the tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws:—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze, and Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes"!

The clock strikes One! Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.—

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
—"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze, who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!— Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await at the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five! The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smil'd upon all things far and high,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!

Alack! that ever so fair a Sun,
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And see!—from forth that opening door

The Execution

They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career:
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime
The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
"Hollo! Hollo! Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
What's to be done? We've miss'd all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
They could not well hang the man over again:
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

R. H. BARHAM

MORNING AT DOTHEBOYS' HALL

"PAST seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers.

"Has morning come already?" asked Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

"Ah! that it has," replied Squeers, "and ready iced too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you?"

Nicholas "tumbled up" at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper, which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman; "the pump's froze."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

"Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning."

"Not wash myself!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"No, not a bit of it," rejoined Squeers tartly. "So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys. Don't stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?"

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes. Squeers, meanwhile, opened the shutters and blew the candle out; when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage, demanding admittance.

"Come in, my love," said Squeers

Mrs. Squeers came in, still habited in the primitive night-jacket which had displayed the symmetry of her figure on the previous night.

"Drat the things," said the lady, opening the cupboard; "I can't find the school spoon anywhere."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner; "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence, why how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply; "isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' blood now and then, Nickleby."

"Purify fiddlesticks' ends," said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses, just to purify them; because if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I'll tell you plainly."

"My dear," said Squeers frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand, at once, that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So, it does them good and us good at the same time, and that's fair enough, I'm sure."

Having given this explanation, Mrs. Squeers put her hand into the closet and instituted a stricter search after the spoon, in which Mr. Squeers assisted.

A vast deal of searching and rummaging ensued, and proving fruitless, Smike was called in, and pushed by Mrs. Squeers, and boxed by Mr. Squeers; which course of treatment brightening his intellect enabled him to suggest that possibly Mrs. Squeers might have the spoon in her pocket, as indeed turned out to be the case. As Mrs. Squeers had previously protested, however, that she was quite certain she had not got it, Smike received another box on the ear for presuming to contradict his mistress, together with the promise of a sound thrashing if he were not more respectful in future; so that he took nothing very advantageous by his notion.

"A most invaluable woman that, Nickleby," said Squeers, when his consort had hurried away, pushing the drudge before her.

"Indeed, sir!" observed Nicholas.

"I don't know her equal," said Squeers; "I do not know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creetur that you see her now."

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflection to perceive it.

"It's my way to say, when I am up in London," continued Squeers, "that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

"I should think they would not, sir," answered Nicholas.

Now, the fact was, that both Mr. and Mrs. Squeers viewed the boys in the light of their proper and natural enemies; or, in other words, they held and considered that their business and profession was to get as much from every boy as could by possibility be screwed out of him. On this point they were both agreed, and behaved in unison accordingly. The only difference between them was, that Mrs. Squeers waged war against the enemy openly and fearlessly, and that Squeers covered his rascality, even at home, with a spice of his habitual deceit; as if he really had a notion of some day or other being able to take himself in, and persuade his own mind that he was a very good fellow.

"But come," said Squeers, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting-jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard, to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby!"

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that, at first, Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached desk for Squeers; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discoloured, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession: using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the

whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers; at no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking, with great vigour, under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down—as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled; and another file, who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-sorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the ast boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike; take away now. Look sharp!"

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition, which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" and went away to his own.

DICKENS.

ODE TO TOBACCO

Thou who, when fears attack,
Bidst them avaunt, and Black
Care, at the horseman's back
    Perching, unseatest,
Sweet, when the morn is grey;
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch, and at close of day
    Possibly sweetest

I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories, I know, are told,
    Not to thy credit,
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost—
Useless except to roast—
    Doctors have said it

How they who use fusees
All grow by slow degrees
Brainless as chimpanzees
    Meagre as lizards
Go mad, and beat their wives;
Plunge (after shocking lives)
Razors and carving knives
    Into their gizzards

Confound such knavish tricks
Yet I know five or six
Smokers who freely mix
    Still with their neighbours;
Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
Asked leave of Mrs J)—
Daily absorbs a clay
    After his labours.

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still why deny its use
    Thoughtfully taken?

Little Billee*

We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
    Here's to thee, Bacon!

C. S. CALVERLEY

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

THACKERAY

JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall:
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

John Barleycorn

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim.
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

BURNS.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

It fell upon a Martinmas time,
And a gay time then began,
When our goodwife had puddings to make,
And she boiled them in a pan

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor,
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
"Get up and bar the door"

"My hand is in my hussy's skep,
Goodman, as you may see;
An' it should na be barred this hundred year,
It'll no be barred, for me"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whae'er should speak
Should rise and bar the door

Then by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night;
And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light

"Now whether is this a rich man's house?
Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word would ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Though muckle thought the goodwife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then said the one unto the other;
"Here man, take my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I ll kiss the goodwife."

'But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then?"
'What ails you at the pudding bree
That boils into the pan?"

Oh, up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my face,
And sca'd me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up then started our goodwife,
Gi'ed three skips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!
Get up and bar the door!"

ANON

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

"And if any one ask my study to see;
I charge you to trust them not with the key;
Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door."

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain
Access to that study had sought to obtain;
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day;
The letters were written with blood therein,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin,

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door,
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking gr
The young man knew not what to do,
But trembling with fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red hot,
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew

"What wouldst thou with me?" the wicked one cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

"What wouldst thou with me?" cried the author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still,
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart,
As out he tore the young man's heart;
He grinned a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a conjuror's books they read

SOUTHEY

NURSERY REMINISCENCES

I REMEMBER, I remember
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindliest mood;
"There," said he, "you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play·

I remember Billy Hawkins
 Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stockings,
 Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
 I ran, quaking every limb:
—She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
 "Gracious Goodness! look at *him!*"—

Pa cried, when he saw my garment,
 —'Twas a newly purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little *Warment*,
 How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
 —Cruel only to be kind—
And to my exceeding dolour,
 Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
 As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
 "Little rascal! *sarve* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
 From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
 Did I venture out to play

And the moral which they taught, I
 Well remember; thus they said—
"Little Boys, when they are naughty,
 Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

R. H. Barham

THE WIDOW MALONE

DID you hear of the Widow Malone
O hone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone?
O, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts;
So lovely the Widow Malone,
O hone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more,
And of fortunes they all had galore
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone
O hone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone
'Twas known,
That no one could see her alone,
O hone!
Let them ogle and sigh
They could ne'er catch her eye;
So bashful the Widow Malone,
O hone!
So bashful the Widow Malone

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare,
How quare!
'Tis little for blushing they care
Down there;
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste.
And says he, "You're my Molly Malone,
My own."
Says he, "You're my Molly Malone"

And the widow they all thought so shy—
My eye!
Never thought of a simper or sigh;
For why?
"O, Lucius," said she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Your own;
You may marry your Mary Malone!"

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong;
And one comfort it's not very long,
But strong—
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!
Ochone!
O they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!

CHARLES LEVER

THE THEATRE

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start,
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please,
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can
Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing room.*

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling 'Pit full!' gives the check he takes;

Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horses hair!
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French-horn, and twangs the tingling-harp;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd—but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry, "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above:
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl;
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;

From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head:
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder o' purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;

Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two,
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clue,
Starr'd striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Upsoars the prize! The youth with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS

My whole life has been a tissue of ill-luck; although I have laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year—and that is what few can say who have but an allowance of a hundred a year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine, and showed them how to play billiards or écarté, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat. I'd rather die than cheat; but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I? There was one

young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a year.

His name was Dobble. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobble and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne, and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables—hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know; for the dogs fall in love with every change of quarters.

Well, once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis's head off), Dobble and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country; many a treat to a tea-garden; many a smart riband and brooch used Dobble and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) to present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus:

"Dear Capting Stubbs and Dobble,—Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probble that our papa will be till 12 at the Corprayshun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea."

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlour. We quaffed more Bohea, and made more love than half-a-dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch bowl succeeded to the little teapot, and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlour was their kitchen too; at least old Brisket's was—one door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy, then, our horror, when just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, "Hallo,

Susan! hallo, Betsy! show a light." Dobble turned as white as a sheet; the two girls, each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind.

"The back door," says I.

"The dog's in the court," says they.

"He's not so bad as the man," says I.

"Stop," cries Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire. "Take *this*, and perhaps it will quiet him."

What do you think "this" was? I'm blest if it was not the *steak!*

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcases of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood!*—the dog was devouring his beafsteak (*our* beafsteak) in silence, and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper things, and presently the shop door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobble's cocked hat!* When Dobble saw it he turned white and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sank shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded impudent, pert, waggling feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver.*

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "OPEN THE YARD DOOR," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court. Dobble couldn't move; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"*To him, Jowler,*" says he, "*keep him, Jowler,*" and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determined to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there—good dog—good dog! And now, sir," says he, turning to Dobble, "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobble, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my—(hick)—my painful duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head. It's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hick)—settle yourself com—comfumarably against that—(hick)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hick)—no, I mean Jack Robinson."

Dobble went down on his knees, and shrieked out.

"I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will, upon my honour, sir. Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother."

"That's it, sir," says Brisket—"that's a good boy—(hick)—a good boy; just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Sixtickleteenth—I'll chop the other *chap afterwards.*"

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; and screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

. . . .

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them—and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. "A terrible fellow, that Stubbs," said they; and so the mess said the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide.* Why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dog's skin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honour of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my

reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds apiece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed, and I vowed by all the saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this as an infallible maxim to guide you through life—*It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one.* The same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

THACKERAY.

A MOST UNCOMMON PATIENT.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations I have ever felt. I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment of some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I got down the book and read all I came to read, and then, in an unthinking moment, idly turned the leaves and began indolently to study diseases generally. I forget which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge I know—and before I had glanced half-way down the list of "premonitory symptoms" it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it

I sat for a while frozen with horror; and then in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever, read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months without knowing it—wondered what else I'd got; turned up St Vitus' dance—found as I expected that I had that too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learnt that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage of the disease would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form; and so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously

through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I concluded I had not got was the housemaid's knee

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of a slight Why hadn't I got housemaid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After a while, however, less grasping feelings prevailed I reflected that I had every other malady in the pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without housemaid's knee Gout in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it, and from zymosis I had evidently been suffering from boyhood There were no diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me

I sat and pondered I thought what an interesting case from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals" if they had me I was a hospital myself All they had to do would be to walk round me, and, after that, take their diploma

Then I wondered how long I had to live I tried to examine myself I felt my pulse I could not at first feel any pulse at all Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off I pulled out my watch and timed it I made it 147 to the minute I tried to feel my heart I could not feel my heart It had stopped beating I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up my back But I could not feel or hear anything I tried to look at my tongue I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and I shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other I could only see the tip, and the only thing I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever

I had walked into that reading room a happy, healthy man; I crawled out a decrepit wreck

I went to my medical man He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather—all for nothing, when I fancy I am ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now

"What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me He will get more practice out of me than out of

1700 of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said, "I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is *not* the matter with me. I have not got the housemaid's knee. Why I have not got the housemaid's knee I cannot tell you, but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I *have* got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me, looked down me, clutched hold of my wrist and then hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing I call it—and immediately afterwards butted me with the side of his head. After that he sat me down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and gave it me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back. He said he didn't keep it.

I said, "You are a chemist?"

He said, "I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative stores and a family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me.

I read the prescription. It ran:

"One pound beefsteak,
One pint bitter beer every six hours.
One ten mile walk every morning.
One bed at 11 sharp every night.
And don't stuff your head with things you don't understand."

I followed the directions, with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved, and is still going on.

JEROME K. JEROME.

From "Three Men in a Boat." By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs. Arrowsmith.

MY BROTHER HENRY

STRICTLY speaking I never had a brother Henry, and yet I cannot say that Henry was an impostor. He came into existence in a curious way, and I can think of him now without malice as a child of smoke. The first I heard of Henry was at Pettigrew's house, which is in a London suburb, so conveniently situated that I can go there and back in one day. I was testing some new Cabanas, I remember, when Pettigrew remarked that he had been lunching with a man who knew my brother Henry. Not having any brother but Alexander I felt that Pettigrew had mistaken the name "Oh no," Pettigrew said; "he spoke of Alexander too." Even this did not convince me, and I asked my host for his friend's name. Scudamour was the name of the man, and he had met my brothers Alexander and Henry years before in Paris. Then I remembered Scudamour, and I probably frowned, for I myself was my own brother Henry. I distinctly recalled Scudamour meeting Alexander and me in Paris, and calling me Henry, though my name begins with J. I explained the mistake to Pettigrew, and there, for the time being, the matter rested. However, I had by no means heard the last of Henry.

Several times afterwards I heard from various persons that Scudamour wanted to meet me because he knew my brother Henry. At last we did meet, in Jimmy's chambers; and, almost as soon as he saw me, Scudamour asked where Henry was now. This was precisely what I feared. I am a man who always looks like a boy. There are few persons of my age in London who retain their boyish appearance as long as I have done; indeed, this is the curse of my life. Though I am approaching the age of thirty, I pass for twenty; and I have observed old gentlemen frown at my precocity when I said a good thing, or helped myself to a second glass of wine. There was, therefore, nothing surprising in Scudamour's remark, that, when he had the pleasure of meeting Henry, Henry must have been about the age that I had now reached All would have been well had I explained the real state of affairs to this annoying man; but, unfortunately for myself, I loathe entering upon explanations to anybody about anything. When I ring for a time-table, and William John brings coals instead I accept the coals as a substitute. Much

then did I dread a discussion with Scudamour, his surprise when he heard that I was Henry, and his comments on my youthful appearance. There was no likelihood of meeting Scudamour again, so the easiest way to get rid of him seemed to be to humour him. I therefore told him that Henry was in India married and doing well. "Remember me to Henry when you write him," was Scudamour's last remark to me that evening.

A few weeks later some one tapped me on the shoulder in Oxford Street. It was Scudamour. "Heard from Henry?" he asked. I said I had heard by the last mail. "Anything particular in the letter?" I felt it would not do to say that there was nothing particular in the letter which had come all the way from India, so I hinted that Henry was having trouble with his wife. By this I meant that her health was bad; but he took it up in another way, and I did not set him right. "Ah, ah!" he said, shaking his head sagaciously, "I'm sorry to hear that. Poor Henry!" "Poor old boy!" was all I could think of replying. "How about the children?" Scudamour asked. "Oh, the children," I said, with what I thought presence of mind "are coming to England." "To stay with Alexander?" he asked My answer was that Alexander was expecting them by the middle of next month; and eventually Scudamour went away muttering, "Poor Henry!" In a month or so we met again. "No word of Henry's getting leave of absence?" asked Scudamour. I replied shortly that Henry had gone to live in Bombay, and would not be home for years. He saw that I was brusque, so what does he do but draw me aside for a quiet explanation "I suppose," he said, "you are annoyed because I told Pettigrew that Henry's wife had run away from him. The fact is, I did it for your good. You see I happened to make a remark to Pettigrew about your brother Henry, and he said that there was no such person. Of course I laughed at that, and pointed out not only that I had the pleasure of Henry's acquaintance, but that you and I had a talk about the old fellow every time we met. 'Well,' Pettigrew said, 'this is a most remarkable thing; for he,' meaning you, 'said to me in this very room, sitting in that very chair, that Alexander was his only brother' I saw that Pettigrew resented your concealing the existence of your brother Henry from him, so I thought the most friendly thing I could do was to tell him that your reticence was doubtless due to the unhappy state of poor Henry's private affairs. Naturally, in the

circumstances you did not want to talk about Henry." I shook Scudamour by the hand, telling him that he had acted judiciously; but if I could have stabbed him in the back at that moment I dare say I would have done it.

I did not see Scudamour again for a long time, for I took care to keep out of his way; but I heard first from him and then of him. One day he wrote to me saying that his nephew was going to Bombay, and would I be so good as to give the youth an introduction to my brother Henry? He also asked me to dine with him and his nephew. I declined the dinner, but I sent the nephew the required note of introduction to Henry. The next I heard of Scudamour was from Pettigrew. "By the way," said Pettigrew, "Scudamour is in Edinburgh at present." I trembled, for Edinburgh is where Alexander lives. "What has taken him there?" I asked, with assumed carelessness. Pettigrew believed it was business. "But," he added, "Scudamour asked me to tell you that he meant to call on Alexander, as he was anxious to see Henry's children." A few days afterwards I had a telegram from Alexander, who generally uses this means of communication when he corresponds with me. "Do you know a man Scudamour? Reply," was what Alexander said. I thought of answering that we had met a man of that name when we were in Paris; but, after consideration, I replied boldly: "Know no one of name of Scudamour."

About two months ago I passed Scudamour in Regent Street, and he scowled at me. This I could have borne if there had been no more of Henry; but I knew that Scudamour was now telling everybody about Henry's wife. By-and-by I got a letter from an old friend of Alexander's, asking me if there was any truth in a report that Alexander was going to Bombay. Soon afterwards Alexander wrote to me saying he had been told by several persons that I was going to Bombay. In short, I saw that the time had come for killing Henry. So I told Pettigrew that Henry had died of fever, deeply regretted; and asked him to be sure to tell Scudamour, who had always been interested in the deceased's welfare. Pettigrew afterwards told me that he had communicated the sad intelligence to Scudamour. "How did he take it?" I asked. "Well," Pettigrew said, reluctantly, "he told me that when he was up in Edinburgh he did not get on well with Alexander. But he expressed great curiosity as to Henry's children." "Ah," I said, "the children were both drowned in the Forth; a sad affair—we can't bear to

talk of it." I am not likely to see much of Scudamour again, nor is Alexander. Scudamour now goes about saying that Henry was the only one of us he really liked.

J. M. BARRIE.

By kind permission of the Author.

Index of First Lines of Verse

Index of First Lines of Verse

Miller, Son, & Co. [illegible], Printers, Fakenham and London.